STALIN TALKS ABOUT HITLER AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

SEPT. 3,
1938

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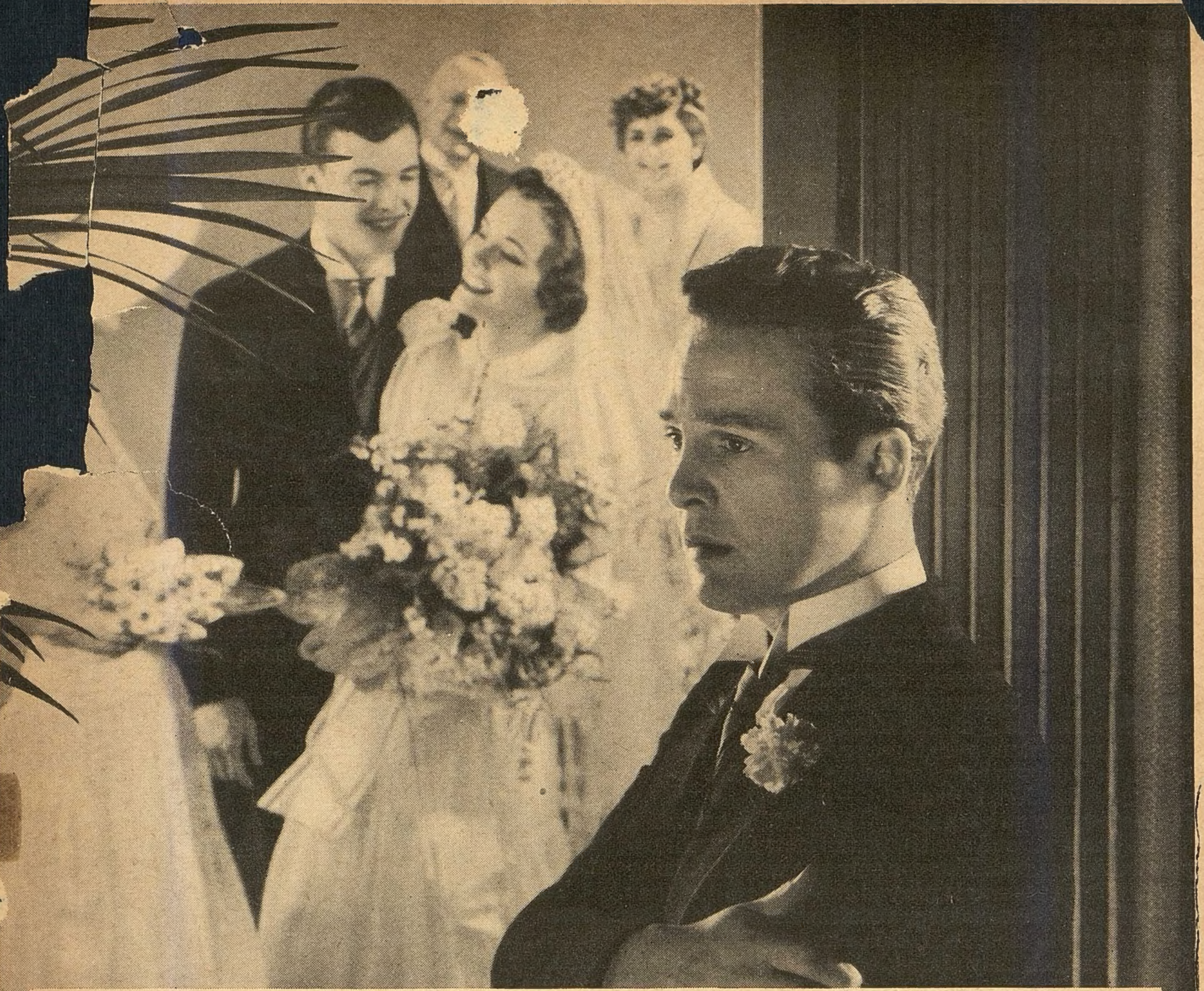

Often the best man—never the groom

EVERY year he watched another of his closest friends get married. He envied them. It was bitter medicine to realize that he was still a bachelor; more than all else he wanted to "settle down." But one by one the girls who had attracted him, quickly dropped him to marry men with far less to offer. Arnold never knew why. That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath): You yourself never know when you have it and the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

No Laughing Matter

People no longer laugh about halitosis. Research has established this offensive condition as being so real, such an every-day threat, that only the ignorant and careless fail to take precautions against it. The fastidious, realizing it is the fault unforgivable, are continually on guard.

A Notable Deodorant

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

For more than 50 years, Listerine has been used in hospital work because of its marked deodorant and antiseptic properties. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic here is what happens.

Four Benefits

(1). Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2). Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3). Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4). The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

SEPTEMBER 3, 1938
Liberty

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON O
EDITOR I

THE RESULTS OF EXPERIENCE A MEANINGLESS — TO NEW DEALE

BERNARR MACFADDEN

President Roosevelt publicly stated on one occasion that "experience is the best teacher," and that statement rings with truth, loudly, clearly, emphatically. No intelligent person can dispute its accuracy.

But to the average New Dealer it means nothing. Our amazing, almost miraculous accomplishments through our American system bears no weight with these fantastic dreamers. Many of our citizens have overmuch riches. Any system which makes one man wealthy and another poor is based on wrong principles . . . o the New Dealers tell us.

If we were to go back several hundred years when ve lived in caves and mud huts, the New Deal philos- phy would be ideal. There is only one way of raising uman beings from savagery to civilization, and that s by offering rewards for outstanding efforts. In he cave-man period, food, skins, and wives were the rizes for which they struggled.

Today we have financial rewards, which are nothng more than stored power. It can be used for good r evil purposes, and it is the encouragement of the money reward and the associated fame that has rought us every worth-while improvement which as raised us above the barbarian.

You cannot mention a single source of additional omfort which we are now enjoying that did not come from such an origin.

We can go back to savagery, doubtless, as quickly as we rose from that state. If all rewards are eliminated . . . if every one is told that no man should be allowed to raise himself above his fellows . . . that if he earns more than another man he will have to divide up . . . the desire for worthy accomplishments would be destroyed altogether.

The American system has proven itself to be absolutely the best in the world. What we have secured in the form of luxury and the comforts of life is far above that which is enjoyed in foreign countries. The workers in many countries receive but a pittance a day compared with the wages paid our workmen, and these poor victims of foreign enslavement walk to their jobs. When their positions are more favorable they sometimes ride on bicycles, but i country the majority of the workers ride in automobiles.

No matter how stupid one may be, he knows tha two and two equal four, and if our system of government has proven through many generations that it produces a higher standard of living than other countries, how can we be such fools as to maintain that our methods should be radically changed?

Do not forget that experience is the most dependable teacher!

The wild, extravagant expenditures of the present administration is a new procedure, and Washington's ability to continue this disastrous wastefulness is due to the apathy of state officials throughout the entire country. These officials have allowed their citizens to be robbed most unmercifully. The federal taxes of some states have increased from ten to fifty times.

The New Dealers apparently would like to erect a new system . . . built on untried theories absolutely. They would like to ignore precedent . . . entirely cast aside and forget the extraordinary results of our experiences in following the American system. They hate business and everything connected with it. They would like to destroy the source of all the unusual privileges, comforts, and cultur that we enjoy. They would like to make a wor of their own . . . built around their fairylik dreams, which in the end would come crashing down upon their stupid heads. They cannot see that spending ten million dollars a day more than they receive will ultimately bring certain disaster.

The fact that the workers in Russia, Italy, and Germany do not enjoy the freedom we have here means nothing to them. They follow their own crooked reasoning . . . untested theories . . . and unless this brand of sophistry is eliminated, we will become enslaved by the demands for regimentation, with its "cannon fodder" requirements, which at this time seems to be a disease that is infecting the entire civilized world.

Bernarr Macfadden

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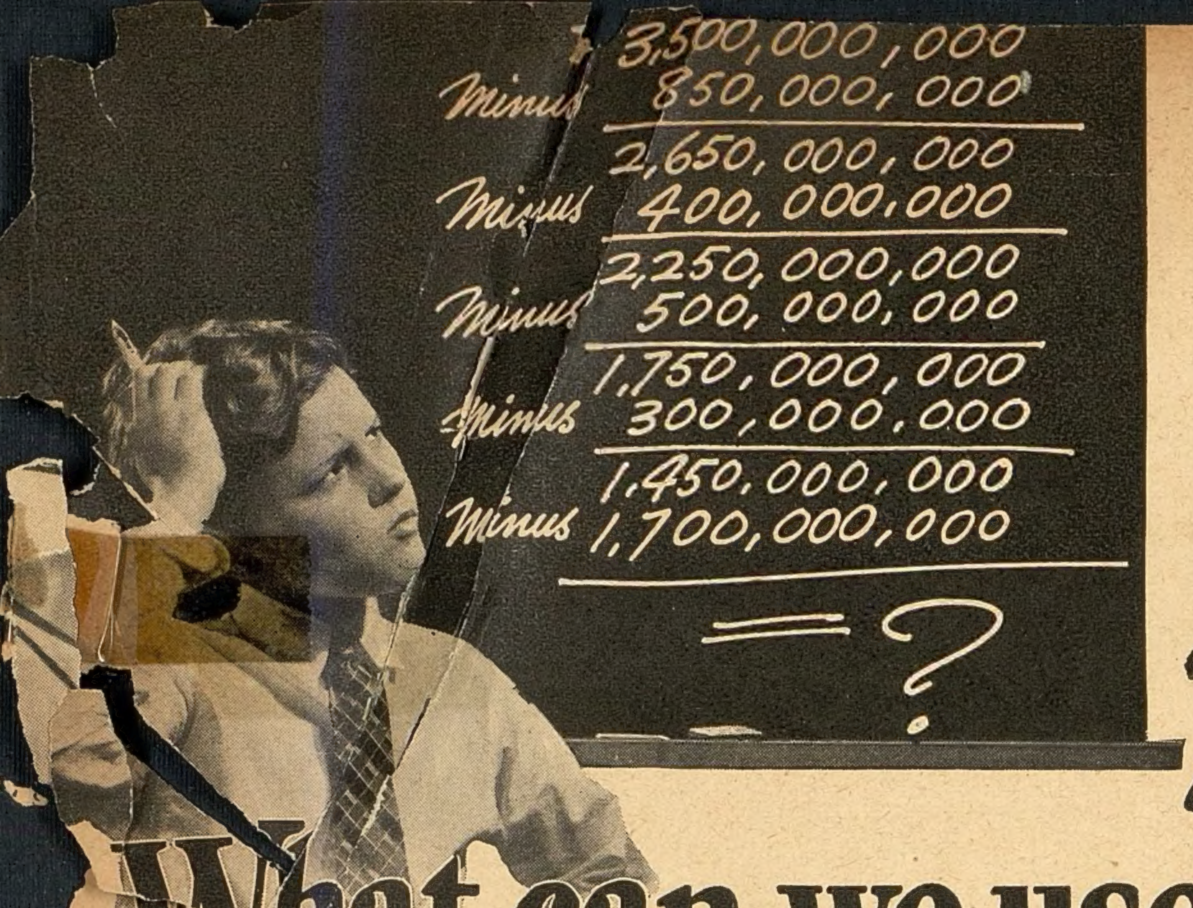


The Question is—

What can we use for money?

AMERICAN railroads will take in during 1938 a total of some 3½ billion dollars.

For this money, shippers and travelers will receive a lot of service. Freight will be hauled for an average revenue of slightly less than 1¢ per ton per mile—the lowest freight rate in the world. Passengers will ride with comfort, speed and safety unsurpassed at rates below the pre-war level.

Now $3,500,000,000 looks like a lot of money. It *is* a lot of money, until you figure where it goes.

For instance, in 1938, necessary fuel and materials and supplies will cost about $850,000,000—which is less than in normal years. After paying this bill, there will be $2,650,000,000 left over.

Inescapable wear and tear, plus reasonable provision for loss and damage, equipment rentals and such, will come to around $400,000,000. That leaves a balance of $2,250,000,000.

For interest on bonds representing borrowed money, with no allowance whatever for dividends to stockholders, $500,000,000 will be needed if the railroads meet their obligations. And the railroads have just as much of an obligation to pay interest on their bonds as the government has to pay interest on government bonds. So this leaves $1,750,000,000.

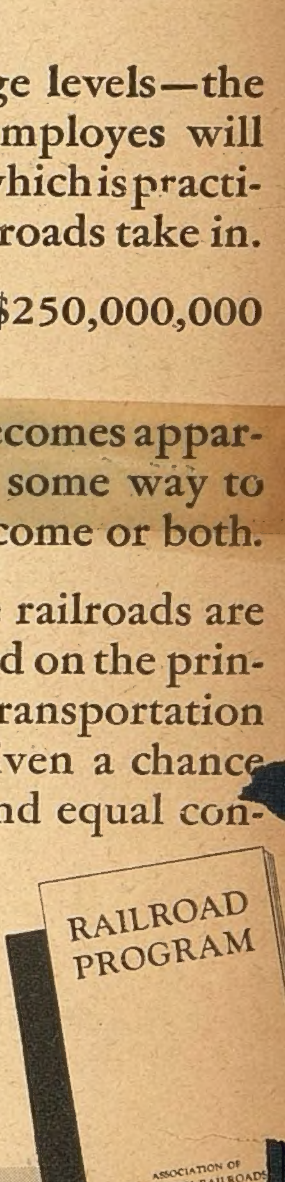
And, of course, taxes. These are paid not only to the U. S. government but to state and local governments, and they will total about $300,000,000. This shrinks the balance to $1,450,000,000.

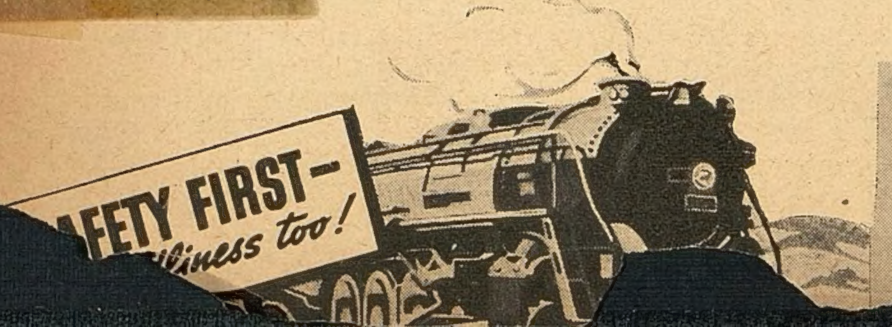
During the year, at present wage levels—the highest in history — railroad employes will receive about $1,700,000,000—which is practically half the *total* money the railroads take in.

And all this leaves the railroads $250,000,000 *in the hole.*

From this simple arithmetic, it becomes apparent that the railroads must find some way to cut down "outgo" or step up income or both.

To accomplish these results, the railroads are offering a specific program, based on the principle that the most important transportation system in America should be given a chance to run as a business under fair and equal conditions of competition. This program has been clearly and briefly stated in a little pamphlet of vital interest to you. Please write for your copy.




AFETY FIRST—
liness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

STALIN TALKS ABOUT

A momentous revelation of Russia's aims and strategy, from the Dictator himself!

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

When, some months ago, we published exclusive interviews with Mussolini and Hitler, the radicals of America said we had "sold out to the Fascists." Now we present an exclusive interview with Stalin, and no doubt the superpatriots and conservatives will say we have "sold out to the Bolsheviks." We publish this article for whatever news value it may have for liberals with common sense.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

STALIN chuckled.

He had just handed me a Reuters news dispatch—one of a flood of such dispatches—in which the Nazi government sought to convince the world that its hesitation about repeating its Austrian feat in Czechoslovakia was due not to fear of any one but to Hitler's wisdom.

"Do you believe that?" he asked.

"Certainly not."

"Well, you are right not to believe it," he agreed. Then he chuckled again.

I glanced once more at the dispatch. The final sentence read: "Europe owed it solely to the Fuehrer, with his splendid nerve and his boundless love of peace, that this dangerous game did not result in a catastrophe."

This time I chuckled, too. I had just come from Prague—where I had gone to study the Czech situation for Liberty—and I knew first hand just how ridiculous this explanation of Hitler's backdown really was.

"What Hitler was really afraid of," continued the Man of the Kremlin, "was that Russia would move. He was thinking only of himself, not of the peace of Europe."

That this was true no informed person could doubt.

The Czechoslovakian crisis is a thing of the [illegible] but the lesson to be learned from it is defin[illegible] the present and the future: the peace of Europe, a[illegible]-haps of the world, was maintained solely because a direct hint was given from Moscow to the Czechoslovakian government to fear no one and to call its troops to the colors, because, no matter how much Hitler might boast, Germany could not afford to lose its prestige by rushing into a war which it would be by no mean sure to win. For Stalin, the best informed man in Europe, knew that the German army was not yet in a condition which would allow it to resist a well equipped enemy.

"Hitler," said Stalin, as if in answer to my question, "is not such an ass as some people think. He would like nothing better than a close alliance with Russia."

An alliance between Communism and Fascism! A Moscow-Berlin axis! Here was news indeed. Yet who could doubt that a friendly understanding with the man in front of me was today the main objective of every European government?

"Will he get it," I ventured—"that alliance?"

"Russia doesn't need alliances," Stalin replied. "Russia can take care of itself."

He stopped for a few moments; then went on:

"I love Russia, and no one knows what I suffer when I hear it slandered and maligned. Peter the Great also loved it, and made out of it an immense empire. Everybody admits this today, but everybody seems to have forgotten how much blood he shed before he succeeded in his endeavor. Nothing great can be done without blood flowing, because blood is the only thing which can cement the fragments of a tottering edifice. And it is not so long ago that the entire structure of Russia was tottering and about to fall. It had to be saved. I hope I saved it, but I don't know. . . . I wish I knew." . . .

As he spoke, he rose from his seat, a magnificent, colossal figure, a man profoundly convinced of the justice of his cause, determined to restore to his country the place from which she had been banished.

"Napoleon the Third once said, 'The Empire is peace,'" he went on. "I say the same thing, but more truthfully. Soviet Russia means peace, wants peace, will and can enforce peace. Soviet Russia is not aggressive, it hates aggression, but it can meet it and defeat it. It will remain faithful to its treaties, without immediately resorting to war in order to enforce them."

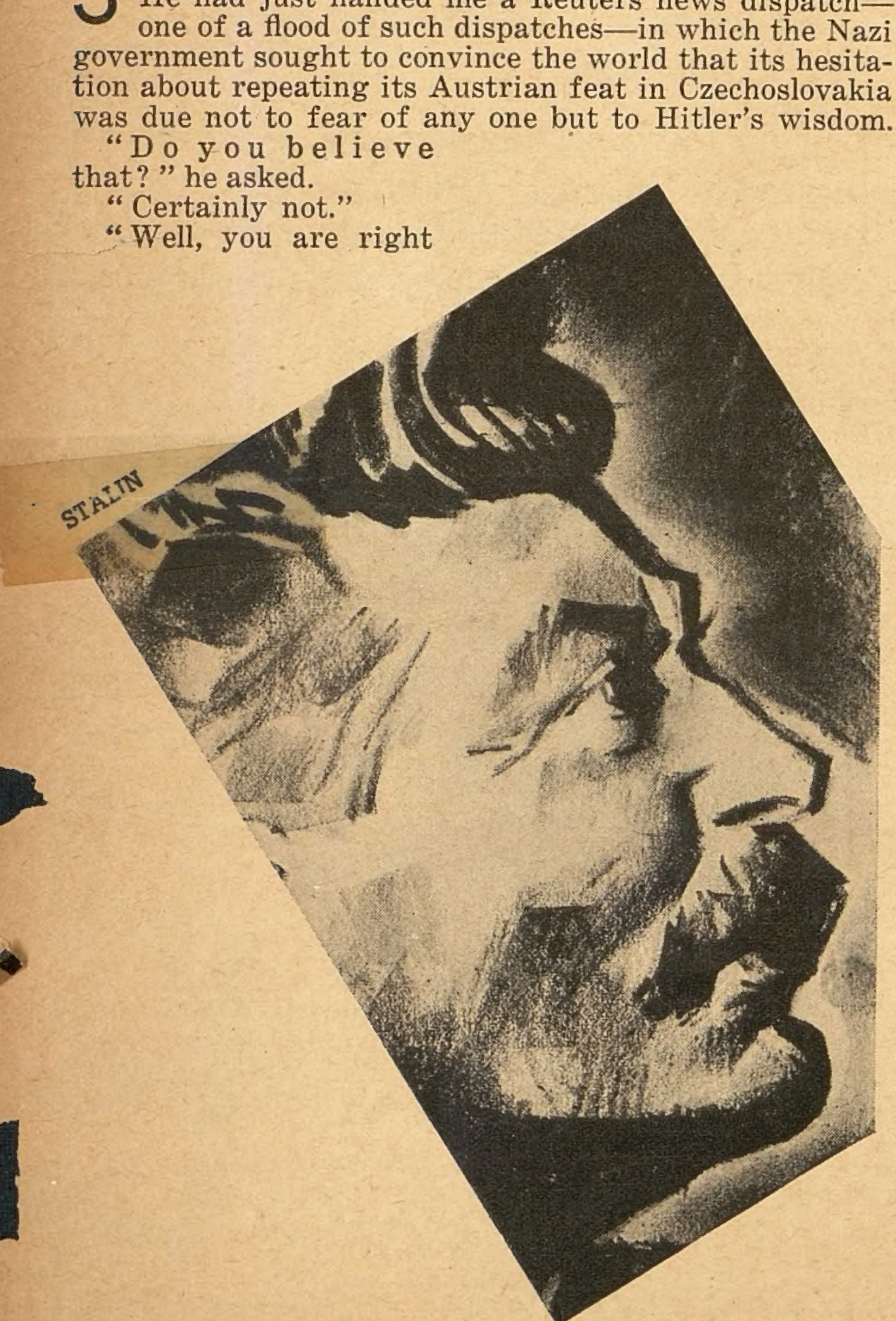
WATCHING this man—so strong, so poised—I realized more clearly than I ever had before that Soviet Russia holds the key to the entire European situation. She holds it because she is the great unknown; because, so far, no one has been able to discover the real strength of her army or the intentions of its leaders.

Stalin remains the man of mystery, a sort of Old Man of the Mountain.

What will Stalin do? What can Stalin do?

These are the questions which one finds on the lips of almost every European politician one talks with.

Not so long ago the annual maneuvers of the Red Army were countermanded without any reason being given for



HITLER An Exclusive Interview

this unexpected decision. An English publication went so far as to say that it was a proof that Russia as a military force had ceased to exist. Stalin was asked to contradict this statement, but he merely smiled.

"Why contradict it?" he asked. "It serves our purpose. We do not want our enemies to know whether we are strong or weak; they will discover it themselves if they ever dare attack us."

This is the mystery which weighs on the minds of politicians all over Europe and overshadows every decision they find themselves called upon to make.

How can Hitler attempt to sweep Czechoslovakia off the map as he swept Austria off, if he is not sure that Russia won't attack him from the rear? How can France think of fighting Hitler, if it has reasons to dread Stalin with his Red troops rushing to the Fuehrer's rescue? How can England afford to become entangled in a quarrel which is not her own, if her hopes of being friendly with the new Russia might be dashed to the ground by any untoward move she might make?

Of course Hitler would like nothing better than a close alliance with Stalin. And, in spite of Stalin's cryptic remark about not needing alliances, he may get one. Lately the Fuehrer has turned all his diplomatic attention upon Russia, and is now trying to negotiate an accord with the Soviet government, which Stalin has really wanted to complete a long time and has simply awaited a favorable moment to do so.

This does not mean that Hitler loves Stalin, or that Stalin sympathizes with Hitler, but both men seem to understand that together they might achieve a start on the road toward the peace which they both need.

RUSSIA knows, and I know, that what she needs most at the present day is reconstruction—internal reconstruction," said Stalin. "Within an incredibly short time, as you will see for yourself, Russia will again be prosperous and rank among the most industrially successful nations in the world.

"People call me a monster, but this does not trouble me. Napoleon was called a monster. So was our own Peter. So were all the men who made something out of nothing. I have always thought of my country, even during the dark days when I was an exile in Siberia, or a prisoner in a dungeon. I still always think of her, and because I do, I shall see to it that, while ready to fight—which I can safely say no other country in Europe is at present—she does not get into any fight but uses her power to maintain peace everywhere."

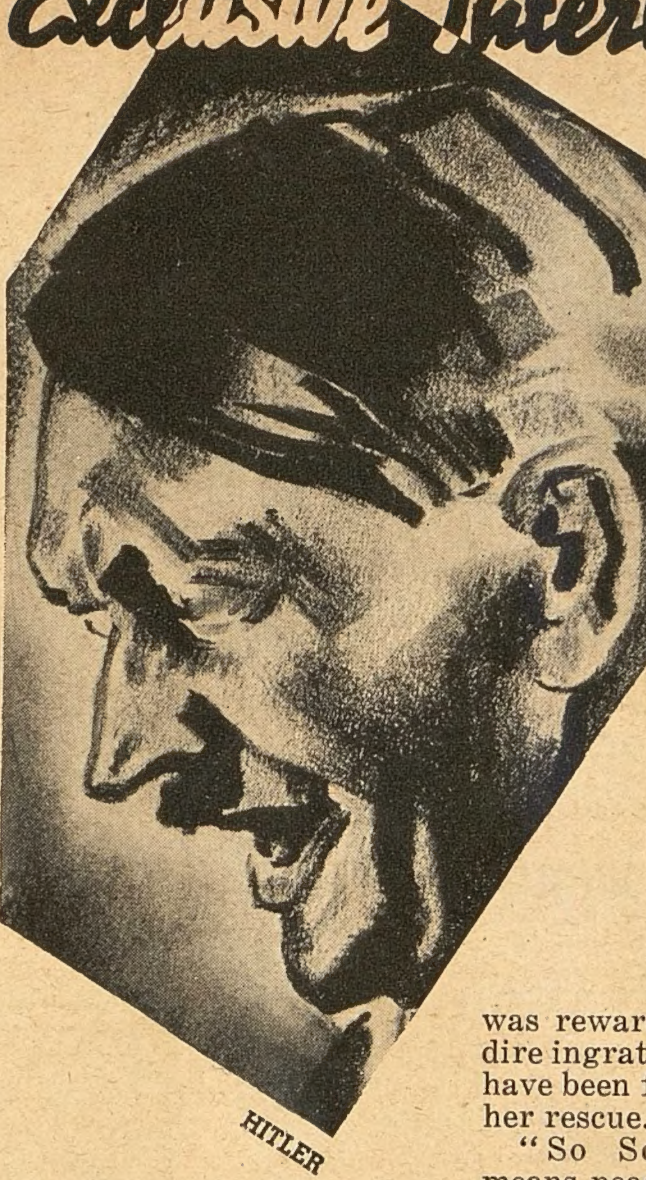
Stalin paused as if to let this momentous statement sink in; then he added: "That is a fact of which I am proud, especially when I remember the negligible quantity Russia was but a short time ago, and how the tables have been turned to Russia's advantage."

My thoughts flew back at once to the recent situation in Czechoslovakia, and the Dictator's must have, too, for he went on to speak of Hitler in much plainer terms than the head of one government usually employs in speaking of the head of another.

"Surely this means something," he said. "Hitler was all ready to march into Czechoslovakia, his advanced posts had reached its frontiers, when he was made to feel that one step farther might mean Russian soldiers facing German ones, and you saw what happened. Yet no threat was uttered, no menace was used. The existence of Russia simply became to him a serious fact to be taken into serious consideration. He knows that a conflict with us might mean his own ruin."

"If this is so," I asked, "why did not Soviet Russia use the same tactics when poor Austria was invaded?"

"Because, for one thing, there was no treaty or understanding between Austria and Soviet Russia; and, for another, Russia did so much in the past for Austria and was rewarded with such dire ingratitude, it would have been folly to rush to her rescue."



"So Soviet Russia means peace?" I mused.

"Undoubtedly," was his unhesitating reply. "And Soviet Russia is strong enough to prevent war from breaking out again to disturb humanity."

Stalin made his last statement with a justifiable pride. Thanks to him, Russia has once more become a determining factor in European politics, such as it was during the reign of Alexander III. Thanks to him, the old Realm of the Ruriks is again coming into its own, because Russia now, such as it has become, can be declared outside the pale of civilization, together with those who rule it, but it can no longer be ignored, and its voice must be taken into account when questions of international politics arise.

Fortunately Stalin realizes extremely well that Russia and he himself have everything to lose if they become entangled in European complications. They will never allow themselves to get embroiled in other people's quarrels or dissensions.

Russia thinks only of herself, and Stalin thinks only of Russia. So today he stands the best defender the world has against the criminality of another war which would sweep away the last remnants of our seemingly doomed civilization. One question still troubled me.

"But what do you make of Spain and China? Doesn't their fate disturb humanity?"

"This does not concern Soviet Russia," was the astounding reply. "Only Russia concerns Russia. What goes on elsewhere doesn't interest her beyond a certain point. Soviet Russia won't fight for the advantage of its neighbors and competitors. But it will fight tooth and nail whenever its interests are threatened.

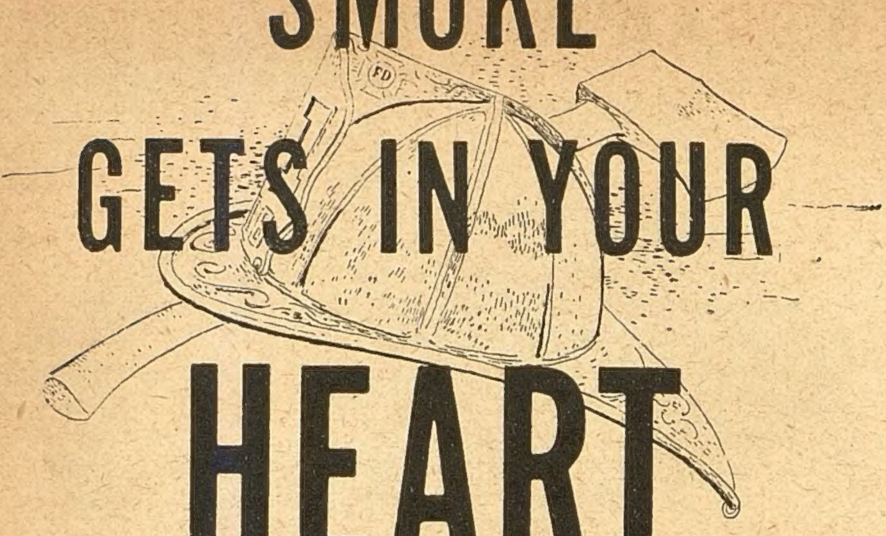
"Russia is working at its own reconstruction. Russia is on the road to become the greatest nation in the world, and so long as I am responsible for its welfare, I will not allow it to deviate from that road. It is not a road that leads to war, in spite of the fact that war holds no terror for Russia."

Once more Stalin paused as if to emphasize his own awareness of the significance of his words.

"Nor for her rulers," he added grimly.

Then, quite unexpectedly, he chuckled again.

THE END



SMOKE GETS IN YOUR HEART

Love wins again!—The stirring story of a girl, a fire fighter's courage, and a swift, surprising setback for crime

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE summer sun blazed down into the whitewashed courtyard of the fire department's training school. Two dozen men wrestled on half as many mats. It was no grunt-and-groan comedy. Tough Dan Hogan was running the show.

Usually Hogan would have been in dungarees and singlet himself, down on his knees instructing, cheering, and insisting always: "Hang on, boy! Hang on!" But today was the last day of the term. He was in dress uniform for the exercises that afternoon that would make his charges full-fledged firemen. He had turned them out for wrestling, as he said, just so their complexions would look clear for the commissioner. He stood now by the entrance to the yard and blew his whistle.

The men struggled to their feet and came to informal attention beside the wrestling mats. Hogan's eyes traveled them over and came to rest on the stubby heaving figure of Tommy Downing.

"Cut out that puffin'!" he snapped. "Wanna puff in some smoky cellar some night and drop and cook there—and a lot of good men with you?"

The boy's diaphragm was fluttering, spasmodic, as he tried to control it.

"It's like that accordion ya play," Hogan sneered. Suddenly he thrust his finger at the boy's middle and roared: "Hang on! What's wrestlin' for but to teach firemen to hold their wind?" He stared at Tommy for insufferable seconds while the boy held on. Suddenly he turned to the other man at the mat.

"Wipe that grin, Jenkins. Downing had you pinned, for all your size, if I hadn't blown the whistle."

He went along the line, scanning the men as they repressed their breathing for him.

"Hot an' tired just havin' a little fun out here in the nice fresh air, eh? Well, the time'll come when you'll wish you was out here in the nice fresh air . . . . only fire don't fight that way—it's tricky. It'll throw you any way it can, and when it throws you, you're through. Now get into your nice pretty uniforms. . . . Dismiss!"

He was near the door to the showers as he finished. He stopped Tommy Downing as he started through. He looked at him dubiously as he said:

"I nursed you through this course because I knew your old man. I didn't think any pup o' his could have tallow in his back. But that last jump o' yours from the tower was rotten. If you don't do it clean this afternoon, I'll bust you. I'll bust you clean out."

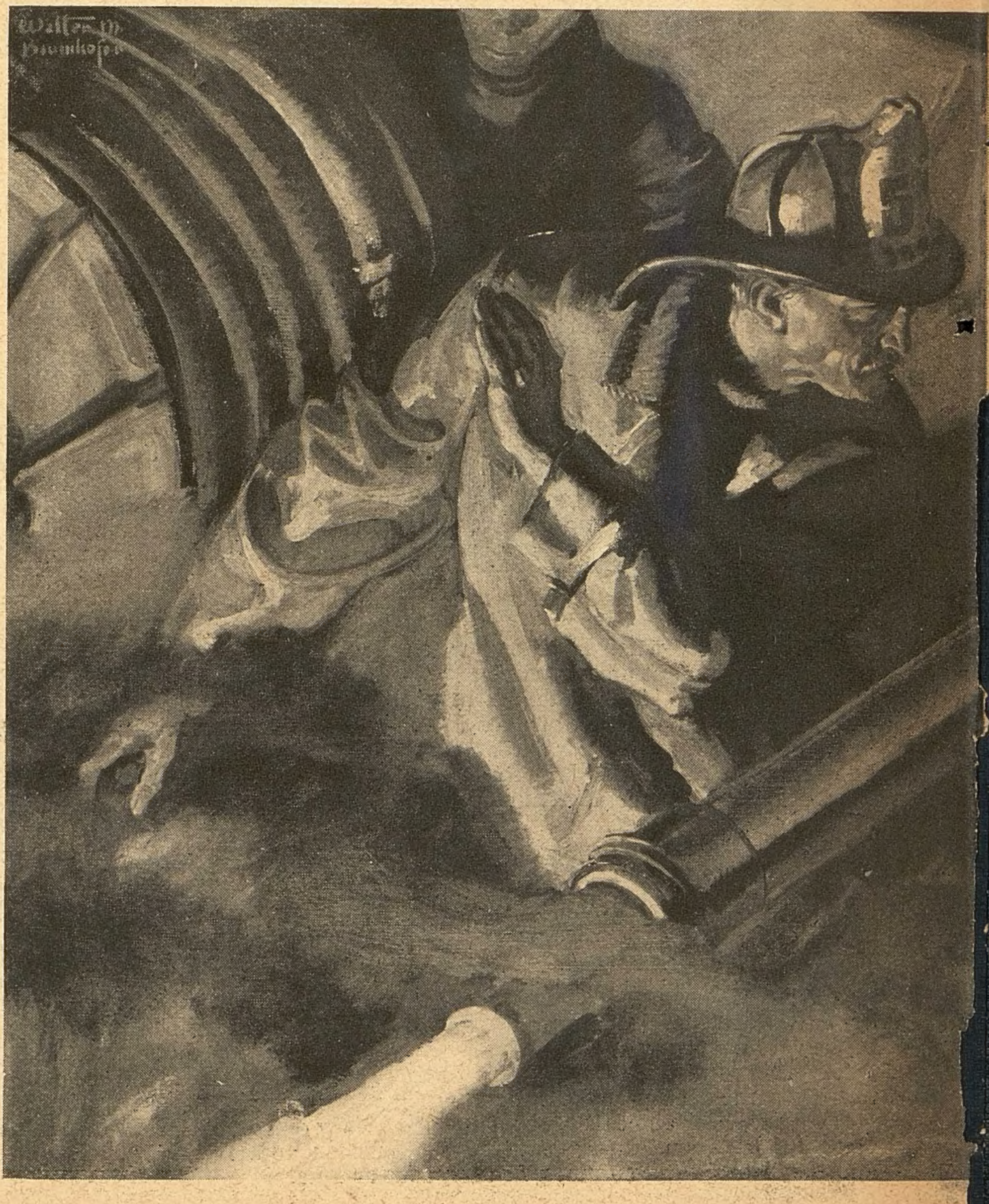
They locked glances. Neither flinched.

But that afternoon Tommy Downing didn't know. The Fire Commissioner and a group of civilian officials had watched them through the routine of ladder-and-hose drills while the little row of families and friends applauded. Then they rigged the jumping tower and the crew took hold of the life net.

His first day at the school, Tommy'd seen a boy miss the net. He'd been very close to that shattered body. He had to steel himself every time he went off the top.

Now it was his turn. He stepped out on the jumping platform with big beads of sweat running down over his set jaws. He even said a little prayer. Then he looked down at the net, sixty feet below.

Jenkins' long face gawked up at him. He grinned at Tommy, and just as Tommy was about to jump he sur-



BY JOHN STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

reptitiously took his hands from the net and waved them quickly. Desperately Tommy squatted, swung, caught one hand into the tower guy and saved himself from an ugly fall.

There was a quick silence in the courtyard. And as Tommy pulled himself together again and looked down, he saw a girl who had risen in her place in the front row of spectators. Her eyes were wide with fright. Her small fist was pressed to her mouth. He never saw Captain Hogan break from the commissioner's group and start for the foot of the tower. His eyes fixed on the girl, he stepped firmly to the jumping edge, gave one quick glance at the net, and made a perfect jump.

Hogan, red with irritation, rejoined the commissioner. Whatever he was about to say was lost in a roar of laughter from that worthy.

"A comic, eh? Well, I'm glad there's one on this pay roll. Made a nice jump, too. Who is he?"

He turned in some surprise at the way Hogan's answer was bitten off.

"Why sure! Old Tom Downing's boy." The commissioner expanded. "I got him into the school myself."

He motioned to Tommy as the men got into their blouses and began falling into line. He shook hands with the embarrassed youngster.

"Good stunt, that delayed jump," he said, as Tommy blushed. "Gave the crowd a kick." Then he went on, more seriously: "Maybe you have your father's knack of sizing up a situation, whether it's fun or a fire. He was the best fireman we ever had—and a grand guy. If there's anything I can ever do for you, let me know. Where's he assigned to, Hogan?"

"He's not . . ." Hogan started to splutter. Then he looked from Tommy to the commissioner. Grimly he made business of drawing a long sheet of paper from his pocket. He studied it for a moment, his neck red against the tight uniform collar. Then, cold eyes on Tommy, he said:

"The new fireboat. They've no life nets there."

The commissioner missed the byplay.

"Fine, fine!" he said. "I get down that way to the oil plant almost every day. Look me up!" and he slapped Tommy on the back.

"And that reminds me," the commissioner chuckled. "How'd you like to get back to an active command, Hogan?"

"I'd be glad to get away from these sappy kids for a while."

"Well, you'll have one of 'em with you that's no sap. We're going to give you command of the new fireboat."

"Aw, look, commissioner!" Hogan began to protest.

"No. It's the only thing we can do. You're the only captain with marine experience . . . and we need it on that new boat."

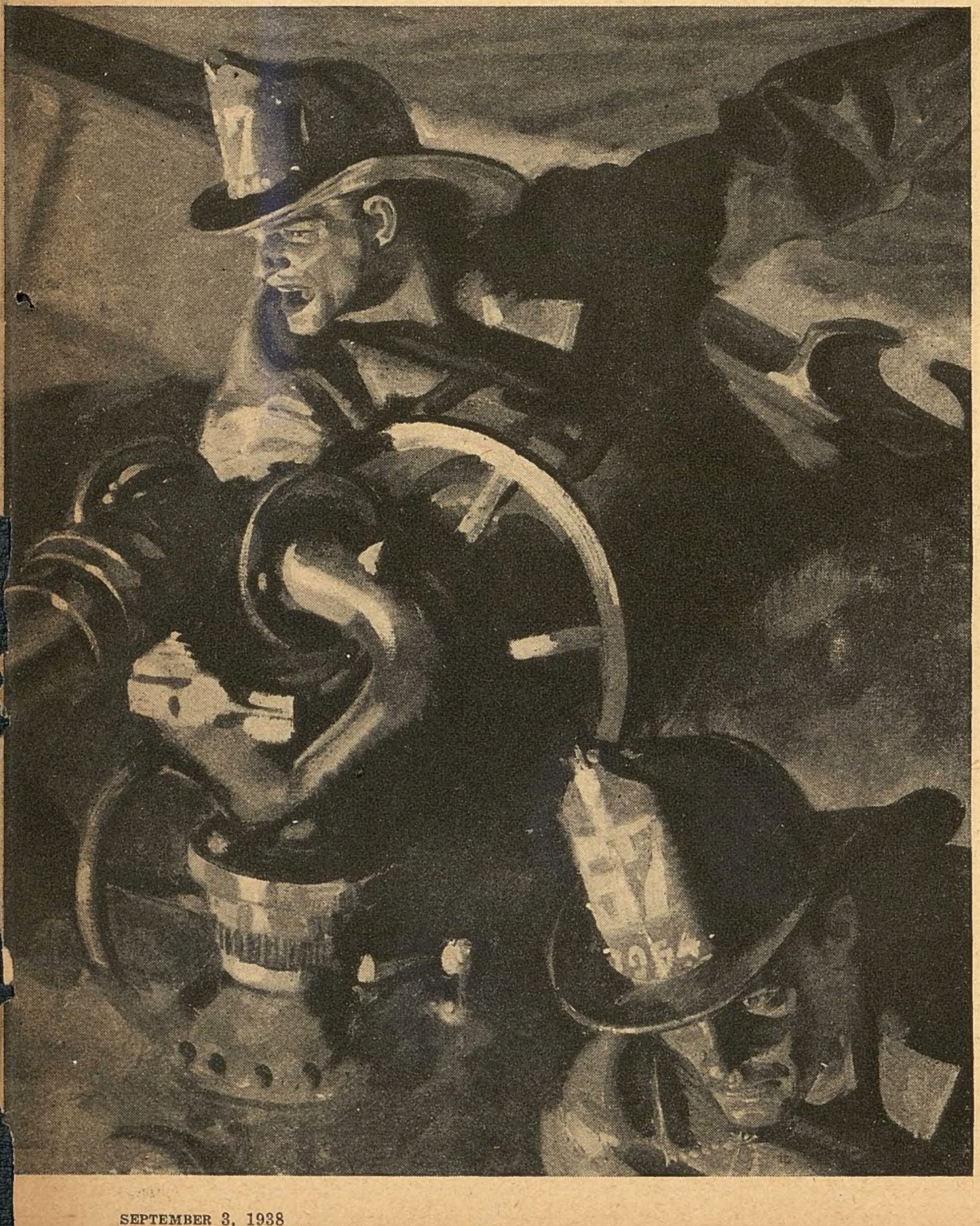
The new fireboat had everything. Twin Diesels, another pair for the pumps, and a bewildering array of tankage, piping, valves, and nozzles. Tommy plunged into it from his first day on duty. The water front was free of fires for weeks. So Hogan's discipline went as far as it could in keeping equipment fit.

When the rest of them were out back of the firehouse, tossing the medicine ball, boxing, or playing handball, or at Hogan's eternal wrestling, he'd look for Tommy. Usually he'd find him with a set of blueprints or an instruction chart down in the bilges. Or he'd find him stretched on his bunk under a pile of equipment catalogues. He'd cuss him out into the open when he could. But there were many times when he couldn't. And while Jenkins and the other men of the crew were getting hard and tanned in the sun, Tommy would appear pale and grease-covered. He was not Danny Hogan's idea of a fit fireman, and the old man was worried.

So was his daughter. Kitty was the girl who'd jumped to her feet that last day at the school when it seemed Tommy would fall from the ladder. She and Tommy had grown up together. They had come to love each other with an understanding that made a romance into which, it seemed, doubt could never enter.

Tommy wondered whether it was doubt with which she looked at him now; certainly her face showed grave concern as he stepped up to her, wiping grease from his hands, grinning at her. Jenkins, husky and healthy, had been talking to her, one foot on the running board of the little roadster in which she sat. She'd tossed back her bare golden head and laughed. And the laugh had spread the generous red lips from her fine teeth and lighted little twinkles in her blue eyes.

Then she had seen Tommy coming up; and he had seen the twinkle go from her eyes as they fixed on him. The smile faded from his own face, and he said almost wearily: "Hi, Kit."



Every nozzle on the fireboat was shooting at one or the other of those spreading tongues of flame.

“H'lo, Tommy,” she answered and the quietness of her answer was in all the more startling contrast to Jenkins' boisterous: “Hey, grease monkey!”

Tommy felt: I'd like to sock the big cheese.

Cap Hogan came up to take the basket of food Kit had brought him.

“Thanks, baby,” he said, and walked through the wide-open door of the house to his desk between the slip for the fireboat and the land tender that followed her runs. Jenkins slouched away after him and Tommy leaned on the car door and sighed.

“What's between you and pop?” she asked.

“Honey,” he said desperately and reached into the car for one of her hands, “I don't know what it is.”

She patted his hand, and he went on:

“We thought when I got duty we could . . . but now! Heck! We'd always planned that he'd live with us . . . . and now, after serving with him here, I'm just poison to him for some reason or other.”

“He thinks maybe you don't want to be a fireman,” she said quietly. “He says you don't keep fit.”

“Maybe I *don't* want to be a fireman.”

Shock, desolation was in the look she gave him. All the years of her plans since her mother's death put her in charge of the Hogan household, of her hopes since she really knew how she felt about Tommy, had resolved about these two men in the service that was so much a part of her life. He looked up at her, this time with a grim set to his own face. He spoke doggedly:

“That's why I'm working. If, maybe, I could get a better job out of the department . . . maybe he could live with us and not think I'd poison his food. That's the way he looks at me now.”

She leaned forward and smiled at him. The smile drove everything else from his consciousness. He reached in to kiss her, but she leaned away and touched the starter button. As she sat up, her mouth went into the pucker of a kiss, out of reach. She let in the clutch and he dropped to the ground from the moving car.

She had seen Jenkins drifting toward them. As she swung for the turn she whirled straight at him, making him duck briskly out of the way. And as she opened up speed, down in the road, she waved, smiling still, at Tommy. He felt better.

He drifted over toward Julio's soup wagon. Down as they were at the end of Terminal Island, the fireboat crew had a mile walk through the lumberyards, the tank farms, the railroad yards to the nearest lunch counter. So Julio came every day from his grocery on the Neck with a load of hot soup and coffee and sandwiches and spaghetti. He sold it at prices to rejoice a fireman's heart. And Tommy knew why.

TODAY Julio greeted him excitedly:

“There's that-a nombre again, Tommy! Seex, t'irteen, seex! She's goin' come up sure some day. Why you not give me a bet?” It was the number of Kitty's license tag.

“Sucker stuff,” said Tommy, looking over the food.

“No, no!” protested Julio. “Jake, he's-a run da booze. He's-a know all da beeg shots. You get paid ev' time. Ev't'ing you-a win, da nombres or da horses. Look!” He pointed to where, just beyond the end of the oil company's fenced-in tank farm, a little tanker lay against the stringpiece between the oil company's property and Julio's store and tenement at the Neck.

“He's-a own dat li'l' tanker—Jake. He's sell all da gas to da fish fleet offshore. He's-a make a plent'. . . . Why you no geeva me a bet?”

Then he broke off suddenly and his dark face hardened. Ostentatiously he covered the food. Jenkins had come up.

“I'll take a dollar o' that six, thirteen, six,” he said carelessly.

“No,” said Julio.

“Hell's bells, I'll square up with you next payday.”

“Dat's your whole pay you owe,” said Julio ominously. “An' my Jake, he say no more a tick' for da bet, for da food. You pay firs' mont' . . . or else.”

“Grease monkey?” Tommy sneered as he dropped a dime for his sandwich and coffee. “Well, I'm no sucker.”

Cap Hogan was drifting toward them. Jenkins leaned to Tommy.

“One yap out-a you,” he said fiercely, “and I'll . . .”

“O.K., big boy,” Tommy replied cheerily as the Cap reached them. “Get the gloves and I'll give you a workout.”

Tommy had no great animosity against Jenkins. He just thought he was a big slob. But he had resented the man's cool, clean physical perfection there, talking to Kitty, when he himself had come up pale and filthy from the bilges. He wondered if Kitty, his Kitty, could be interested in this man. He resented the way her father exchanged smiles now with Jenkins.

He tore into him. The men, sensing something, gathered around. There was no timekeeping. With the first opening, Tommy's right reached the side of Jenkins' jaw and staggered him. The big man came back mad. He was no slouch. He had the reach and the weight as well as the height on Tommy. He tried to use them. But Tommy bored in.

He ducked Jenkins' long left jabs and stepped inside his right cross. He was bringing them up squarely to the body, overhand to the head. Jenkins rocked him with an uppercut. Neither would give or clinch. They'd been at it for almost five minutes and the men started to cheer. The sound brought Hogan from where he had stood chatting with Julio.

He saw this was no sparring, and he strode through the men and stopped it. He made them shake hands. Tommy even thought he caught a gleam of satisfaction in tough Danny Hogan's eye. His battered nose, his jarred teeth, he thought, were a small price for that.

GET yourself cleaned up,” said Hogan. “Julio, here . . .”

But the excitable little man, who had followed him, broke in: “Sure. Dees a whole platoon, you's-a off duty four o'clock. Eight o'clock we have party our place. You all come . . . you, too, Jenkins. Bring-a da gal. Tommy, you bring-a da accordion. Da cap, he's-a bring-a your gal.” And he laughed uproariously.

They knew Julio's parties, this platoon. So they kidded about it the rest of the afternoon and by four o'clock, when the relief came in, they were all cleaned up and ready to go. All but Tommy. He'd had one last thing he had to do aboard the boat, and then, it seemed, he had spent hours scouring his grimy hands, digging the black from beneath his stained and broken nails, shaving and putting on a suit of white civvies.

He had no girl to call for, however. And at about four thirty, as he trudged alone down the sunny road beside the fragrant lumber stacks, he felt pretty well satisfied with himself for the first time in weeks. He whistled a sad tune, as he always did when he marched.

He reached the end of the lumber piles and the open lot between the lumber and the oil properties. He stopped whistling. Smoke. Its tang caught his throat. Then he saw it. A tossed cigarette—and from a *fireman,* he thought—had lighted the roadside stubble. As he ran for it, the little blaze leaped the dry ditch and caught the taller weeds in the vacant lot, not ten feet from the oil company's fence. A few feet beyond stood a big tank.

Heedless of his smart civvies, his white buckskin shoes, he leaped for it. As he stamped desperately, he yelled. Hardly fifty yards down the road was the oil company's office. They heard him and they saw. A flood of greasy foam shot from a sprinkler head on the oil company's fence, and the little blaze was out.

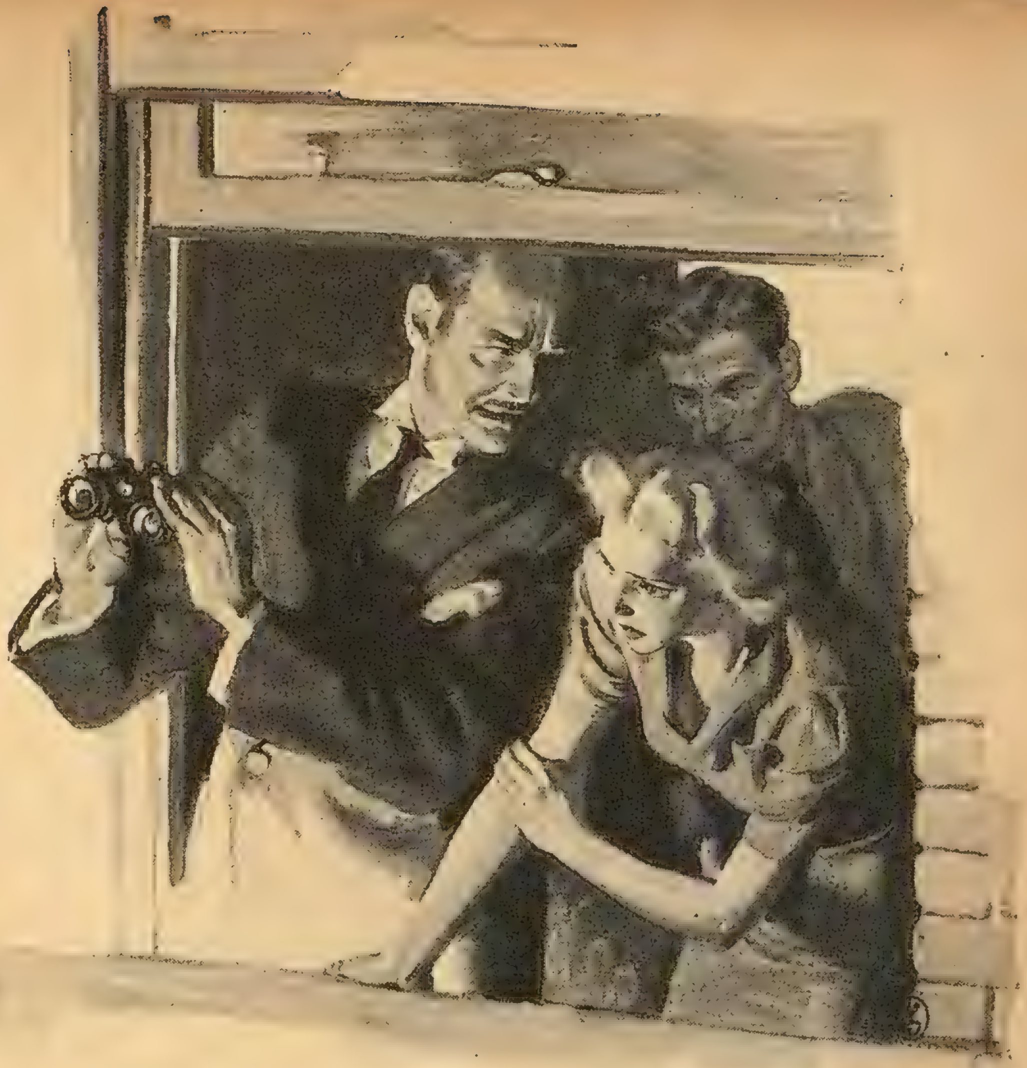
From head to foot Tommy was covered with the brown slime of the extinguishing foam. He was wiping it from his face when a car pulled up in the road beside him. Commissioner Flint was driving. He recognized Tommy as the boy cleared the muck from his face.

“Hey,” he called, “a one-man fire department already, eh?”

“With that foam of yours—say, that's great stuff,” Tommy answered, ruefully looking at his clothes.

“Got another suit at the firehouse?” Tommy nodded. “Come on, then. I'll wheel you up there and get it and you can leave this with me and I'll get it cleaned for you . . . least we can do for you.”

“You can show me how that foam system works,” Tommy said, as they drove off. So, instead of a leisurely



Flint cried: "There's gas in the foam line! Give that foam pump all she's got and come on."

trip uptown and back to the party with his accordion, Tommy spent an hour with Commissioner Flint and his engineer, once more examining blueprints of the pumps and lines and valves which enabled the oil company to spread the extinguishing foam to any point of its big property.

As he left the oil company plant, he had heard Flint say to his engineer, "I want all our lines and meters checked tonight. That guy's selling more gas than he buys from us, at any rate."

Tommy found himself thinking of it as he looked over the crowd in Julio's rooms. He'd been put to playing his accordion for the dancing as soon as he came in. He didn't see Kitty for the moment, so he complied good-naturedly. There were the old people of Julio's generation, frankly old-country, sipping their red wine, gossiping in Italian, honest, hard-working men and women. Then there were the youngsters, Jake's friends. The girls' dark beauty was emphasized by an often exaggerated make-up and dress. The boys —well, some of them looked hard-working like their elders. But there was always a group, paying less attention to the wine than to the bottles of whisky on a sideboard. Some of them, Tommy thought, looked a little sleeker than anything the water front warranted.

At last he saw Kitty come in from out of doors with Jenkins. Both of them, he thought, looked serious. He went to her quickly and danced her away. She was abstracted.

"Where you been?" He made his voice cheerful.

"Jake took Jenkins and me for a ride in his new car," she said.

Just then Cap Hogan gave the signal for the traditional ending of the party for the boys of the fireboat. With Julio's fat wife in his arms, he stepped to the middle of a floor that promptly cleared for them and their brisk old-fashioned waltz. Tommy and Kitty, like all the rest, stood on the side lines and sang and laughed and applauded. And when it was over the Cap grabbed Kitty and whisked her off with him. She and Tommy had no time to talk.

AND she wanted to talk, too. Jenkins had taken her outside for a breath of fresh air, and there they had found Jake getting out of a long sleek car.

"Come on, let's take a buzz in this baby," he had said, climbing back behind the steering wheel and opening the rear door for Kitty and Jenkins. The car was a magnificent thing of smooth power. But as he tooled it along the almost empty shore road he caught a glimpse of his passengers in the little rear-view mirror. Jenkins was attempting to paw Kitty.

"How'd you like to drive her yourself, Miss Hogan?" he asked.

"I'd love it," she said quickly.

Jake stopped and got out of the front seat. Kitty stepped in behind the wheel. Jenkins was about to take the other front seat when Jake's hand on his wrist pulled him back into the rear with him. As Kitty drove, Jake had serious words with Jenkins.

She heard what she thought was a peremptory demand from Jake for payment from Jenkins, and a whine from Jenkins about fireman's pay.

Then she heard Jake say: "O.K., then you can work it out."

Their voices fell lower. She thought Jake said: "If they raid, it's got to be a total loss." And she was quite certain that, as she slowed up by the grocery store, he said: ". . . in spite of the company's foam system."

The next afternoon, as she drove the Cap down to the fireboat, it came into her mind as they passed a little building in the oil plant labeled Foam Pump.

"What's that foam system?" she asked.

"No good," was his quick answer. "Gimme the good old water every time."

Then they reached the house and he had jumped quickly from the car with an abstracted good night to her. His platoon just coming on duty, bore signs of the night before. In five minutes the Cap had the worst hangovers wrestling. It was punishment, but by the time Kitty had crossed the Neck of the head of the island and was rolling slowly along the shore road in her little runabout, it had cleared their heads.

A half dozen of them at once saw the roll of heavy black smoke. They were tumbling to their places on the boat and the truck tender before the alarm came in. The blaze, they knew, was Jake's little tanker, down there by the farther end of the oil plant.

The boat roared out clear of the bulkhead and the truck raced down between the lumber piles. It was the boat's first active service. Tommy, at his station aboard, felt a glow of pride as the big driving Diesels roared between decks and the pressure mounted in the nozzle he was tending on the main deck forward, a twin of the nozzle Jenkins was manning beside him.

When they pulled into position alongside the little tanker, her after superstructure, housing engines and pilot house were well ablaze. As they brought their streams to bear on it, a drum of gasoline broached on the deck in front of the afterhouse and a blazing stream shot forward over the main tanks and down through the scuppers into the water. Every nozzle on the fireboat was shooting at one or the other of those spreading tongues of flame as Hogan, on the bridge, forced her in close over waters that were carrying the flames.

Tommy, struggling with his nozzle, turned his head and looked up at Hogan, just above him on the bridge. Hogan thought he was dodging the heat and smoke.

"Hang on! Hang on, you tallowback!" he yelled contemptuously. Then he saw that Tommy was beckoning him. He sprang down, cursing the boy.

"If her main tank blows, this whole harbor'll be hell!" Tommy screamed in his ear.

"And you'll fry in the middle of it. . . . Hang on!" Hogan almost struck the boy in his contempt.

"Listen, you old fool!" Tommy screamed, as Hogan started away.

Just then a manhole in the tanker's main deck blew off and a vast column of flame shot up a hundred feet.

"Hit that with everything," Hogan yelled, and every nozzle on board swung a torrent of water at the base of the flame. It cut off the great red geyser. But the other little spreading flames gained headway. And in a moment the manhole was blazing high again. In its glare and roar Hogan stopped just behind Tommy.

"I heard what you said," he snarled.

"Then hear this," Tommy spoke quickly, almost insolently. "The end of the oil company's foam line is in there, only fifty feet from the dockside. I've seen the plans. The land company can hook up with it."

Hogan stared at him. Then he turned quickly toward the bridge.

"Radio! Hey, Sparks!" he yelled. But as the operator thrust his head from the pilothouse window, Jenkins, at the next nozzle to Tommy, made a strange move. He stepped back. His own nozzle with its tremendous stream of water shot straight into the air. It hit the radio antenna full and carried it away as he struggled, apparently, to bring the nozzle back into position.

Before Hogan could speak, Tommy had him by the arm.

"I can swim it," he gasped.

"Go ahead," snapped Hogan, himself taking the nozzle and turning to the helmsman with a "Stick her head in there!"

JOHN STUART

has done all sorts of newspaper work, from political reporting to foreign corresponding. He now heads a government bureau. His proudest boast is that he can still lick his son, twenty-one, at tennis.

Tommy tore off his heavy rubber coat and kicked out of his sea boots. Jenkins suddenly screamed at Hogan: "Cap, Cap, she's going to go!" There was panic in his voice. "For God's sake, get us out of here!"

Hogan looked at him scornfully, took his nozzle in his other hand, and roared at him:

"If you're a tallowback, swim out of it, too!"

Jenkins, whimpering, followed Tommy over the side in a long dive to clear the little flames that were lapping close in around the fireboat's sides. They scrambled ashore almost together and Tommy ran for the captain of the land company, with Jenkins close behind.

"Hogan says hook up with that foam line," Tommy gasped.

"That fence is electrically charged," Jenkins panted.

Tommy's answer was to pull a pair of insulated wire cutters from the pumper's toolbox. "I know where it is," he said, and two men began to run out a length of hose and follow him to the fence. Jenkins seized the new length's nozzle and started toward the fire. In his mind were Jake's threats, his demands for a total loss of the tanker to cover the evidence of his thefts. He thought he knew where this new stream of foam could be made to do the least good.

Kitty had seen the blaze from across the harbor. She had swung her car about and followed other land apparatus down on to the island. But at the oil company's office the police stopped her. No place for any woman. Then she had dashed into the foam station near by.

Peering through binoculars from a second-story window stood Commissioner Flint. As she came into the room behind him, he said over his shoulder to a man at a big switchboard:

"If our gas lines ran that far I'd say the thief was burning our gasoline."

"They're cutting the fence out there," said the switchboard man as a light flashed on his board. Then a telephone rang and Flint picked up the instrument. Tommy Downing's voice came over it.

"Your B-14 foam line," he gasped. "We're hooking on to it. When we're on, can you give us foam?"

"All you can handle," said Flint, and he gave his orders to the switchboard man. Then he saw through his binoculars that the connection was made. He saw Tommy spring ahead of the others, to help Jenkins with the nozzle of the new line.

He was still thirty feet away from Jenkins when the first burst of liquid came through. He halted. The liquid was not foam. It was gasoline. As Jenkins directed it toward the blaze, it caught. With a roar it swept back to the nozzle, knocked him down, rolled him. And the nozzle, writhing like a live thing with that dreadful blast of fire coming from it, pursued him. The screaming agonized man rolled one way, then another, and finally off the end of the dock.

Tommy worked quickly, deftly up the line of the hose, until he was near enough to the searing blast of heat to hold it down where it merely scored a deadly path across the timbers of the dock. But the nozzle was so hot he could not touch it. He got a leg, in his soaking-wet clothes, across the hose as near as he could. He protected his face as well as he could from the heat that blazed but a foot or two from him—and he hung on.

Back in the foam control room, Flint cried: "My God, there's gas in the foam line!"

Then Kitty had spoken:

"That's what Jake said. 'Gas in the foam line. . . .'"

"Then he *was* stealing it!" shouted Flint. "Give that foam pump all she's got and come on," he said to the switchboard man. He seized a wrench and dashed down and out of the building, the switchboard man and Kitty at his heels. He ran straight for a valve pit at the foot of the nearest tank, and as he reached it a bedraggled figure, dashing foam from his face, emerged. With one swing of the wrench Flint dropped him.

It was Jake.

As the two men dropped into the pit with their wrenches, disconnecting the elbow that had been bent to connect the foam line with the gas, forcing it back into its proper place on the pipe that was already spouting foam, Kitty, her way clear to the fire, was running down through the tanks.

AS she reached the land pumper, its crew was running forward. The foam had succeeded the gasoline at the nozzle where a scorched, desperate figure was struggling. One group turned the extinguishing foam on to the blazing planking of the wharf, then overboard on to the blazing water of the harbor, on to the roaring decks of the tanker, on to the fireboat, where the seared desperate face of Cap Hogan could be seen, giving the fire everything he had on that new boat. Another group brought a now still figure back to the ambulance.

Commissioner Flint arrived, half dragging the semiconscious Jake. He tossed him contemptuously to a group of policemen. Then other firemen came back from the water's edge, carrying what was left of Jenkins.

The ambulance surgeon gave one quick look, one brief touch with his stethoscope. He shook his head and turned to Tommy. "This other guy has a chance," he said.

Then Kitty recognized him. Sobbing, she reached for one of his scorched hands. The young surgeon took it from her and covered it with a pack as the boy opened his eyes and saw her. He raised his other hand to pat her reassuringly, but the surgeon grabbed that too. Commissioner Flint leaned over the group and recognized Tommy. "Boy!" he said. "Those blueprints did us both some good. . . . When you're out of this, there's a good job for you with the oil company."

Tommy grinned. And the young surgeon covered the grin and all his face but one eye with another dripping bandage. Cap Hogan came up.

His face was red and blistered and sooty. He'd thought, as he stood at the forward nozzles, closest of all his crew to the fire, that it was so hot that Downing hadn't been able to stand it. He'd felt bitter about Jenkins, too. Then he'd seen Tommy tackle that deadly blazing nozzle, crawl up the twitching hose that had already been death to one man. He'd seen the foam come.

Now he heard Commissioner Flint making his charges of theft and arson against Jake to the police who held him. He saw Tommy's one available eye shift from Kitty to himself. His arm around Kitty, he said almost diffidently: "Kid, there's no tallow in a Downing's back—or head."

Then gently, quizzically, to his daughter he added:

"Will you take an old man for a boarder?"

Tommy was trying to say something through the bandages as they lifted the stretcher and moved him toward the ambulance. Cap and Kitty both leaned over him. Thickly it came through the lint:

"Hang on, Cap," he said. "Hang on!"

THE END

An eminent critic's vigorous view of the business man's case against the President

THE ONE-MAN DEPRESSION

BY SENATOR H. STYLES BRIDGES

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

NEVER before did the United States make so precipitous a nose dive into depression as it did from mid-August, 1937, to the beginning of 1938, losing practically all that had been gained in the five-year fight from the low of the old depression.

Securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange went off $22,000,000,000. Four million people went off payrolls—a direct loss, if each of them earned $1,000 a year, of $4,000,000,000. It would seem conservative to estimate that this second depression up to now has cost the American people $100,000,000,000—about $800 for every man, woman, and child in the nation.

The outstanding fact of the second depression is plain. It was caused by one man—the President of the United States. The public has felt this right along. It has been obvious that the policies peculiarly personal to him have wrought the ruin, although there has been hesitation in bluntly stating the fact.

The United States was less successful in her emergence from the world-wide depression of 1929 than the other nations. She alone had used an excessive amount of artificial respiration. Reliance upon the spending of public money to maintain her position had lessened her initiative and had piled up a huge debt. When, in 1937, the United States, the richest in resources, took another plunge, not one of the others came along.

Our industrial production in 1937 had climbed back to 98 per cent of what it had been in 1929. In five and a half months it slid down to 68. At the two ends of a similar period Germany had registered 119 per cent of 1929 and had climbed to 120. (League of Nations figures are used, since that agency is disinterested.)

Britain, in the middle of 1937, was 121 per cent of 1929, and at the end of the year went to 127. Sweden maintained 153 per cent. France started at 71 and rose to 85. Canada went from 99 to 98.

During this period we had lost 33 per cent in textile production, while Germany gained 10 per cent and France 33 per cent. We had lost half of our production of pig iron (a basic commodity in gauging industrial activity), while Germany and Britain had gained. We lost two thirds of our steel production, while that of both these nations increased. Automobile production was cut squarely in two in the United States. Across the border in Canada, demand increased production 10 per cent.

Some influence peculiar to us had held us back in our emergence from the old depression. Something other nations did not have had plunged us into the new.

We had a government which, at the initiative of a single individual, was making many experiments. It was attempting to regulate all manner of activity, to control what had hitherto been regarded as the private affairs of all the people. And it had declared war on one particular group of the people—the business element—and this, too, was at the insistence of one man. At the moment of returned world-wide prosperity the head of this government was giving rein to his penchant for regulation and his hatred for the one group that was anathema to him. He was resorting to the politically expedient policy of attacking numerically small groups, such as the rich, that he might gain the approbation of numerically large ones, such as the poor and the moderately well-to-do. This policy may drive to cover the money that might be used to employ the poor. It may bring hard times on the well-to-do or the whole public. It has done just that in the present circumstances.

The President had assumed the very difficult task of regulating prices. He had held that they were too low. He took many steps aimed at raising them. Now they had gone up and, of a sudden, in 1937, he pronounced them too high. He issued warnings. Industry was keyed to a high pitch and very sensitive.

This was its first jolt.

A little later the requirement for reserves in the federal reserve banks was suddenly doubled. That is done when the government wants to stop expansion by making money harder to get. It is a warning that the government thinks a boom is on the way. It amounts to clamping on the brakes until they scream. It is therefore a very alarming warning to business.

The other nations took no such action and yet escaped bad consequences that might have come from a boom. Here we had a President who wanted government to control all details of the national life, taking an action that time proved not merely unnecessary but harmful. He began also his program of sterilizing the incoming gold, keeping it out of the banks where it might be a basis of credit.

Pump priming, the idea of spending our way out of the depression, had been the particular (though adopted) favorite brain child of the President. For five years the billions, sixteen of them altogether, had been flowing lavishly. Obviously not appreciating the delicacy of this moment of attaining a new prosperity, he chose it, above all others, to announce that he would shut down suddenly on government spending. He did not really do so. The appropriations for 1938 were a billion above those of 1937. But he led industry to think that this government purchasing power was to be withdrawn. That warned industry to expect a sudden loss of business.

BUSINESS had formed the habit of retaining certain undistributed profits as a reserve fund in case of emergency. But the government, at the personal insistence of President Roosevelt, had taxed these undistributed profits out of existence. Industry had to figure more closely, otherwise it would soon be out of funds—bankrupt. Plants began to shut down in appalling numbers.

The capital-gains tax had been passed also. If a man wanted to start a sugar mill, for example, he figured on selling some stock he had been holding and drawing dividends from for twenty years. Happily it had increased in value. But he found that the capital-gains law took such a heavy slice of that increase that he could not afford to sell. He had to pass up the new business.

In the old days a man would risk a million to make a million. If he made a million now, the government would take approximately $800,000 of it in income taxes.

Finally had come the Wagner Act, leaving strikes and upsets in its wake, making it impossible to estimate future labor costs. Under it the National Labor Relations Board was established as an executive agency of the federal government directly under the President.

He appointed three persons with partisan views as members of the Board. They built up a staff, a substantial number of whom at least were haters of employers and partial to one particular group of organized labor. This agency constitutes itself as the accuser, the investigator, the judge, the jury, with the federal government back of its authority to decide all issues between the employer and employee. Its acts have been rankly discretionary against one great branch of labor, and in almost every instance against the employer. The employer today can hardly as much as confer with his foreman lest he be charged with trying to influence labor policies in his plant. Whatever employees he may discharge for whatever reason may appeal to the Labor Board and are practically sure of reinstatement. The troublemaking minority, which is always present, have the driver's reins.

The Wagner Labor Relations Act should be amended so as to protect the rights of both the minority and majority of labor, the rights of both the employer and the employee, and, last but not least, the inherent right of every free American—the right to work.

We are all consumers. If industry is badgered and kicked in the face by unjust methods of arbitrating the differences between employers and employees, it must either close up or price its products so high as to be prohibitive. Unquestionably the administration of our labor difficulties by the National Labor Relations Board is one of the basic causes of the present depression.

Just when labor had won the victory of the generation —the right of collective bargaining, upon which it could have built a prosperity never known before—it has found itself seized by this radical group and hurried into excesses. As a public man who has fought for the cause of labor all his life, I am fearful of the combined effect of depression and radicalism upon the labor situation. If labor should lose the fruits of its victory, the cost in the long run might be the greatest of them all.

Even after the slide had started, the President harassed public utilities until they laid off all developments, even replacements. Government funds were used to finance power and other business enterprises in competition with private business. He dealt in such terms as "economic royalists" and "chiselers." A special session of Congress was called to deal with such disturbing subjects as wages and hours, more regimentation of agriculture, reorganization of the government in the interest of placing more authority in the hands of the Executive. In the depths of the depression he proposed antitrust proceedings which business feared might go to any extreme.

It is a strange thing that anybody should lose sight of a thing so simple as the fact that men go into business for one thing—to make money. When their businesses cease to make money they get out of them. Here in the United States the prospect of winning has been so decreased that men have withdrawn from the game. That is what has brought on the depression.

And when you look this rather simple situation directly in the face you are bound to arrive at the conclusion that one man, the President, is responsible for practically every element that has contributed to it. It is his depression. Four million more men are out of work because of him. The deplorable condition of American industry, the loss of her position among nations, the $100,000,000,000 total shortage, all are due to him.

This is admitted by almost everybody but Mr. Roosevelt himself. After the decline had reached a low equaled only in 1932, had flattened out but refused to rally in the spring, he still kept his mind hermetically sealed to the facts. He still refused to accept any program except that of pouring out government money in pump priming.

THE public watched the mounting expenditures. In 1933, $3,000,000,000; in 1938, $8,000,000,000. And they had failed. We were still deep in depression.

Now the dominant personal characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt, that of stubbornness, asserted itself. Though the heavens fall he would hold to his course.

Business, though greatly chastened, knew that it could save the situation, given a chance. The banks were full of money anxious to get to work. Production was far behind. Replacements had been neglected. Housing alone could employ as many men as pump priming. Public utilities would like to put a million to work; the railroads could use another million. Factories were ready to reopen. Innumerable new enterprises had been waiting.

Some held that cessation of White House attacks on business would be sufficient to start the flow. Wise observers were inclined to believe, however, that we would have those attacks as long as we had Roosevelt. Even if they ceased, this would not be sufficient to release the jam. There were physical obstructions in the way. The Congress attempted to remove some of these when it proposed the repeal or modification of capital-gains taxes and undistributed-profits taxes. These were steps in the right direction. There are many others to be taken, however, the most crying of which, probably, is the manhandling of the Wagner Act and the National Labor Relations Board. A captain of industry must be put in command of his ship before he will put to sea.

A rift in the sky of depression may be reported. But the master cloud is still floating about.

The President, the nation is given to understand, is most anxious to ascertain the real cause of the depression. He can find it in any mirror.

THE END

FASCINATION AFTER FIFTY:

Billie Burke's Secret of Youth

BY GILMORE HERMAN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE Saturday-afternoon show featuring Merrily We Live was just letting out at the movie house around the corner. Two white-haired ladies came out juggling hats and Sunday's meat with the million-and-ones.

"I don't see how she does it," marveled one. "Why, her figure's just as round and slender as any of these movie stars' in their twenties. And, Martha, do you remember how many years ago you and I saw her in Love Watches at the Lyceum Theater in New York, first time she was starred?"

"Thirty years ago," said Martha. "We thought she had such a funny name for a woman—Billie Burke."

"I'll never forget her with that English peaches-and-cream complexion and red-gold hair," dreamed the other. "Thirty years ago, think of that! And she doesn't look a day over thirty right this minute! How d'you suppose she does it?"

How? That's what women all over the country are asking about the amazing youth and vitality of Billie Burke who has gaily passed the fiftieth milestone and now looks forward to sixty with the nonchalance of thirty. All is not fish and chips in the life of a motion-picture actress, you know. It requires sheer physical strength in addition to talent to forge ahead under the grueling strain of lenses, light batteries, and sound mixers.

Yet here is this woman, past fifty, building another career for herself as one of the three top-ranking mother-sophisticates of the screen, Alice Brady and Mary Boland being the other two. Building it vigorously, too, after a career that has been fraught with storm and strife far above the emotional content of the average movie star's life.

When asked how she is able to endure the strain of a profession that breaks down so many younger stars, she replies in the language of the theater, that it is simply a matter of timing. You learn your own stop-and-go signals and abide by them just as if a cop were standing on the corner. In that way you never overdo without storing up an equivalent amount of energy for what's been taken out of the reserve. It's all in the balance. And there speaks her clown-actor father.

For, strange as it may seem, this exquisite sophisticate had her roots in sawdust. Her father, Billie Burke, was one of the most famous circus clowns of his generation. He and his wife determined that the little girl, born within sound of brass bands and cracking peanut shells in the nation's capital, should have her chance at life with a proper fortification of culture. Accordingly, she was packed off to school abroad. Years later, when she returned to the United States to play John Drew's leading lady, under the banner of Charles Frohman in My Wife, she came as a bright and shining British light from the London theater. But for all the English bloom on her cheek, there was still good American blood in her veins.

The next season (1908—thirty years ago, just as Martha said) she reached full-fledged stardom in Love Watches. There followed a succession of successes: Suzanne, Mind-the-Paint Girl, Caesar's Wife, A Marriage of Convenience, Intimate Strangers, Rose Briar, Annie Dear, and others.

Billie Burke became the toast of New York. She was beaued by the Brummels of that era, from Caruso who sent her carloads of flowers, to W. Somerset Maugham, the famous playwright, who took her dancing.

There was destiny for Billie Burke in a dance that she went to with Maugham on New Year's Eve, 1913-14. It was a masquerade held at the Sixty Club. And there it was that she met Flo Ziegfeld.

Billie Burke at fifty (above) is as lovely and vivacious as she was thirty years ago (right) when she was the toast of New York.

Billie went home with a sore and vexed heart. She was in love—oh, yes, in love—with the famous bad boy of Broadway, the man who was milk and honey to every beautiful girl in America! Fantastic! No woman in her right senses would let herself in for a doom like that. She couldn't!

So three months later she did.

They took the ferry to New Jersey and were married without fanfare. Broadway, cheated of its ballyhoo, gathered a crumb of satisfaction from lugubrious predictions as to how long the marriage would last.

In the meantime motion pictures were growing up. They began to sue for the biggest and best that Broadway had to offer. Billie Burke's charm and command of pantomime made her an instant success in Peggy and Gloria's Romance, the popular serial which topped all its predecessors for class. Even in the face of Charles Frohman's anger at what he termed "those cheap moving pictures," she went on with such films as Arms and the Girl, Eve's Daughter, Make-Believe Wife, and Misleading Husband.

In the midst of Gloria's Romance little Patricia Ziegfeld made her appearance, and somewhat settled things for mother for the time being. Billie Burke decided that a baby and a husband were career enought for any woman. She cheerfully abandoned any other for herself and settled down to the joys of domesticity.

For a less intelligent woman it would have been a welcome period of letdown, but Billie knew her biggest battle was ahead. Not for a moment was she forgetting that marquee down on Forty-second Street blazing with electric lights: ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL.

With the glamour and bright lights gone for her, she had to hold her own on solid earth with the man who "sold" American women to the world. The competition would have floored many a clever woman.

Not so Billie. She learned how to be a successful wife to the luxury-loving, luxury-living Ziegfeld by sticking rigidly to her lifelong schedule of simplicity. Again that little matter of balance, both mental and physical, came to her rescue. Questioned as to the secret of her even then marvelous youth, she replied, "Keep happy, and don't worry. And"—a thoughtful look came into her eyes—"don't be jealous. Nothing can tear a woman to pieces like worry and jealousy."

Came 1929, and Old Man Depression began to bend and moan. Then 1930 struck and fewer and fewer people were paying sixteen fifty each for seats A-1 and A-3 in the first row of the New Amsterdam. Not only were Ziegfeld's finances in a serious condition, but his health was cracking under the strain of business worries. Gravely concerned, Billie decided that Hollywood would be a far better climate to rebuild his failing strength. So with her brightest smile she went to her husband.

"Flo dear, the time has come when I think I'd like to go back to my work, if you don't mind." She hurried on past the stunned look in his eyes. "I've always had my eye on Hollywood for you and me. I'd like to go out on a sort of scouting trip, if you'll promise faithfully, darling, to keep in touch with me on how you're feeling."

Ziegfeld kept his promise in his own curious way. Daily he wired. He was feeling greatly improved. Everything was fine. Then, one Sunday night out in Hollywood, she turned on her radio to listen to Flo who was master of ceremonies on the Ziegfeld Follies Hour. Across three thousand miles of air waves she caught the sick note in his voice. She climbed on the next train for New York. The air waves had not lied. Ziegfeld was desperately ill. Billie canceled all his engagements and packed him and Patricia on a California-bound train.

Gay, courageous, in love with life, she defies time with laughter and hard work.

Not long after their arrival at the film capital, Billie was to be put through the supreme test of her life. Flo Ziegfeld, hidden away in a hospital by his frantic wife so that he would not be disturbed in the battle for his life, quietly ceased to breathe on the night of July 22, 1932. She will never forget the sharp whir of the telephone in the bareness of the sound stage on the RKO lot where, with Katharine Hepburn, she was playing in The Bill of Divorcement. Her home was calling for her to go to the hospital immediately. It was too late.

The entire theatrical world was shaken to its roots by the going of Florenz Ziegfeld. Condolences poured in on his widow. Jimmy Walker, then Mayor of New York, wired that he would prepare a gigantic funeral procession to pay municipal homage befitting the man who had done so much for New York. Mrs. Ziegfeld wired back that their days of pomp and splendor were over and Flo would have a simple interment in keeping with their present position.

And Billie Burke went back to her job; back to the pitying eyes of her fellow workers and the merciless glare of the light batteries—the picture had to be finished.

When the estate was settled, Flo Ziegfeld had left his wife $1,000,000 in debts—and an undying love.

Patricia now became Flo incarnate to her mother. Was Billie appalled at the prospect of facing fifty, bankrupt, with the responsibility of supporting her daugher? Judge from these gallant words: "When Flo died my light went out. It was all I could do not to be bitter and unhappy. But I realized I must take hold of myself and work for Patricia.

"I was lucky to have something to love, because if I had had no vital thing in my life to interest me I couldn't have found any happiness. Every woman must have something to love and some one to work for."

She needed work and more work. It was then that Flo Ziegfeld's bread-upon-the-waters came back to his widow and child from the man he had made a great star—Will Rogers! Will spread his broad protecting wing over them, kept them moving among his friends, kept them stimulated mentally whenever despair threatened. Finally, he made Billie Burke his own leading lady in one of his last pictures, Doubting Thomas.

How much his help meant to her you may have heard her say in the unforgettable broadcast of the memorial service held for him after he flew off into the skies and never came back.

That help has carried her back to security and happiness. Remember her in Topper, Navy Blue and Gold, Everybody Sing, Merrily We Live? The pleasantly screwy ladies she portrays owe their popularity to the artistry of her slapstick. No wonder Billie Burke says, "If at first you don't succeed, try laughter."

Whatever it is, it has made her the phoenix of Hollywood, the woman who rises younger each year from the ashes of her age. When they are fifty, shall we be able to say the same of our Loretta Youngs and Constance Bennetts who must fight dangerous thinness? Of our Miriam Hopkinses with nervous breakdowns? Our Barbara Stanwycks with spine trouble? The Claudette Colberts, who must constantly watch their strength, frequently taking off days during the filming of a picture? Or even our Garbo, who is known to be anemic?

Compare the portrait of Billie Burke—gay, hard-working, charming, lovable, and in love with life.

Fascination after fifty? Rather!

THE END

I·Q QUIZ-CRAZY: THE NEW RAGE OF RADIO

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME
11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN the olden days it was the Delphic Oracle who knew all the answers. Now it is we radio fans, and we tell them every Saturday night to Uncle Jim McWilliams and to "the one, the only, the original" Professor Quiz.

There are, as I write, twelve of these audience-participation programs—that's what the trade calls them—on the national networks and innumerable others on local stations. The forms of these programs are various, but the principle is always the same: we of the radio audience play the principal part.

And are we pleased?

Well, the test came this summer when the big sponsors began looking around for attractions to replace their regular programs while their high-priced stars were enjoying their summer vacations.

Take the Fred Allen hour as an example. Last summer, Walter O'Keefe, another top-notch star, subbed for Fred; but this summer's pinch hitter is the Town Hall Big Game Hunt, an audience-participation program of popular parlor games. Likewise, while Jack and Mary Benny take their well earned hot-weather rest, a West Coast audience feature new to the national networks, known as What Would You Have Done takes their place. Perhaps the most striking example of all is the decision of Walter Winchell's sponsors to carry on during Walter's vacation with a specially devised quiz on Winchelliana, in which Ben Grauer, the scribe's regular announcer, asks questions based on information printed in Winchell's syndicated newspaper column.

The simplest of all the programs in which we are asked to participate is the radio revival of the old-fashioned spelling bee. Simplest in form, I mean. If you have ever glanced over the lists of words propounded by Paul Wing, NBC spelling master, as reported in Radio Mirror, you have an idea of just how *un*simple it is to get a hundred mark on these radio spelling lessons.

For example, which is right: calsedony, chalcedony, or calcedony; pirytes, pirites, or pyrytes; anonometer, anemometer, or anamometer?

From the same source I offer you a few questions asked by the Columbia network's Professor Quiz. They are, as you will observe, for radio addicts only:

1. Who is the "Old Stager"?
2. Who is Benjamin Anzelvitz?
3. Who are the parents of Dennis Michael and Philip Lang?
4. Who is the announcer on the Good News of 1938 program?
5. What did Edgar Bergen call his first dummy?

And to get a perfect mark, you answer:

1. Henry M. Neeley, the commentator on CBS' Sunday-afternoon Everybody's Music.
2. That is Ben Bernie's real name.
3. Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee.
4. Ted Pearson.
5. He was a "gentleman of color," variously named Sambo, 'Rastus, or Snowball.

Uncle Jim McWilliams—he's the same old Jim McWilliams who achieved the distinction of being the only man ever to own a Phi Beta Kappa key and earn $1,000 a week in vaudeville—covers a wider field than Professor Quiz. His questions range along something like this:

Whose cow kicked over a lantern and started the famous Chicago fire? What is the distance from New York to San Francisco? How many rolls in a baker's dozen?

Uncle Jerry's way of conducting his inquisition is to ask six members of the studio audience to come to the platform. He propounds to each one in turn a question on a wide variety of subjects, and allows just ten seconds for an answer. The contestant rating the highest average gets twenty-five dollars on the spot.

The two senior broadcasting systems have no monopoly on nation-wide quizzes. In True or False, the Mutual network has evolved a brain-twisting program which establishes our I. Qs.—Intelligence Quotients, if you must be formal—quite as accurately as any of the famous Thorndike tests which were applied to the A. E. F.

Dr. Harry Hagen, who conducts these memory tests every Monday evening, chooses two teams of six. Then he makes a series of statements like the following, and alternately asks members of the contending teams to say whether they are true or false:

A geisha is a hot spring ejecting a stream of water into the air.

Macbeth was an actual king of Scotland.

Spinning Jenny was a Swedish star brought to America by P. T. Barnum.

A squab, fancied by gourmets, is a very young chicken.

S. S. Van Dine is the name of a new Dutch transatlantic luxury liner.

Anne Boleyn was the second of Henry the Eighth's seven unhappy wives.

Of course, being radio-schooled, you know which of these six statements are true and which are false, but for the benefit of nonlisteners:

The first statement is false: A geisha is a Japanese singing and dancing girl. The second is true: Macbeth ascended the Scottish throne in 1040 A. D. The third is false: A spinning jenny was a spinning machine invented by James Hargreaves in 1760. A squab is not a baby chicken, but a baby pigeon. S. S. Van Dine is no steamer; it is the pen name of a writer of detective stories. It is false to say that Anne Boleyn was the second of Henry's seven unhappy wives: she was the second all right, but there were only six altogether, and only the first five were known to be unhappy.

And so it goes—all the way around the dial.

This craze for dramatized education may be said to have started with the old True Story Hour, which brought the experiences of actual readers of the magazine in dramatic form to the listening audience. The Goodwill Court and its successor, the Court of Human Relations, helped the cause along. So, of course, did the Voice of Experience, and, more recently, We the People, and America's Town Meeting of the Air.

Of the two latter, We the People has just won a radio-magazine poll as the most popular of the " human interest " programs, and America's Town Meeting has just been given a new three-year contract.

In short, the audience-participation idea is sweeping the skies—and the surprising thing about it all is not that it has happened, but that it hasn't happened sooner. On the air, I mean. For, in the centuries between the oracles and the professors, there have been many successful attempts in almost every other line to cater to man's insatiable curiosity by question-and-answer devices.

I REMEMBER strolling one Sabbath morning in a garden in Kent. My companion was a famous Englishman, Lord Northcliffe, the owner of more than sixty newspapers and magazines. He proudly showed me a copy of his first publication—a magazine called Answers that he wrote, edited, and published when he was a poor boy. It differed hardly at all from the script of a Professor Quiz broadcast, except that it dealt with questions of that day instead of the present. His answers not only founded the greatest newspaper fortune of all time, but one of the most popular newspaper features of all time, the question-and-answer column, still closely associated with that charming old lady, Dorothy Dix.

The various Answer Men in fan magazines and the back-of-the-book service editors in women's publications are applications of the same principle to specialized fields. Closest lineal descendant, however, of the Northcliffe idea is our own Liberty department, Twenty Questions. Introduced twelve years ago, these weekly brain teasers still remain one of the most popular features in the magazine.

One of radio's most ambitious quiz programs, Information Please, is nothing more nor less than an adaptation of the Twenty Questions idea, with the novel twist that we of the radio audience try to stick the experts instead of letting the experts try to stick us.

Four well known men sit solemnly behind a long table on the studio stage. Their personnel varies slightly from time to time, but Franklin P. Adams and Paul de Kruif are among the regulars. At a little desk at one side sits Teacher Clifton Fadiman, literary critic of the New Yorker. Before him is a secret file of questions which have been submitted by listeners; also a cash register with $100 in the till.

Every time the experts answer a question correctly, they earn five dollars. Every time they fail, the " No Sale " sign goes up on the register, and five dollars is turned over to the propounder of the question.

It is still too early to estimate the full value of all this audience participation either to radio or radio users, but if magazine and newspaper experience is any criterion, it is likely to bring a new era in microphone entertainment, which will be ruled largely by the listeners themselves. For the great thing this question-and-answer business in print did for us readers, besides satisfying our curiosity on specific points, was to bring us right into the sanctum and give us a part in directing the editorial policy of our favorite publication.

The radio impresarios have profited greatly from all this newspaper and magazine experience. For one thing, they knew, without going through the painful process of learning it for themselves, that when it comes to information, a good many of us feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Until our own Macfadden Publications started True Story Magazine, no editor or publisher seemed to have taken this fact into consideration. Publication in True Detective Mysteries of a " man wanted " line-up, which gave us all a chance to be detectives on our own account, was another important step. And so, as every Liberty reader knows, was the indispensable Vox Pop.

Two smart young radio boys, Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth, took over both the name and idea of Vox Pop and added to it the technique of the Inquiring Reporter, long a popular feature of many newspapers. They lie in wait for passers-by in some frequented spot—for example, the ground floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center or a hotel lobby—and ask them questions.

So far, as you see, radio has supplied little that is new for us old spellers and puzzlers and Twenty Questions fans to put our teeth into. It has been content with a rather slavish imitation of materials and methods which have been proved successful in other fields, especially in the magazine and newspaper fields. But there are encouraging signs that radio is beginning to think for itself and may yet produce a type of audience-participation program which is peculiarly its own.

Kay Kyser's Musical Kollege—what a name!—is such a sign. Maestro Kyser conducts a quiz similar to those already quoted, but confined chiefly to the field of radio music. Crickets, a new program originating in Hollywood, goes Kyser one better in distinctive radiodicity. With only sounds as clues, listeners are asked, not only to identify popular songs and other musical compositions, but to guess well known proverbs and quotations, complete the plots of original sketches, and recognize the calls of birds and the growls of animals.

As time goes on, radio will doubtless also learn much from the stage, which has been experimenting for years with various forms of audience participation.

Here, too, the Macfadden organization might take a bow, for it was a highly successful play, The Spider, by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, which pioneered in this respect by spotting one of its most important characters in an orchestra seat. More recently, another Broadway success, The Night of January 16th, asked members of the audience to come up on the stage and act as a jury. Both innovations were instantly popular.

THE number of legitimate plays in which this participation was possible was, of course, small. Vaudeville, on the other hand, offered innumerable opportunities. Magicians, who asked people to come up on the stage and become the victims of their skill, and mind readers, who passed up and down the aisles grabbing thoughts out of the heads of paying guests, were always popular.

Swing bands, as everybody knows, start their hearers dancing in the aisles. This last is audience participation with a vengeance. Cheer leaders at football games unite the thousands in the stands with the players on the field. Revivalists, from Moody and Sankey to Billy and Aimée, have exhorted the saved to come forward and make public confession of their sins. And now, in the Oxford Group, we have a serious religious cult based solidly on individual experience and testimony.

Even political orators have waked up to the fact that the heckler has his place in any well organized public meeting and are quite willing to change their act from a monologue to a debate.

Every day, while all this was going on, we men and women out front were becoming increasingly more skillful and more helpful in our share of all this participation. Parlor games, built on the question-and-answer principle, and crossword puzzles sharpened the wits of all members of the family. Crossword puzzles did their educational bit. And the Ask Me Another craze of a few years ago did more for the spread of knowledge than anything that had happened since Plato was a boy.

In short, we were getting good. All we needed was a nation-wide forum on which to tell the world about it. And now, at long last, radio is supplying that forum!

THE END

Millions can now enjoy the *economy of* General's *quality*

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GENERAL Dual 8

Costs less than a dollar more

In the General Dual 8 thousands have found the answer to today's need for real economy, combined with the peace of mind of riding on America's Top-Quality tire.

The Dual 8 gives you the long, uninterrupted mileage that has made General famous for low final cost. Its patented squeegee-action tread stops your car quicker on wet pavement than ordinary tires stop on dry. General's extra strength and low pressure design provide the maximum blow-out resistance. It is the last word in safety, comfort and style.

For less than a dollar more than you'd pay for an ordinary first-line tire, the Dual 8 brings all these famous General Tire features to owners of popular-priced cars!

See your General Tire dealer and learn how easy it is to equip your present car or your new car.

The General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.
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The new Dual 8 is available with smartly styled white sidewalls at slight additional cost. They add the final touch of distinction to your car.

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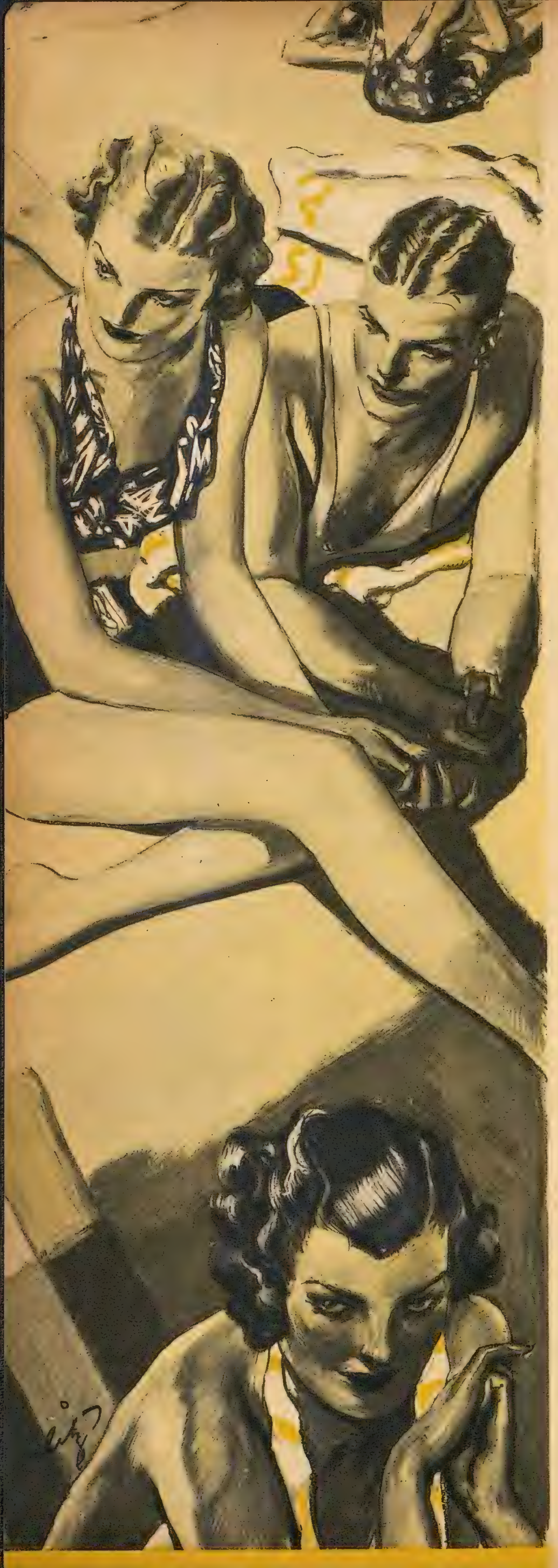
THE GENERAL *Dual 8*

– goes a long way to make friends

For quick-stops ... Generals patented *wrinkle* action

The harder you apply the brakes the more the flexible tread *wrinkles*... grips and holds ... for quicker, straight stops. This action is exclusive with General.



Ranney's eyes were far from unappreciative as he lay beside her in the sand. He decided she was the loveliest sight on the beach; said so with conviction.

THE MAN

Threats and thrills! The vivid tale of a vanished husband and a daring wife's strange quest

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BERT CAMERON, once Special Prosecuting Attorney for New York, has been missing for seven years, but his wife, Leslie, refuses to believe he is dead—this in spite of the fact that evidence he possessed made him a menace to certain racketeers who might well have murdered him. Against the wishes of Harley Pitt, Bert's former law partner who is in love with her, Leslie persuades Philip Ranney, the present Special Prosecutor, to aid her in a secret search.

Through a spy in Ranney's office, Frederick Novack, one of the racketeers Bert was investigating, discovers their plans, and when Leslie, with Ranney and his mother, flies to Miami to see Arlene Bray, Novack's men are on their trail.

Arlene Bray—now known as Helen Lunden and singing in the Double Cross Club—was a dancer in New York seven years ago and dined with Bert on the night he disappeared. Both Leslie and Ranney believe she withheld information when the police questioned her. But when Leslie talks with her in Miami, the girl asserts, as she did before, that she never met Bert until he sought her out to ask her about a theatrical racket, and she insists that the janitor of her apartment house, who identified Bert's picture as that of a man who had often visited her, was mistaken.

One thing Leslie does find out, however. Arlene mentions that when she left New York to escape the notoriety of the Cameron case, she was ill in a hospital in Chicago. When Leslie tells him this, Ranney hopes that through the hospital records, he can trace Arlene's sister, Margaret, whom Arlene had seemed most anxious to keep out of the investigation seven years ago. He believes that Margaret may know what Arlene is hiding.

When he and Leslie arrive at their hotel, there is a long-distance call waiting for her.

"That sounds screwy," says Ranney. "There wasn't a soul in New York who knew to what hotel you were going."

PART THREE—WITS AGAINST BULLETS

WHEN Leslie answered the call in her room, she found it was Harley Pitt who had been waiting with determined patience to talk to her from New York. She cried, "Harley! How on earth—"

He said, "I had no idea where to find you, Les. I had the operator try every hotel in Miami."

"But what is it?" she asked, bewildered.

Harley's voice remained, as always, under rigid control. "I thought you wanted to avoid publicity."

"Of course!"

"Please, Les, don't misunderstand. I simply want to save you embarrassment. Two of the tabloids up here carry unfortunate pictures tonight. They show Philip Ranney stepping into the Miami plane. Just above him, in the door, they have you, looking back over your shoulder. The captions under the pictures run something like 'Mrs. Leslie Cameron and Special Prosecuting Attorney

IN MY LIFE

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

Philip Ranney, Accompanied by Mrs. Thomas J. Ranney, Leave for a Miami Vacation.' Not precisely that but quite close to it."

So those photographers had caught her! . . . Leslie didn't know whether her anger was directed at Harley Pitt or the offending newspapers. "I suppose," she flung out hotly, "they have it sound as if we'd gone off on a—a sort of spree!"

"Exactly," he acknowledged. "Forgive me, Les, but—you know how I feel about you. I hate to see this sort of thing started. In a few days there'll be other pictures. In the Sunday rotos. Really, my dear—"

And then, of a sudden, she knew why she was angry. It wasn't the newspapers that bothered her. It was Harley—this icy, condemning, strait-laced disapproval of his. However decent his motives might be, she found herself resenting every word he uttered. While Philip Ranney curiously watched, she stood, quite pale, the telephone pressed to her ear, her eyes dangerously bright. Somehow Harley must have become aware of her anger, for he said contritely:

"Believe me, Les, I'm thinking only of you. In self-protection you'll have to tell reporters, if they question you, that you've decided to search for your husband. And then the whole thing will blow up again—pictures, stories, headlines, everything."

Strangely, her anger collapsed as quickly as it had flared. "I'm sorry, Harley," she said wearily. "But, after all, I can't live my life only to avoid gossip."

"Les—why don't you come back?" He was silent an instant before he drove on more passionately, "When I read this kind of thing—the nasty implications people are putting on your trip to Miami with Philip Ranney, it—it just makes me boil!"

She didn't know how she finally managed to say good-by to him. When she turned away from the telephone she sank listlessly into a chair, looked up at the puzzled Philip Ranney and smiled a little wanly. She told him as simply as she could what Harley Pitt had reported.

"You're not going to let the drivel of a few nasty little minds dictate your actions, are you?"

"I'm not thinking of myself," she said, frowning. "It's you now. After all, you're a public figure, and this sort of thing—well, it can't do you any good. And we wanted to avoid *all* publicity."

He leaned back against the closed door, hands in the pockets of his white jacket, and eyed her with a kind of paternal solicitude. "You're tired," he said. "Things seem exaggerated tonight. Get yourself some sleep. By morning Pitt's call will seem silly. Besides," he added, "I don't think it's *you* Harley Pitt is worrying about. It's himself. You know him better than I do. You know how much he dreads scandal."

"You're misjudging Harley," she said slowly.

"Maybe. But I believe Pitt is thoroughly scared."

"Of what?" She turned, astonished. "Why should Harley be scared?"

"He's always made a point of keeping his reputation as immaculate as the Supreme Court's."

"But we're not soiling it!"

"Aren't we? Look. He has among his clients a number of gentle old souls—the aristocracy of a past decade—out of whose estates he makes a very decent living. They're not the kind of people who stick to a lawyer who steps into mud. He went through quite an ordeal trying to keep them when your husband disappeared. After all, Herbert Cameron was Harley Pitt's law partner. It looked queer for the firm. Could he keep them through another siege of scandal and publicity?" Ranney was watching her intently, with a trace of uncertainty. "He's in another kind of mess, too," he went on after a moment, more slowly. "Awkward business. He had no hand in creating it; he's just its victim."

She began to question him, and he explained:

"For the past five years Pitt has been attorney for the Arrencort Construction Company. Brings him about fifteen thousand a year. Of course he could never guess that the majority of Arrencort stock would suddenly come into the hands of Frederick Novack. Pitt knows that Novack has been under suspicion for years. I have an idea that if Novack walked into Pitt's office to retain him for personal work, Novack would be kicked out. Harley Pitt is like that. And yet he suddenly finds himself the attorney for an outfit in which Novack now holds the reins. In other words, he's accepting Novack's money through the Arrencort Company."

Briefly, without humor, Ranney laughed. "And I don't think Pitt's ready to sacrifice that fifteen thousand a year. On the other hand, he squirms at the idea that he's got to do business with Novack. Everything considered, he wants to keep it hushed. The less scandal there is, the easier he'll feel. He certainly doesn't want your husband's case raked up again."

Still leaning easily against the door, Ranney waited for Leslie to speak. But she didn't. She sat frowning down at fingers that tugged at a handkerchief.

Presently, as if dismissing the entire matter, he straightened. "Suppose," he said in a lighter tone, "we forget Pitt and Arlene and the whole mess for tonight." He extended his hand and unexpectedly grinned. "I think we've both had more than enough for one day. I'll just go down and wire my office to look into Helen Lunden's hospital record in Chicago. . . . Good night."

SHE awoke early, in an uneasy mood. She had an illogical sensation of being pulled in opposite directions by Harley Pitt and Philip Ranney.

At Ranney's insistence—"Do you good," he kept saying, as did his mother—she played golf and, surprisingly, discovered that it steadied her. And all afternoon, awaiting a report on the Chicago hospital records from the Special Prosecutor's office, they remained close to the hotel, swimming, lounging under palms and on the beach. Puss, having unexpectedly met a gay old roué she'd known in New York, had been whisked off to the Hialeah races; so they were alone.

Her blue halter and swimming trunks revealed Leslie's slimness at its best, and Ranney's humorous eyes were far from unappreciative as he lay beside her in the sand. He decided she was the loveliest sight on the beach; said so with conviction.

"Thanks," she murmured. "I was just thinking that *you* look like one of those muscle-builder ads."

"Don't sidetrack us," he ordered sternly. "We were talking about you. Do you know what I'm thinking?"

"That it's time for another dip."

"No. I'm thinking if I'd known what the job of Special Prosecutor entailed—days like this, for instance—I'd have managed to get myself appointed years ago."

Leslie was about to speak when a hotel page ran down the beach to inform him that a phone call from New York was waiting. . . .

He jumped up, said something, hurried off eagerly. But when he returned in a few minutes, he was subdued and his eyes were worried.

"No dice," he muttered. "There's a record of the Helen Lunden case at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Chicago, all right. But no record of anybody to be notified in case of death."

Something collapsed in Leslie. She stared at him in dismay. "So—so we're nowhere?"

"Nowhere at all." He frowned away at the sea and his voice became low. "I guess we underestimated Arlene Bray. If she *was* trying to keep her sister out of the case, she certainly went the limit!"

After that they sat silent for a long time, hugging their knees and frowning at the horizon. Leslie's disappointment, sharpened by a growing sense of helplessness, became as acute as physical pain. She began to wonder if this trip to Miami hadn't, as Harley Pitt had argued, been useless from the outset. Certainly Arlene Bray had yielded no information. And as for the vanished sister, Margaret—was it merely the impossibility of finding her that made her seem so important?

Philip Ranney, sighing, drew a package of cigarettes from his beach robe. He lit one for Leslie, let the smoke of his own whip over his shoulder, and spoke in a low, meditative tone to the horizon:

"You know, there's a lot we haven't learned about Helen Lunden. A few years ago she came out of a Chicago hospital, sick, weak, broke. She admits she didn't have any friends; if she had, they'd have seen her through that hospital siege. It's hardly likely she went back to work—to dancing or singing or whatever it was—as soon as the hospital dismissed her. So what did she do? Where did she eat and sleep? Who took care of her?"

Leslie confessed, "It never occurred to me to ask."

"It didn't occur to me, either, until just now. I'm simply thinking aloud. Don't mind it. Silly habit. . . . I'm wondering if at a critical time like that, when she probably needed help desperately, she didn't turn to somebody who might have sent her money. After all, if she'd been protecting anybody by keeping silent for years—her sister, maybe—she'd have been *entitled* to some sort of remuneration."

Leslie started. "I don't know if Helen Lunden has been receiving money—but I do know she has been mailing money to some one."

At that Ranney turned quickly. "How do you know that?"

"I remembered just now that while we were talking in that dressing room she pulled a package of cigarettes from her purse. A couple of scraps of green paper fell out—money-order receipts. I saw them but I didn't pay any particular attention to them. Still, now that I think of it, she—she seemed confused for an instant. She pushed them back into the purse with a jerky movement—"

"If she's been sending money orders to anybody, it might help us to know to whom," Philip Ranney insisted. "It will tie her up with other people, anyhow."

"But how can you find out? Rob her purse?"

He said, "If she sent those money orders within the last day or two, the local post office may still have the information; and the Miami police can get it for us. If she sent them a long time ago, of course we'd have to get the receipt numbers somehow and trace the things through the Post Office Department at Washington." Ranney rose, tossed his beach robe over his shoulder. "I'll go have a talk with somebody at police headquarters. Maybe we can still have a look at the post-office records before the day's over."

SO Ranney left her when they reached the hotel, and Leslie went slowly to her room. She lay down, spent an hour in gloomy speculation before she finally sighed and dressed for dinner. And she had just finished her hair when Ranney knocked sharply at the door.

"Yes?" she said. "Come in."

She knew, the instant he entered, that something had happened. His eyes were bright, his face was tense.

"Hold your breath," he began. "It looks as if we're off to New Mexico."

"New Mexico!" Leslie stared at him. "What on earth—"

"Post-office records, at the branch nearest Helen Lunden's home, show she sent a twenty-five-dollar money order yesterday afternoon to a Mrs. Margaret Roake at a place called Little Alamo, New Mexico."

"*Margaret* Roake?" Leslie actually gasped the name.

"Right! The clerk at the desk downstairs says we can get a plane early tomorrow morning. Puss won't be able to join us this time. Only two seats left on the plane. . . . Unless, of course, you'd rather go back to New York and let me handle this alone?"

"No!" Leslie said. "Of course not! This is my search. I'm going!"

AT midnight Frederick Novack's sleek white yacht, the Estrella, lay waiting for him in the St. Johns River at Jacksonville. Frederick Novack himself, however, was in his suite at the Hotel Florida Royal, listening at the telephone to a strained, harsh voice in New York.

"Novack," it said, "my boys in Miami just reported. Something's gone haywire down there! Ranney and the Cameron woman made reservations for two on a morning plane. They're not heading back for New York. They bought passage to Albuquerque, New Mexico!"

Instantly Frederick Novack stiffened. His square face went flaccid, lost color. "Albuquerque?" he repeated.

"Yep! And my boys can't stay on their trail any longer. The plane's filled. Every seat taken. Ranney and the woman got the last two."

Novack, visibly shaken, even frightened, hurriedly moistened his lips. As he stood there, the phone in his hand, eyes unnaturally bright, something rugged and ugly came into his features, and it affected his voice, too, when he spoke: "Paul, tell your men to keep them away from that plane tomorrow morning. I don't care how they do it! I want Ranney and the woman delayed a day!"

"Sure," Paul jeered. "The way we delayed Marshall for example, out at Southampton last year. But those stunts are dangerous, Novack, and—and expensive."

"The expense doesn't matter! Call your boys and tell them! I need an extra day—*I've got to have it!*"

Paul said resignedly, "All right, all right. But if the boys run into trouble, it'll cost you plenty."

IN the morning, right after breakfast, Leslie and Ranney started for the airport. Leslie, wearing a trim gray traveling suit and an arrogantly tilted little hat, drew breath as she settled in the cab. The taxi rolled away from the hotel, and Philip Ranney lit a cigarette.

"Know what just occurred to me?" he said. "I think it must sound positively immoral for a man and a woman traveling together to call each other Mr. and Mrs. People are bound to lift brows. Did I ever tell you, Leslie, that my name is Philip?"

"Why, no," she said. "But now that you mention it, Phil, I did notice it in the newspapers."

He grinned as he tossed the match away. "So that's settled. I feel much more comfortable."

Neither of them granted any particular attention to the taxi driver. A thin man, he wore a chauffeur's cap and an old gray suit. They could not know that he had been waiting for them since six o'clock; that he had paid fifty dollars for the use of the cab.

He drove fast across the Causeway, slowed in Miami streets, then picked up speed again as he shot toward the airport near Miami Springs.

It was quite possible, Leslie and Philip Ranney had agreed, that this impulsive dash to the West would prove futile. For one thing, it was conceivable that Mrs. Margaret Roake would have no information to give; or, if she had, that she would flatly refuse to divulge it.

"But one thing *is* in our favor," Leslie had emphatically argued. "If Margaret Roake turns out to be Margaret Bray, we'll know that Arlene lied when she told the police she'd lost all track of her sister. And if she lied about that, she probably lied about other things!"

They were outside Miami now. The cab sped along a concrete highway for more than a mile before it swerved off the road. It turned into the arched private entrance of an estate. High grass and a rusty iron fence indicated that the place was not in use.

Ranney started violently out of reverie to cry a surprised "Hey, you! What the—"

By that time the chauffeur was jamming on brakes. Here the cab was hidden from the main highway by a thick untrimmed hedge of rhododendrons and palmettos. Ranney bent forward, anger in his eyes—but at once checked the movement, sat petrified.

For the chauffeur had turned, even while his foot smashed down on the brake. He lifted a hand over the back seat, and there was a squat blue-steel automatic in his grip. "Hop out, folks," he invited softly.

Ranney snapped, "What's the idea?"

"Idea?" The man mimicked astonishment. "Ever hear of a hold-up? . . . Hop out!"

"Don't be a fool," Ranney retorted. "You can't get away with this! You're a cab driver. The porter at the hotel can identify you. So can we!"

"Do I look worried? Or scared? *Get out!*"

Gray of face, still stunned, Ranney looked at Leslie. She sat rigid, fingers pressing hard into her purse. His glance swung obliquely to the automatic. Then he reached stiffly for the door, opened it, and slid out. "Come on, Les," he said. "No use arguing against bullets." His voice shook a little, and his face had developed new muscle bulges. He asked the chauffeur, "What do we do now? Play movies and lift our arms?"

"Turn toward the house."

They stepped into knee-high grass. Leslie's heart pounded madly.

While the chauffeur got out of the cab they faced a faded Spanish villa in a disreputable state of neglect.

A car whizzed by on the road beyond the hedge. Hearing it, Leslie had an impulse to scream for help—but when she turned her head she saw the chauffeur, just a step away, leveling his automatic at her back, and the cry died in her throat.

"Get started for the house," the man commanded.

Then the sagging front door of the Spanish villa swung open on noisy hinges. It was some sixty yards from where they stood, but they could see another man, obscure and motionless, waiting in the shadowy corridor.

They walked forward slowly through the swishing grass. Leslie, tense in every muscle, realized this was no ordinary hold-up. These men must have learned of the plane reservations. Why else should some one be waiting in the abandoned villa? How could a casual cab driver have foreseen that he'd have a fare to take past this house this morning? Her pulses throbbed and she remembered with terrifying clarity that Grace Lockridge had warned her of the dangers that lay in a search. "Look," Grace had said, "at what they did to Bert. . . ."

Left pallid by the thought, she sought Philip Ranney's face—just as he turned his head to look at the armed chauffeur behind him. Ranney's glance didn't pause on the driver. It traveled on to the rusty gate that gave upon the highway. And what he saw there brought an expression of wild hope and excitement to his features. He suddenly roared: "*Hey, officer!*"

Leslie whirled around. She saw that the chauffeur too, with an instinctive start, jerked his head about to stare at the gate. Of course there was no policeman. But before the driver realized that, Ranney lunged. He had half a second while the driver's head was averted. In that half second he swung his fist with all the power of his massive shoulders. It landed on the man's jaw with the awful crack of a splitting bone. The fellow's head snapped back. As he reeled sideward, the automatic dropped from paralyzed fingers and he collapsed heavily.

Ranney didn't pause to watch him fall. He groped frantically in the tall grass for the automatic. When he found it, he whispered, "Stay with him, Les! He's out! I'll go for the other—"

But he turned to discover that the second man, clearly having no taste for a duel, was already dashing off at the side of the house. Though Ranney took several impetuous steps after him, he saw in dismay that chase would be useless. Besides, there was the Atlanta plane to catch in twenty minutes. . . . He hurried back to Leslie, who stood, pallid, over the chauffeur.

"Still out?"

"He—he hasn't even stirred!" The words broke from her huskily. "Phil, you hit him like a sledge hammer!" She felt a rush of silly possessive pride in him. It made her tingle, made her eyes shine like a schoolgirl's.

He said tightly, "Let's get him into the cab. Sit over him with the gun, Les. I'll drive. We'll turn him over to the police at the airport."

It wasn't until they had the unconscious driver thrown into the back of the taxi and were again speeding along the highway that Ranney said, without looking around from the wheel, "Of course this wasn't a hold-up. These fellows found we were booked on that plane, and decided, for some reason, to keep us away from it."

Leslie looked at the limp figure beside her. The man's head dangled loosely. "I wish he'd come to!" she whispered. "There are things we ought to ask him."

"If he moves," said Ranney, "tell me. We still have time to stop awhile and make him talk." And after a moment he added, "Something encouraging about this, Les. If folks will go this far to keep us away from Little Alamo, then Little Alamo is where we belong!"

They rode in silence for a time, and then Leslie, her mind crowded, began an impulsive "Phil—"

"Yes?"

"I—I've suddenly developed a conscience."

"A conscience about what?"

"I dragged you into this hunt. If this is a sample of what we're to expect—"

And then a dozen things seemed to happen simultaneously. It began when the man beside her struck out furiously at the automatic. He hit her hand with a hard downstroke of his fist, and the gun thumped on the floor. He heaved his shoulder against her, so that she lurched wildly against the side of the car. At the same time, while Ranney applied screeching brakes, the man opened the door and jumped. He leaped far and wide of the cab and landed, staggering, in a ditch.

Then he began to run. By the time Ranney had stopped the car and sprung to the road, the chauffeur was fifty yards behind. He vaulted a low hedge, raced toward trees beyond a small field. Ranney went after him, but found himself being steadily outdistanced. In the end he had to give it up.

"It was my fault," Leslie said when Ranney got back to the cab. "I should have watched him, Phil!"

"You couldn't have done anything. He's probably been kidding us about being unconscious for the past ten minutes." He started the cab again, and they roared on toward the flying field. "Well, one thing's certain. Somebody's trying to keep us away from Little Alamo. I couldn't swear that I know who's behind it, but I'll take an oath, Les, that we've hit the right track!"

DURING the long flight westward to Albuquerque and afterward on the hot train that took them south to Alamogordo, they had ample time to consider the Miami incident calmly. It was Ranney's opinion that either the men at the old Spanish villa had been friends of Arlene Bray, acting on some desperate plea of the girl; or else they had been in the employ of New Yorkers who, Ranney believed, had been having him watched ever since he became Special Prosecuting Attorney. "Fellows like Frederick Novack," he said dryly, "are willing to pay out plenty to know what my office is doing."

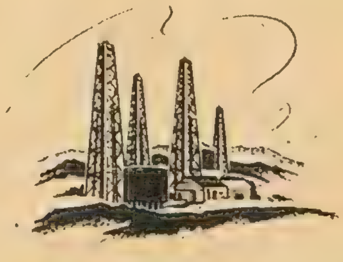
They had reported the hold-up to the police at the airport; had left a detailed description of their chauffeur; and the officials had promised a prompt search. But Ranney had scant hopes in the matter.

"Those two men," he said, "will be out of Miami within half an hour. I have a notion that if we ever see them again, it'll be in New York."

They reached Alamogordo shortly after noon the following day, and Ranney at once hired an open car and its gaunt dungaree-clad owner to run them seventy miles, through desert and Indian country, to Little Alamo.

At any other time it might have been a fascinating trip. Halfway to the town they passed the hogans of a Zuñi village, saw a few ragged Indians come out to watch them pass, and then the road dipped into the shadows of a long narrow canyon whose *(Continued on page 26)*

Tulsa



Tepees to Skyscrapers . . . The Oil Capital of the Country Demonstrates Solid Growth in the Southwest

TAKE the newer business section of an older city. Strip away the run-down, dingy buildings. Drop it on the banks of a prairie river. Surround it with suburbs as modern and substantial as Bronxville and Wilmette . . . and you'll have an approximation of Tulsa today.

From Indian country, through settlement and oil boom, to modern metropolis within the memory of living men—this is the vivid and vigorous history of Tulsa. As business and financial capital of the oil industry, it has acquired the solid dignity of far older cities. Indeed, with a population of less than 150,000, Tulsa looks and lives like a metropolis of half a million. Only an occasional Osage in a Cadillac, come to town to spend his royalties, reminds Tulsans of their colorful pioneer past.

In Tulsa, as in other important American cities, magazines are a part of the social and civic environment. Once again, the quality of a community tests the quality of a magazine's circulation. In Tulsa, which ranks high in per capita income and retail sales, Liberty goes into every sixth home.

A magazine's standing in a community is best measured by what the leading citizens think of that magazine. Interviewed here, are some of the leaders of Tulsa who read Liberty. Let them tell you what they think of this magazine.

street of Tulsa. Modern buildings and the sound of traffic make it hard to realize that all this was silent prairie, broken by the cries of Creek hunters, a short half century ago.

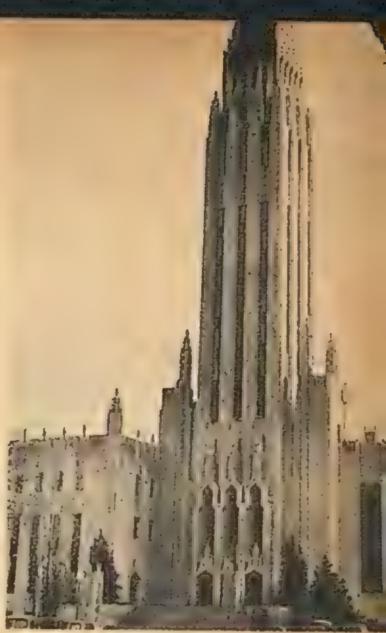
Ralph O. Dietler, Vice-president of the Stanolind Purchasing Company, buys hundreds of thousands of barrels of crude oil for Standard Oil of Indiana. Active in civic circles as well as in the oil business, he reads Liberty regularly, "especially those Villon stories and the CIO series."

R. Otis McClintock is President of the First National Bank and former vice-president of the Gulf Oil Company. Says Mr. McClintock, a weekly reader, "Liberty gives me a refreshing perspective on many matters."

E. H. Moore is called the largest individual oil producer in America, and perhaps in the world. "I bought my first Liberty because I liked the boy who sold it," says Mr. Moore, "but the articles on national affairs—like the one on regimentation—and the editorials, soon made the magazine a habit for me."

L. D. Messner is Treasurer of the Barnsdall Oil Company, pioneer refiners. "I read Liberty for many reasons," says Mr. Messner, "but it's exciting serials like *Ambush* (by Robert Ray) that keep me waiting for the next issue."

John H. Dunkin heads Brown-Dunkin, largest department store in eastern Oklahoma. He says, "I find many things to interest me in Liberty—but one which is always informative is *Twenty Questions.*"



The Methodist Episcopa
Church is a familiar peak
on Tulsa's skyline.

Photo, Blank & Stoller, Inc.

William G. Skelly, President of the Skelly Oil Company, is one of the best known oil men in the country. Mr. Skelly also takes a responsible interest in Tulsa's civic advancement. He reads Liberty regularly, says, "your publication certainly has the courage of its convictions."

F. J. Hinderliter is one of the most successful tool manufacturers in the oil business. His "fishing" tools, for retrieving lost drilling equipment, are known to all oil men. "I enjoy Liberty," says Mr. Hinderliter, "because it reflects my own beliefs on national affairs."

Mrs. Walter Ferguson, columnist for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, says, "Whenever I pick up Liberty I look for Princess Kropotkin's page, and I get a fresh viewpoint from many of your articles."

W. L. Connelly heads the combine
operations of Prairie and Sinclair a
Chairman of the Board of Sincla
Prairie Oil. "I seldom miss Liberty,
he says. "I like the important article
and the crosswords, too."

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROBERT W. LEAVITT

Liberty Goes Into Every Sixth Home In Tulsa

Henry Kendall brought education and culture to Tulsa. Here is the University of Tulsa's Henry Kendall Hall, named in his honor.

Charles Klein is Treasurer
Mid-continent Petroleu
Corp. He likes "the w
Liberty gives both sides of
discussion."

Liberty

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WARNING TO CRANKS

★ If you want to stay cranky, look out for Star Single-edge Blades! They're so keen, they're so gentle with a tender skin that if you're not careful, you'll be smiling all over. And when you discover 4 Star Blades cost only 10¢—goodbye grouch! Stars have been famous since 1880!

Star Blade Division, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STAR
SINGLE-EDGE BLADES
STAR

STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

(Continued from page 23) walls glinted like copper. It was here that their driver turned his head to inquire, "You folks artists, mebbe?"

"No," said Ranney, startled. "Why?"

"I drove two-three o' them artists fellers out this year. The scenery around Little Alamo ain't bad."

"Is it much of a town?"

"Nah."

"I hope," put in Leslie, "there's some sort of hotel."

"Well, Pop Hancock runs a place where he rents out rooms," the man said, "though there's mighty few folks goes through Little Alamo. The road don't get you nowhere except to the Hopi country."

Ranney muttered, "What makes people go to live there, I wonder."

"You got me, mister," the driver laughed. "Ain't anythin' to do, unless you hanker to raise a few sheep or mebbe trade with the Zuñis."

"Ever hear of a family named Roake?"

"Roake, hey?" The gaunt man considered while the car climbed out of the canyon to plunge again into blinding sunshine. The infinite dusty barrenness of the country about them was relieved only by clumps of cactus and chaparral and a few stark junipers. "Nope," he said at last. "But then I don't get to Little Alamo often. Pop Hancock'll most likely know."

It was late afternoon when they reached Little Alamo—and Leslie's heart began pounding again with hope and premonition. She was, she felt certain, on the brink of a crisis. How else explain the fact that two men had attempted to prevent this trip West?

POP HANCOCK'S small adobe hotel, operated in conjunction with a gasoline pump, had been conceived in the spirit of Spanish architecture, but America had impinged upon it with an awkward lean-to—a combination workshop and chicken coop. The driver sounded his horn repeatedly, until an enormous figure, fat and bald and round of face, waddled out of the workshop. He carried a hammer, and a leather apron was bound about his great stomach.

"Folks aim to stay over, Pop," cheerfully announced the driver.

"That depends," Ranney quickly corrected. Stepping out of the car, he asked Hancock, "Happen to know if some people named Roake still live here?"

The fat man pointed his hammer uphill, beyond the hotel. "About two miles up yonder," he said. . . .

Somehow the words stunned Leslie. So the trip had *not* been futile. She followed the fat man up to her room with increasing nervousness.

The low-ceilinged room was surprisingly clean. A few Indian rugs lay scattered over a floor that appeared to have been recently washed, and the four-poster bed promised comfort. There were two small windows set so low in the wall that she had to stoop to peer out of them. When she did, she found that she could gaze over an endless expanse of brown desert.

She washed hurriedly, driven by constant presentiment, changed to a short white dress, bound a striped bandanna about her hair, and ran down. Philip Ranney was talking just outside the door to the enormous Pop Hancock and a black-haired young woman, either Indian or Mexican, who was the hotelkeeper's wife. The car from Alamogordo had already departed.

"Oh, Les!" Ranney came to her at once, his manner brisk. "Pop Hancock is taking us down the road to a place where we can hire a buckboard. We'll drive out to the Roake house. We can be back in time for supper."

Leslie turned her head to squint up the long trail that wound into the sun-beaten hills beyond the hotel. Up there, she realized, lay a critical moment in her search for Bert. "All right," she said in low tones. "Let's start."

THEY walked along the dusty road with the waddling Pop Hancock; and presently Ranney asked, "Who's up there besides Margaret Roake? Has she a family?"

"Well, she got a husband. Tom's his name. And they got a youngster. Boy eight or nine."

"What do they do up there?"

"Not much of anything," Hancock grunted. "Raise a few chickens an' sheep. They sort o' keep to themselves mostly—though Tom Roake he prob'ly spends his time, day an' night, readin' books. That's about all the mail he ever gets—books."

"Been here long?"

"Let's see, now." Rubbing his chin, Hancock dipped into memory. "No, it ain't so long. Reckon they came out here—yes, just about seven years ago."

Seven years ago! . . . The words blazed like flame in Leslie's brain. Her blood raced hot with the power of that persistent premonition. She looked at Ranney and caught his wide, astonished stare.

"What—what's Tom Roake like?" she whispered.

"Tom?" Hancock shrugged. "Middle-sized feller, kind o' skinny, around forty." He glanced at her queerly. "Don't you folks *know* the Roakes?"

"Only Mrs. Roake," Ranney said quickly.

Leslie was no longer listening. She walked along the road in a daze, and she was thinking desperately: A middle-sized feller, kind of skinny, about forty, came out seven years ago! . . . Oh, Bert, *Bert!* . . .

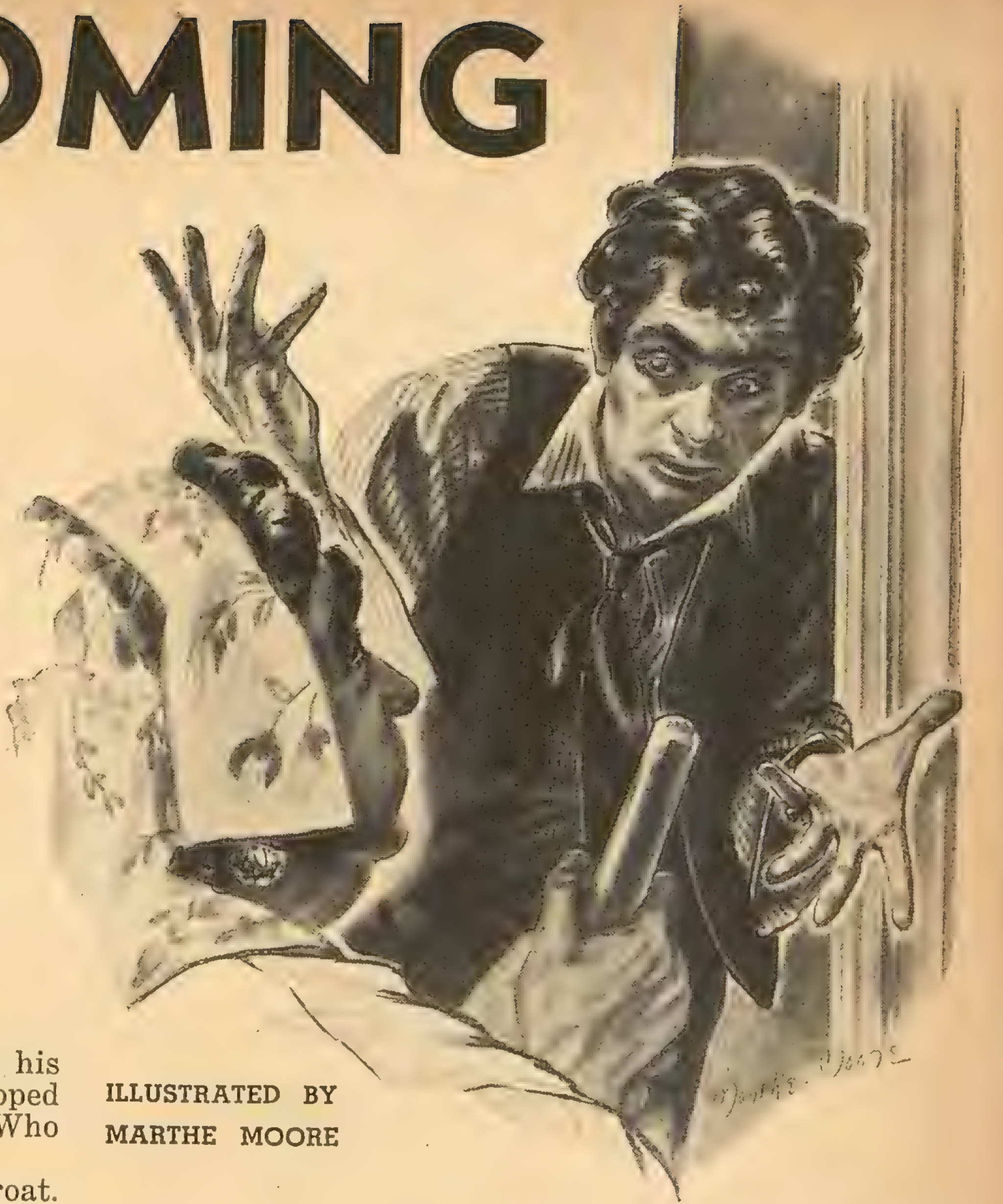
What waits at Little Alamo? Bert? A long-hidden clue? Will Margaret Roake—if she is Arlene Bray's sister—tell Arlene's secret? The coming chapter is taut with suspense, bursting with surprises. Read it next week!

HOMECOMING

Liberty's Short Short

BY JANE MAGILL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS



ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

YOUNG Nick Tempesti raised his lined, bleak face from his hands and stared at the rounded, slightly misshapen head before him. Wet brown eyes glared back at him unblinkingly.

"You're-a da fine guy," Nick said contemptuously. "A fine guy—John." He mouthed the name as if it were new on his tongue. "So . . . so that you should sound like-a American, American John."

John said nothing, his face said nothing. His wide-open eyes looked like empty mirrors. They roved about the shabby room. Cheap blue cretonne framed the single window.

"This is-a da fine homecoming," Nick said angrily. "Mia bella Maria, she wash-a, she iron-a, she hang-a da curt'—for you." He lifted his dark fist as if to shake it in John's fat face, but dropped it. "And so you kill her, my Maria who luv me so. Who luv you too, huh?"

John made a thick, inarticulate gurgle in his throat. His mouth was wet and open and he looked as if he were going to cry. But abruptly he turned his bald head away.

Emotion shook Nick. "You kill my Maria! And what I do with you? Put you 'way for good! In asylum!" He touched John's shoulder, but John still kept his face averted. Great tears rolled down Nick's cheeks. "What-a good you? What-a good to me? No more my Maria she make-a da rattle with da pan in da kitch'; no more she yell 'Come, my Nick. Ravioli for da sup'.' She no more say, 'When John . . . when he come home. . . .'"

John whimpered, turned his head jerkily. He said, "A-ah," and put one hand against his mouth.

There was a violence in Nick's voice now: "So-o you kill-a my wife, my Maria. I should-a luv you because she luv you? So I should protec' you? No! I never, never forgive you." He jumped up, towered over John. "You gotta suffer too! I go call 'em now."

He stomped to the door to go downstairs. As he reached for the knob the landlady's voice, soft and sibilant, came through the panel.

"There's-a pipple downstair, Meester Neeck. So sorry, but they come-a to take John away."

Nick opened the door and stared at the fat landlady. "But I no call-a them yet," he said to her in surprise.

"The hospit' where your Maria—where she die," she said, looking away from him, "maybe they tell-a that social woiker, she tell-a da authorities, and they come to take-a da John away. You no can—"

"I not am here!" Nick said. "You tell-a them I not am here. John, he not here neither." He smiled suddenly. He leaned over, tweaked the fat old cheek. "You come-a back later to help, huh? Together we make-a da beeg fight, huh?"

Quietly he shut the door, bolted it.

John stirred uncomfortably as Nick laid a rough hand against his chest. "If you yell I bust-a you one," Nick said. A smile gleamed like a candle behind his eyes. "I take-a care of you, American John."

Nick took his hand off the other's chest, sat down heavily. John whimpered again; his fat body writhed on the day bed; but he looked disinterested, disinterested and somehow blank.

"I hate you," Nick said uncertainly. "You take-a 'way from me all I care-a da damn about. No, not so. Not all," he murmured and still looked at John. "Poor you, poor born-here-yet-so-dumb. You so terribl' dumb. So what I do with you? Put you in big place, with iron fence, in institush?"

John made a shrill sharp cry, like an animal. Protestingly he threw one arm wide.

"Bah!" Nick said. "I no fall-a for your antic. You no understan'. You never know what-a hell you make. For me. For her. But for you?—no, no, not for you, if I can help. What-a I protec' you for? For 'cause you so—so funny dumb."

John's mouth opened and his toothless gums showed red. He seemed to be smiling too, smiling back at Nick.

"Good, huh?" Nick said happily. "Good stuff, huh, a fight? And we put-a up da big-a fight, huh? John? They not ever can take you 'way."

John broke into a wail, savage and lusty and long.

"So now!" Nick said, bewildered but smiling broadly. "Sh! Sh! You shot up. Shot up! You will make-a da pipple think I no can take-a good care of my own bambino . . . my own bambino," he said again, with awe and surprise and wonder in his words. "I show 'em, though."

Then he stooped down and picked up his infant son. Carefully he did this, and carefully and proudly he carried him in his arms into the dim kitchen.

"Vino and spaghett' together we split some day, huh? But not yet now, my bambino. Not yet now."

THE END

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

▲

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TUNE IN!

ARTIFICIAL REJUVENATION

A TEMPORARY STIMULANT...

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I WAS REJUVENATED

How Science Made Me Younger

A story no man has ever told before—The story of an amazing adven

BY JAMES BURR HAMILTON

IN an article recently published in Liberty, entitled I Was Rejuvenated, it was related that science made the author younger. It referred to the Steinach operation, which is a diversion of the secretion of the sex glands through operative measures.

Perhaps this procedure is better than nothing, and it may stimulate the vital forces. A certain amount of virility may be manifested. The mental effects of this physical change would undoubtedly be beneficial. But these changes in one's physical status can be made far more effectively, permanently, and safely by a perfectly natural procedure.

Natural law is omnipotent. It cannot be diverted from its usual course without penalties that are sometimes severe.

Old age can be deferred. The spirit of youth can be retained to what we term old age—seventy to eighty or even beyond that period—not by stealing a march on nature, but by obeying the rigid laws that control physical life.

The body grows old, wears out automatically, but the spirit of youth can be maintained by keeping the body thoroughly alive in every part.

Stop the circulation of the blood in any part and life becomes extinct. Shut off the circulation of a hand or foot and life quickly disappears in these parts. In fact life is so closely associated with the circulation of the blood through all parts of the body, that the cessation of the heartbeat brings immediate unconsciousness and death. Should not this one manifestation of life indicate to us the necessity of maintaining normal circulation of this vital fluid to all parts of the body at all times?

Now, we will have to admit that the muscles and tissues of the body were created for a definite purpose. Activity is always a part of life. Inactivity is associated with death. We have learned that the exercise of the muscles brings more blood to the part affected. This blood carries new, live cells . . . carries away dead cells . . . makes the muscles more alive, and when this procedure is followed regularly throughout the entire body, all parts of the body are youthful.

When we talk about rejuvenation, we automatically think of the return of youth . . . the maintenance of the energies and enthusiasms associated with youthful spirits. And when we ignore entirely the particular requirements essential to maintain the body in a healthy, vital condition, and expect, by the introduction of a serum or a surgical operation, to acquire again with reasonable permanency youthful spirits and associated powers, we are chasing a rainbow.

To be sure, you may stimulate the sex functions for the time being, but you are cheating nature . . . you will ultimately wear out just that much quicker; and when the effects of the stimulation of the unnatural procedure have disappeared, the energies and powers of youth will never return.

Many men who live a life of activity . . . who maintain all parts of the body thoroughly alive through stimulating the circulation by exercise and with proper vital feeding . . . are able to maintain spirited youth far beyond the age of threescore and ten.

The author of I Was Rejuvenated refers to athletic lads, schoolmates of his, who had developed paunches, flat feet, and sagging cheeks, which is all in accordance with natural procedure when health laws are ignored.

College athletics are the source of an unlimited amount of health and vigor. They broaden the shoulders, deepen the chest, build powerful muscles, a strong heart. But any athlete, college or otherwise, who acquires this vital vigor and who has the impression he can live a life of idleness thereafter and retain it is just a blankety-blank fool.

You can almost say he would have been in better condition in the long run if he had refrained from the strenuous exercises required of a college athlete. He has built up a strong, rugged body, and for a while the great vigor he has acquired will enable him to retain a reasonable degree of health; but if, year after year, he follows a sedentary occupation, accompanied by hearty eating, it is entirely natural for him to develop a paunch, soft muscles, and in time a "lazy" heart, and with this decline in physical powers, the functional organism is sluggish and the enthusiasm that makes life so thrilling at times disappears.

Alcoholic drinks and other stimulations are then considered necessary to arouse the senses to an artificial manifestation of youth.

In the article, I Was Rejuvenated, the author speaks of the symptoms that indicated the coming of old age. He says:

"Curious flutters of the heart alternated with strange spells of weakness. After walking a few blocks my breath came hard. When I turned on my left side in bed, my blood began to thump wildly." He probably meant that his heart began to thump wildly.

Excessive nourishment is the cause of the above-mentioned symptoms in nearly every case.

American eating habits are abominable . . . the worst in the world, and the three-meal-a-day regime, where you sit down and eat whether or not you have an appetite, insures the frequent appearance of illness. There are few exceptions to this rule.

For more than forty years I have been in business in New York, the most hectic, competitive city in the world, and during all this period not one of my employees remembers my being away half a day from work because of illness.

I have studied the needs of my body just as a scientist would familiarize himself with his laboratory. We have a very complicated laboratory right within the confines of our physical organism. The scientific and dependable procedure that is associated with normal functioning is automatic, *provided we do our part.*

The fact that the author of the quoted article was

NOT UNLIKE A SHOT IN THE ARM

SAYS BERNARR MACFADDEN

eating beyond his ability to digest his food was definitely proven by an improvement in his heart after a six-week saltless diet, during which period he was required to stay in bed . . . an entirely unnecessary procedure.

The heart is a big muscle, and muscles are not strengthened by inactivity . . . they can only be strengthened by exercise.

Former President Harding, whose father was a physician, cured his heart trouble on one occasion by climbing stairs. We published a description of his experience while he was a United States senator. To be sure, stair-climbing in this case was an easy procedure. There were frequent rests and each step was taken very slowly. You cannot strain a muscle and strengthen it; but by using it within its limited strength, it is gradually made more vigorous, and the heart is no exception.

This author states, "I was seized with morbid listlessness. . . . I could not discharge my duties. . . . I often lay awake for hours after going to bed. . . . Colitis drained my vitality and filled every moment with agony."

All these symptoms are brought about by causes that are unmistakable. Every physician who has studied the natural procedure of the cure of disease recognizes they could come only from dissipation in some form, whether it be dietetic, overwork, underexercise, or devitalizing pleasures.

When we learn the cause of illness or the various unpleasant symptoms associated with it, the remedy can be easily prescribed by any intelligent doctor who has given these subjects the careful attention required of his profession.

The author of the article mentioned was preparing to leave no stone unturned. His dentist pulled out several teeth, and the various so-called scientific procedures that are usually followed in difficulties of this kind were resorted to with a reasonable amount of accuracy.

He tried the Florida sunshine. Failing to secure benefits there, he determined to commit suicide by drowning, and that was his condition when he finally concluded to try the operative measure that he maintains returned his youth.

It would be interesting to know for how many months this artificial stimulation is effective. I doubt if it extends into years, and every one of the symptoms that he describes, including impotence, could have been remedied by a complete overhauling process that would cleanse and strengthen the body throughout its every part.

One doctor even maintained he was passing through the male menopause, and that this appears in the male after fifty . . . a statement which is entirely an imaginary deduction. In fact the menopause in women is greatly delayed when they maintain unusual health and vitality . . . menstruation continuing to sixty and even beyond.

When he applied to the physician for the operation he thought would be effective, it was suggested he could reactivate his organism by less drastic measures. That is the usual procedure to stimulate the desire to undergo the process. When you want something difficult to secure, you are more eager to obtain it.

He had injections of male and female hormones, treatments of ultra-violet waves, which doubtless were reasonably beneficial; but all this procedure was simply leading up to the operation which was to make the great change in his physical status.

A description of this operation was given, but the desired results could have been acquired more safely, more dependably, by a perfectly natural procedure.

Weak, flaccid tissues in any part of the body can be made firm and strong. Sluggish circulation can be stimulated into appropriate activity. Sex force was given us for a definite purpose . . . the perpetuation of the race. If devitalized to such an extent you have nothing to perpetuate, then you lose this particular capacity that is automatic. The glands of the body are like any other tissue in the human organism. They require a proper amount of circulation of vital building fluids to stimulate their activities.

A certain amount of physical exercise is required to stimulate the digestive organism in the assimilation of the particular vital elements essential to properly nourish the tissues and stimulate sex force. That is the reason the development of muscular powers adds strength to the vital organs and vitality to all the glands of the body. If natural sex force has diminished, the blood must be made to circulate more freely. It must be rich with the vital elements stimulated by exercise and furnished by the food we eat.

In order to comply with these particular requirements one must begin a body-building procedure that includes all the various measures that are essential for this purpose. It would take a book properly to describe these measures in detail, although almost any physician familiar with physical culture, scientific dietetics, gland and spinal stimulation should be able to furnish the desired information.

You must remember the spine bears the same relation to the human body as the trunk of a tree does to the branches and foliage. If the trunk is strong, rugged, all parts of the tree have similar manifestations. The limbs are large and the foliage is luxuriant. From the openings between the spinal processes issue nerves to all parts of the body. Every organism and function of the body is supplied with the energy that radiates from what we might call this "electrical" system. We are supplied with a storage battery whose mechanism is not very different from that which supplies the electricity for our automobile, and the amount of power stored in this battery depends upon the food we eat and the care we take of our body generally.

It may seem amazing to the average reader, but it is my contention that a man's virility should increase with age rather than the reverse; but this is possible only when the body is maintained in perfect health. That means reasonably regular exercise, a diet of vital foods which must never be eaten without a keen appetite. When you force food upon yourself without appetite, you are doping your nervous system, and the same sluggishness that is associated with such eating habits will be noticed in your emotions, dulling the pleasurable experiences that add so much to our joys and delights.

The spine should be exercised regularly throughout its entire length. Special attention should be given to the lumbar region, or what is termed the small of the back, for between these vertebrae issue the nerves that supply energy to the organs of sex.

The central portion of the body should be exercised preferably in a reclining position. All the muscles of the trunk and the upper legs should be actively used at regular intervals.

Walking and running are especially desirable. Long walks are perhaps one of the best of all exercises to increase vitality and endurance, and also virility. Air and sun baths, cold-water bathing, and careful attention to the body in all its detailed requirements are essential if one desires to be spiritedly youthful regardless of age.

THE END

LOVE FROM FATHER

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Tenderness, charm, wisdom!—The story of a romance in peril, and a man who learned a thing or two about daughters

JOHN MANNERING'S decision not to ride in the smoker that bright April morning seemed insignificant enough at the time, but it completely changed the course of three lives. Months later, pondering the situation, tracing his way back over the events that followed, he wondered what would have happened to him, to Nancy, and to Jim Powell if he had adhered to his customary routine.

He had opened his morning paper to the financial section. Two women were settling themselves in the seat behind him, depositing handbags and silver foxes beside them, spreading out newspapers with that ineptness peculiar to their sex. John Mannering knew that in a moment one of the sharp edges of the paper would scratch the back of his neck; he would twitch his head forward; there would be a murmured apology. There really should be a law against women reading papers on the train.

He tried to bury himself in the current story of a utilities squabble, and had almost succeeded when his subconscious mind picked a name out of the conversation going on in back of him.

". . . Letty Lawrence," he heard. "So she's actually gone and got married. I'd about given her up."

Mannering knew Letty slightly. An attractive girl who hadn't skipped blithely from her coming-out party to a candlelit aisle, as so many of her sister debutantes did.

John had wondered about it occasionally. She was good-looking, intelligent, charming.

"I hadn't." He found himself, against his will, playing eavesdropper. "I was surprised when she didn't step off a year ago, right after her father died."

"Oh, Jane, why? She must be thirty if she's a day. She just never found the right man."

"Right man, darling! Don't be silly. She could never find the right man while her father was alive. In Letty's mind, no one could compare with Bill Lawrence. She had a father fixation."

The two women lowered their voices, but the man in front of them caught snatches of their talk. ". . . boys her own age too callow. . . . Bill did everything so well . . . he adored Letty . . . preferred each other's company . . . seldom marry . . . oh, sometimes an older man . . . only father and daughter . . . leery of sex responsibilities, too. . . ."

John Mannering's thoughts flew to his own fair-haired child. His darling Nancy, devoted playmate. He smiled. Well, even if they had been such fine friends before, during, and after Marie Mannering's mental crack-up and subsequent death, no one could accuse Nan of such a fixation. There should be a letter from her today at the office, telling him of the plans she and Jim Powell had made for their wedding in June.

She was down in Texas visiting the Powells, and Jim had flown up from his engineering job in Central America to have a powwow about the wedding. Nancy would be coming home in a few days, bubbling over with ideas about her dress, her bridal party, her trousseau.

For no apparent reason, the picture of another young

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN HOLMGREN

man flashed into his mind—Budge, to whom Nancy had been engaged two years ago. John had thought Budge a little too much on the stuffed-shirt side, but he'd let his daughter make up her own mind about it. He remembered now that he was surprised and relieved when she announced that she simply couldn't marry Budge.

"He never reads anything but the market reports and the funnies, dad. And his tennis game is lousy." John started, recalling her next words: "I guess I'll never marry till I find some one like you, angel. I'm spoiled for other men."

He had been more than pleased at the time. He had worked hard to be everything to his only child . . . father, mother, gallant cavalier, and source of all wisdom. It hadn't always been easy. John had had to fight against bitterness, against the impulse to withdraw from the world.

BY CAROL KRUM

He had taken his tragedy gallantly. The doctors assured him that there was no chance of a double tragedy—that Marie's trouble had developed after Nancy's birth, and that the little girl's inheritance slate was absolutely clean.

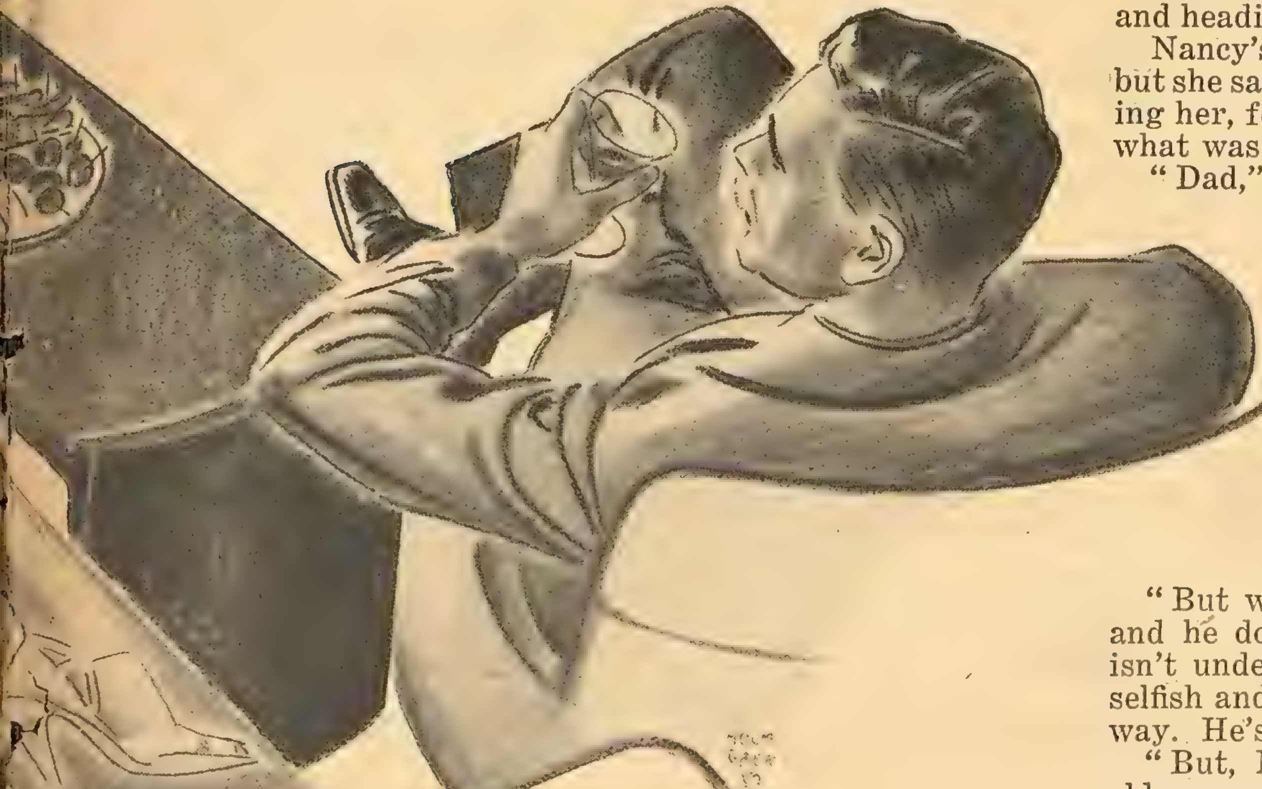
Nancy had been no end of help. Always devoted to each other, she and her father became almost inseparable. He directed her studies and her play, helped her through her difficulties and applauded her young triumphs.

As Nancy grew older, and her parties more sophisticated, John's occasional presence seemed to add rather than detract from the general gaiety. He sometimes wondered if it was because he was so able and willing to foot the bills when they did night clubs or roadhouses. He broached the subject once.

"Why, dad," she exclaimed, "what a horrible thing to say! We like having you with us because you're fun. You keep things going and you're so attractive you make us feel . . . well . . . impressive when we're going places. Truly, darling. Don't be a ninny. I'll have Babby and Tess and all the gang call you up and tell you."

"No," he had laughed. "I'll take your word for it, and go when I can."

He and Nancy always took their holidays together, trying out new places. The same things pleased them or thrilled them or bored them. Oh, yes, Nancy was the perfect companion, despite the twenty-six years' difference in their ages. But there was no fixation business about it.



"Nancy," he said, "I'd like a few more details about this Jim business."

And now she was to start on a completely new life with Jim, and mostly without John. He would be lost for a time, and he knew that Nancy would miss him, too. They had been so close. Their bond was so strong, their love for each other so deep.

But father fixation! He wondered who the woman was who had planted that loathsome phrase in his mind. Unwelcome and unjustified, he felt. But it stuck there.

Reaching for his hat and coat, he turned and recognized the two women . . . Jane Carstairs, clever wife of one of the town's brilliant young lawyers, and a Mrs. Willoughby, who had sought the seclusion of the country when her husband was killed in an automobile accident a couple of years before. Ordinarily he would have stopped for a moment's chat with them, but this morning, in his eagerness to reach his office and the letter from Nancy, he bowed hastily and raced for the platform.

There was no letter in his daughter's gay handwriting. He felt a sense of deprivation.

He had begun on the morning's pile of correspondence when his secretary came in with a wire for him.

He tore it open. The door was closing after his secretary when he called her back. He reached for his coat.

"Nancy's coming in on the half-past-ten plane. Please telephone Mr. Williams. Tell him I'll have to postpone our appointment until after luncheon. And here . . . go over these . . . and these . . ." he was sorting the papers on his desk in fumbling haste. "Take care of them and any one who wants me. I'll dash out and meet Nan and put her on the train for home."

"Yes, Mr. Mannering." The cool, businesslike Miss Jackson was smiling a tender little smile. "Nancy's a lucky child to have such a devoted father."

Was there a subtle meaning in that remark, John wondered as he rolled out toward the airport. Merciful heavens, he himself was getting a fixation on the subject! He mustn't let a casual conversation, overheard on a train, do this to him.

As excited as a boy expecting his best girl, he watched the passengers alighting. Then, a flurry of a fur-collared coat, slender legs, saucy little hat, and golden curls, and she was in his arms.

"Oh, dad," she was saying, "I was so afraid you wouldn't get my wire in time to meet me. I'd have died if you hadn't. I just decided to come home on the spur of the moment. . . . Let me look at you, darling. Oh"—and she hugged him again—"you look like heaven."

"Well, my girl," said John when they were in the cab and heading for town, "when's the great date to be?"

Nancy's head had been snuggled against his shoulder, but she sat up straight before she answered. John, watching her, felt his heart turn to ice in his breast. He knew what was coming. Somehow, he had known it all along.

"Dad," she burst out after a moment, "I'm not going to marry Jim Powell. Not in June or ever."

John struggled to keep his voice calm.

"Why not, darling? Have you quarreled?"

"No . . . yes . . . well, we didn't exactly quarrel, but I'm never going to marry him. We wouldn't be happy together for more than five minutes."

"What makes you think so, dear? I thought him fine . . . thought you had fine times together, too."

"But we don't get along. He's stubborn and willful and he doesn't . . . oh, I don't know . . . he just isn't understanding, like you. He says I'm spoiled and selfish and he tries to browbeat me into doing things his way. He's not tactful . . . or . . . or anything."

"But, Nancy darling, he's young. He hasn't had an older man's experience in handling the . . . er . . . well, more interesting sex. He'll learn. We all have to."

"I don't care, he's not going to learn on me. I'm not going to marry any one who doesn't know all those things now. He's too darn young to suit me."

Father fixation . . . seldom marry . . . some-

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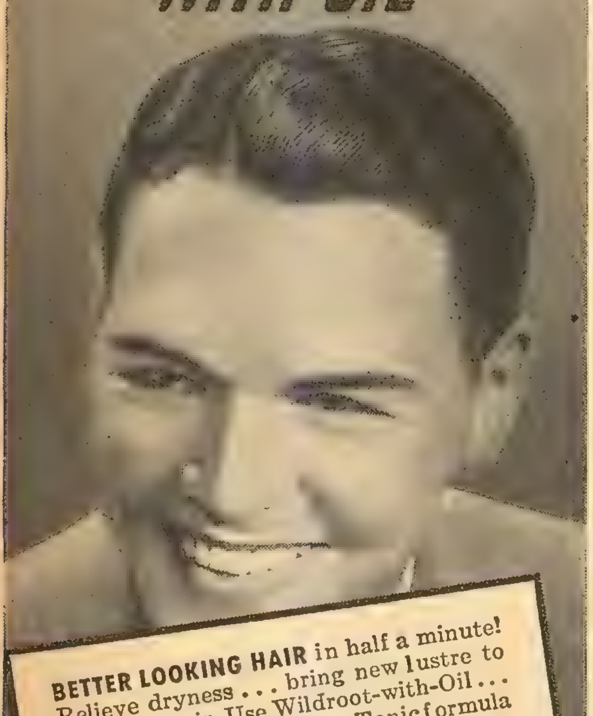

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

times an older man . . . father fixation. Here it was. Something he had to deal with. But how?

"What's the matter, angel?" Nancy's tone was solicitous. "Do you mind so much? I thought maybe you'd be pleased not to get rid of me so soon." She slipped her arm through his and nestled up against his side. Involuntarily he drew away from her.

"Why, daddy, what's the matter?" She sounded troubled, hurt.

He put on a stern parental frown.

"It sounds like a hasty decision, pet. Did you talk things over at all?"

"Not much." Nancy seemed coolly unconcerned. "I just told Jim that I'd never marry him. And I told his mother that I guessed we weren't suited to each other. There's not much you can say when it's all so sort of intangible."

"What did his mother say?"

"Oh, she was upset at first, but I guess she and Mr. Powell got together and decided it was just a lovers' quarrel and that it would blow over. But it wasn't and it won't. Lovers' quarrel, phooey! I'm glad to be back here with you. Glad, glad, glad!"

"Just a little glad girl, eh?" John kept his tone light and bantering. "Well, I'll put you on the eleven-forty out to the country, and then when I get home tonight, we'll talk it over."

Nancy gave him a mocking little salute.

"O. K., skipper. But there's really nothing more to be said."

Mannering found it impossible to concentrate on business that afternoon. Here was a problem for a father, and no mistake. The wisest course was to settle the matter once and for all. To find out if she really cared for Jim, which he thought was the truth of the matter, and then to see to it that she married him. It would mean nothing less than a major operation in the emotions sector. And could he do it without spoiling something that was very sweet, sacred really, that he and Nancy had built up during the years?

Or was he overestimating the complication? Blowing it up in his own mind to far greater significance than it really had? Hang those women on the train!

John took out his problem and looked at it fairly from all angles. He must be careful not to rationalize. This might be a crisis, or the beginning of a crisis, and as such it must be dealt with swiftly and surely. He weighed all the evidence: his love for Nancy; hers for him; her chances for happiness with Jim in so far as he, John, could judge; the whys, the whithers, and the wherefores.

By four o'clock he had come to a conclusion. His first step was to have a long, serious talk with his beloved child.

CAROL KRUM

attended two colleges, Wellesley and Smith, then did newspaper and, later, publicity work. Now she devotes her time to writing fiction. She has a five-year-old son, and says her hobbies are golf, sailing in her husband's boat, and orange and grapefruit groves in Florida.

He stopped at Miss Jackson's desk on his way out.

"I'm taking an early train home," he said flatly. "But you needn't call the house. I'll walk from the station."

"Very well, Mr. Mannering." If Miss Jackson was surprised, she didn't show it. Perhaps she wasn't, John reflected. Perhaps she expected him to do just that on Nancy's first day at home.

As he turned in at his gate, Nancy was coming down the front steps, curls and coat flying, a burst of orchids at her shoulder.

"Why, where'd you come from, baby dear?" she called out. "I was going to meet your train."

"Hi, presh," he answered. "I took an earlier train and walked over. Thought a little fresh air and exercise wouldn't hurt the old frame."

"Oh, dad, you should have telephoned. I'd have gone over and walked with you."

John merely squeezed her arm, planted a fatherly kiss on one eyebrow, and opened the front door.

"Whence the bridal bouquet?" He pointed, hopefully, to the flowers.

"Bridal nothing. Peace offering from Jim, plus two wires."

"Kind of pleased about it, eh?"

"Oh, any woman likes attention . . . but I'm not going to reconsider."

The little hope died a-borning. John sighed.

"Well, shake up a cocktail, Nancy, while I wash my hands. I want to have a talk with you."

"Golly, you're not going to go paternal on me, are you, angel?"

"Sort of," he called back as he went up the stairs. "Heavy-handed father and all that."

A fine birch fire was crackling in the living room when John came down. Silver shaker and two glasses gleamed on the table beside his armchair. Nancy was a graceful sprawl on the couch.

He squinted through his Manhattan at the dancing flames.

"Nancy," he said at last, "I'd like a few more details about this Jim business. First of all, how much do you really like Jim?"

"I *did* like him a lot, dad." Nancy's face was serious. "I was crazy about him, honestly . . . until a few days ago."

"Then what was it that caused the trouble?"

"A million things," she answered promptly. "Big things, little things, also assorted sizes."

"Go on," he prompted. "Name a couple."

"Well, I guess the first one was that he didn't want a big wedding. None of this glamour business, he said."

"That doesn't sound so unreasonable," John put in mildly. "Most men dread a fashionable wedding."

"I know, dad; but he didn't even consider how much it might mean to me."

"Sure about that?"

"Ye-es. At least, he made such a to-do about it that it wouldn't have been any fun anyway. He couldn't give in gracefully."

"Oh, Nancy . . . then he did give in?"

"Well, sort of, but it was too late. And besides, by then we were going at it hot and heavy about the house."

"The house?" John looked blank.

"Yes. Where we'd live when we finally settled here—after all that Central America business is over, you know."

"Well?"

"I said we ought to have a house out here, or if we had an apartment in town for a while, it would have to be a pretty big one. Big enough for you in either case . . ."

"Big enough for me?" John interrupted.

"Big enough for the three of us. That's when the trouble started. Don't be hurt, daddy, but Jim exploded and said there wasn't any house in the world big enough for the three of us. Imagine! That he'd be hanged if we'd start our married life living with either set of in-laws!"

JOHN drew a deep breath. The room, so bright a minute ago, seemed dimmed with a mist of sadness. Heartbreak, disillusionment, these were the grim, gray guests he had invited in. Should he send them on their way?

Or stick to his guns?

"But Jim was absolutely right, darling," he said at last.

"Right? What do you mean?"

"That arrangement wouldn't work in a million years. None of us would be happy. It wouldn't be fair to you, or to Jim . . . or to me."

"It would, too, dad. I won't consider a life that doesn't include you. I couldn't. I'd be miserable."

There it was, her gallant young loyalty, offered to him with colors flying, head held high. Could he deal it the body blow he'd planned?

"But, Nanny, it's important for you to think of all the angles—Jim's point of view, your own, of course, and mine."

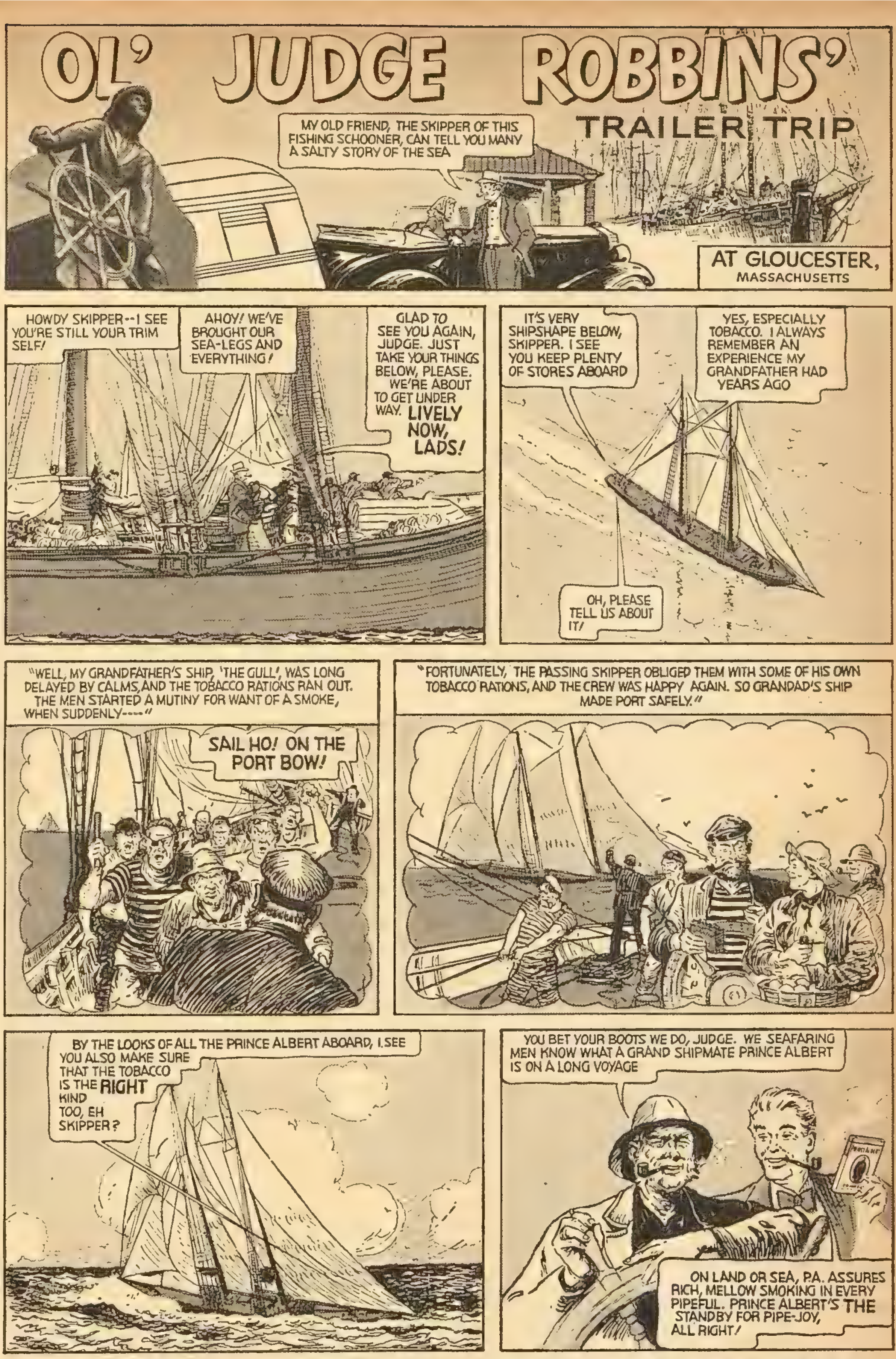
"Yours?" It was her turn to look blank. "Yours? You mean that you might not like it either?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why, but dad, you and I . . . we've always done everything together . . . I don't understand."

"No, I'm afraid you don't, darling. Before I say anything, don't ever forget that these years have been very precious to me. You've been an ideal companion. But after all, my dear, it can't go on forever. You have your life to live, with your husband and your children . . . and I have mine"—he paused, then added, "with my contemporaries, men and women my own age. I might even want to marry again."

"Then all this has been just . . .


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP
MY OLD FRIEND, THE SKIPPER OF THIS FISHING SCHOONER, CAN TELL YOU MANY A SALTY STORY OF THE SEA
AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
HOWDY SKIPPER--I SEE YOU'RE STILL YOUR TRIM SELF!
AHOY! WE'VE BROUGHT OUR SEA-LEGS AND EVERYTHING!
GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JUDGE. JUST TAKE YOUR THINGS BELOW, PLEASE. WE'RE ABOUT TO GET UNDER WAY. LIVELY NOW, LADS!
IT'S VERY SHIPSHAPE BELOW, SKIPPER. I SEE YOU KEEP PLENTY OF STORES ABOARD
YES, ESPECIALLY TOBACCO. I ALWAYS REMEMBER AN EXPERIENCE MY GRANDFATHER HAD YEARS AGO
OH, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT IT!
"WELL, MY GRANDFATHER'S SHIP, 'THE GULL', WAS LONG DELAYED BY CALMS, AND THE TOBACCO RATIONS RAN OUT. THE MEN STARTED A MUTINY FOR WANT OF A SMOKE, WHEN SUDDENLY----"
SAIL HO! ON THE PORT BOW!
"FORTUNATELY, THE PASSING SKIPPER OBLIGED THEM WITH SOME OF HIS OWN TOBACCO RATIONS, AND THE CREW WAS HAPPY AGAIN. SO GRANDAD'S SHIP MADE PORT SAFELY."
BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THE PRINCE ALBERT ABOARD, I SEE YOU ALSO MAKE SURE THAT THE TOBACCO IS THE RIGHT KIND TOO, EH SKIPPER?
YOU BET YOUR BOOTS WE DO, JUDGE. WE SEAFARING MEN KNOW WHAT A GRAND SHIPMATE PRINCE ALBERT IS ON A LONG VOYAGE
ON LAND OR SEA, P.A. ASSURES RICH, MELLOW SMOKING IN EVERY PIPEFUL. PRINCE ALBERT'S THE STANDBY FOR PIPE-JOY, ALL RIGHT!

PRINCE ALBERT IS NO-BITE TREATED—SMOKES COOL AND MILD WITHOUT HARSHNESS!
P.A. IS CRIMP CUT—TWIRLS FAST INTO TRIM, MELLOW 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES TOO—I GET AROUND 70 TO A TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OZ. TIN
SO MILD—SO TASTY

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

SMOKERS! MAKE EVERY DAY A HOLIDAY FROM TONGUE-BITE!

MONEY BACK IF YOU SAY SO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

taking care of a child?" Nancy's voice was very low.

"Not exactly, dear. It has been wonderful to be with you, to try to make you happy. But it isn't the sort of arrangement that should go on forever. Oh, I don't mean that we wouldn't have had a home together indefinitely if Jim hadn't come along, or that my home won't always be your home, Nancy darling. But the normal thing is for us both to have happy homes." He couldn't bring himself to look at her. This was an unenviable role he was forcing himself to play.

"Have you answered Jim's wires?"

"No." Blunt and abrupt, just like that.

He was conscious that she had risen to her feet. Her cocktail glass fell to the floor with a dull little thud; its spilled contents made a spreading spot on the carpet.

"I'm going upstairs." Her voice was choked with unshed tears. "I don't think I'll come down to dinner." And she was gone. John heard the slam of her bedroom door.

He ate his dinner in an agony of loneliness. Nancy had planned his favorite dishes: Thin soup with a dash of sherry; a steak broiled just enough and not too much; gay little new potatoes; asparagus, green and tender, with hollandaise; a crisp salad touched up with Belgian endive and tarragon dressing; Stilton cheese and strong coffee. She knew what a man liked.

He tried to read afterward, but the words wouldn't make sense, so he decided to try another walk. When he returned to the house some time later, he tiptoed up the stairs and to Nancy's door. There was no light within, but he could hear the faint catch of a dry little sob. Opening the door, he walked over to the bed, sat down on the edge.

"Nancy—" he began.

There was no affectionate response. Just a question hurled at him out of the darkness:

"Who are you going to marry?"

Caught off his guard, John hesitated. Then, like an answer to prayer, the picture of Mrs. Willoughby, calm, pretty, assured, as he had seen her on the train that morning, flashed into his mind. For the fraction of an instant John toyed with the idea of describing her to Nancy, then decided against it. The thought of her at this very moment might be a heaven-sent inspiration, but he must make his way carefully.

"Some one you will be proud to have for a stepmother, Nanny."

"Who is it? Aren't you going to tell me?"

"Not tonight. Not until things are more definite. Maybe she won't have me."

"Oh, she'll have you, all right. Anybody would."

"Well, we'll see."

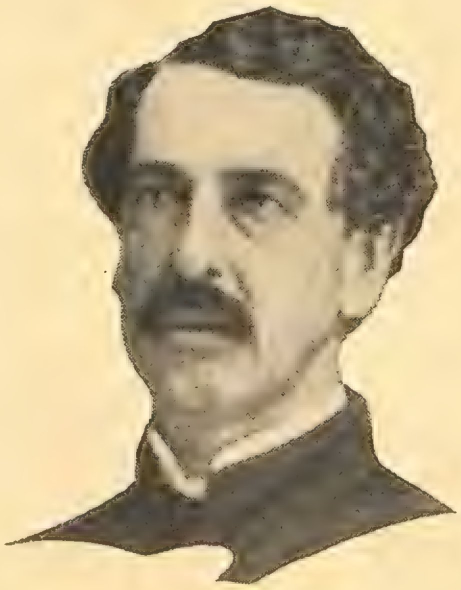
That would have to do for the present, he reflected. He hadn't actually lied, but he mustn't strain this gossamer web too far. The whole thing was preposterous, of course, just part of a necessary cure.

Or was it? Somehow, the idea, given even a fleeting chance at reality, began to feel comforting and warm.

He leaned over and kissed his daughter's tousled curls.

"Good night, my own darling little girl," he whispered. "Don't forget how much your dad loves you."

20 QUESTIONS



1--Who (refer to this week's early photo) fired Fort Sumter's first gun and is credited with the invention of baseball about as we know it?

2—What is the largest fish?

3—Who lost his eyesight watching Lady Godiva riding bareback?

4—What English war nurse was accused of being a spy?

5—*Bei mir bist du schoen* means what?

6—If Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare's plays, was it Roger, Francis, or Faith Bacon who did?

7—What is a sleeping car called in France?

8—Who would ride if wishes were what?

9—Which prominent Civil War general is buried at Washington and Lee University?

10—Orangemen—are they cultivators of citrus fruits, Protestants, or Japanese wrestlers?

11—In Los Angeles, which has the right of way: a vehicle, a pedestrian carrying a child, or a pedestrian carrying a white cane?

12—Which President flew to Chicago to accept a nomination?

13—Whose dam is worthless?

14—London's subway is called what?

15—Who is the Why, Daddy? girl?

16—Is larva alive, molten, or soapy?

17—What is peculiar about the following race horses: Tibbar, Elooto, and Remle?

18—The secretary of which political party said: "Our party membership is educated in the spirit of Democracy and the American tradition, and all the party's work is permeated throughout with this spirit"?

19—What is The Spirit of $69.90?

20—Who represents the quins' doctor on the talking screen?

(*Answers will be found on page 46*)

The atmosphere at the breakfast table next morning was brittle. Polite little questions. Polite little answers. Strained almost to the breaking point.

The memory of Nancy's unhappiness, of her pallor and the dark circles under her eyes, perched on John's shoulder and rode, reproachfully, into town with him. She had given him a dutiful kiss when he said good-by, but hadn't even replied when he asked her to look at the situation fairly and wisely.

Seated at his desk, he wondered if this emotional surgery had gone far enough. "The operation was successful . . . but the patient died." How must a doctor feel when he cannot guarantee the outcome of the remedy he has prescribed? John sighed.

It was all pretty brutal, but he had to do a thorough job now that he'd begun. The next step was to give Nancy plenty of time for her decision, time to herself, away from him. Perhaps it would be a good thing to go to New York for a few days.

Funny how the picture of Eve Willoughby kept popping into his mind. He'd thought her extremely attractive and good company, but he had been so busy bringing up Nancy and making her happy that he had never given serious thought to the idea of marrying again. Not until last night, anyway. Now the possibility seemed to be crystallizing.

Well, he'd do something about that when he got back from the East. No, by Jove, he wouldn't wait till then. He would order theater tickets for some night next week. He would telephone Mrs. Willoughby today to find out what night and what play would suit her best.

First, however, he must make arrangements for his trip. Gad, how much easier it would be if he could only talk this all over with some one, some one who would advise him if he were wrong, reassure him if he were right. Sarah Jackson! She had been his secretary for more than ten years, and had managed the complexities of his office so capably.

"Miss Jackson," he began, when she appeared in answer to his summons, "please sit down. I have a serious problem to solve and I want your help, not as my secretary but as a woman."

It was half an hour before Miss Jackson rose to go. When she did, there were tears in her eyes.

"Mr. Mannering," she said, holding out her hand, "I've always thought you a marvelous father to Nancy, but I think this is the most wonderful thing you've ever done for her. And the hardest. Few men would have the courage."

John took her hand, held it a moment. "Thank you," he said finally. "Well . . . I guess that's that. If you'll be good enough to telephone to the house now and ask Michael to pack my bag and have it at the airport at four this afternoon; then, if you'll talk to Nanny . . ." He hesitated. . . . "I'm sorry to put such a burden on you, but I think it's the wisest way." Another pause. "I'll wire you from New York tonight."

"Very well, Mr. Mannering. I'll

take care of it all just as tactfully as I can."

John's heart was heavy when he drew up at the airport that afternoon. Miss Jackson had reported that Nancy seemed calmer, apparently reconciled. But that was, after all, cold comfort. He really ought to call her himself.

He had started for a telephone booth when a blonde young cyclone flung itself at him.

"Oh, daddy!" it burst out, burying its face in his coat collar. "Oh, daddy, I couldn't let you get far away from me like this. It's too horrible. I've thought and thought and thought, and I know you're right, and I'll do whatever you want."

John's arms tightened around his daughter.

"Good girl—" he began, but Nancy interrupted him:

"And, daddy, I think you'd better let me go to New York with you, because . . . well, you see . . . I wired Jim to meet us there."

"Oh, you did did you? Now what are you planning, you young rascal? A shotgun wedding?"

WELL, not exactly . . . but of course you never can tell." Nancy stopped abruptly, looked around the waiting room. "But where's . . . your friend?"

"My friend?" asked John blankly.

"Yes, that . . . that woman. I thought, from something Miss Jackson said, she'd be down to see you off. In fact I thought she might even be going with you."

John resisted the impulse to let out a shout of triumph. Good for Miss Jackson. She must have played her part nobly.

"No, not today, Nanny," he answered gravely. "Maybe later. But this will be your trip." He steered her toward the gate. "Now you get yourself all settled in the plane while I make a telephone call."

"It worked like a charm," he was saying a minute later to Miss Jackson. "You're a wonder, and I'm going to bring you the finest present I can find in New York. In the meantime," he hesitated, suddenly self-conscious, "would you please call the florist and have him send some orchids to Mrs. Eve Willoughby in the country . . . Edgewood Lane, I think. . . . No, no message on the card. I'll explain next week . . . in person."

THE END

▲

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ INSANITY FAIR by Douglas Reed. Covici, Friede.

An interesting and sometimes thrilling account of European politics from the start of modern dictatorship to the capture of Austria by Hitler. The author, a trained journalist, having been an eyewitness to much of which he writes, makes the telling of modern history particularly personal and effective.

SOME FUME, EH KID?

FIRE! FIRE! Great clouds of rancid smoke pouring from the window of George Hooper's house. Hurry, men, and don't spare the hoses! It smells like the linoleum's ablaze!

FALSE ALARM! All that smoke was just a *pipe* in action! A pipe jammed full of George's favorite hell-fire brand of tobacco! Do your duty, boys! He has it coming to him!

"JEHOSAPHAT!" said the firemen. "Clean that pipe and switch to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. Do this and we promise to let you ride the hook-and-ladder to the next fire. Oke?"

ARM IN ARM they went their way rejoicing! And how George raves about his new-found burley blend! So *much* milder! So fragrant! So modestly priced for 2 full ounces!

UNION MADE
Switch to the brand of grand aroma
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later — Your Favorite Tobacco"

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. L-89.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*

PARADISE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

AS they flee from Shanghai, then under terrific Japanese bombardment, two American newspaper correspondents listen to the story of a young fellow citizen, who insists that he must return to the besieged city at the earliest possible moment to find Paradise Kate. Why is he searching for one of the most notorious white women in China? His astonishing tale explains the reason.

Paradise Kate, sixteen years ago, was the beautiful young wife of Billy Slater, a sports writer on the Los Angeles Blade. Their little boy, Junior, was six years old. Though her husband didn't like it, Kate held on to her job as a manicurist at the swanky Ambassador Hotel. Her most liberal patron and admirer was a flashy fellow who called himself Donald M'Leod. His real name was Carlo Rossini, and he was the chief of a gangster ring.

Because he was determined to risk his life in an airplane stunt to add to the family funds, Kate, fighting against such folly, decided to teach Billy a lesson. So she accepted M'Leod's standing offer of a date. For a thrill, she went with him to a malodorous hangout. The result was terrible. Dressy Pete, one of M'Leod's leading henchmen, murdered a traitorous pal in a row.

Fearing she would squeal and endanger his dope-and-bootlegging racket, M'Leod had Kate drugged and smuggled off to Singapore. At the stop at Sydney, Australia, she heard the news that Billy had been killed in an airplane accident and little Junior adopted by a wealthy couple.

Sold to Koo Sung in Singapore, Kate escaped from his toils with Ching Ling Hi, a Chinese coolie. Reaching Shanghai, they were shadowed and shot at by M'Leod's hirelings. But Ching was too much for them. With money paid the thugs for Kate's death, the big coolie opened the Paradise Cabaret. Strange partners in an enterprise that boomed!

But Ching wanted more gold and success. He persuaded Kate to invite Grover Cleveland Yat, a rich merchant, to their place. That night Kate was horrified to discover Ching and two roughneck Chinese servants torturing Yat.

PART SIX—FOR LOVE AND HATE . . AND CHINA

KATE was appalled. Horror touched her spine with clay-cold fingers. Incredible, this—this thing. Blatantly melodramatic. Like a scene taken from some sensational screen play. And it had happened—was happening—before her eyes.

It was a fact.

Grover Yat — the man whom she liked so much, with whom she had been friends from the first, and who, dear Lord! had come here to please her because she had begged him—there on the cot in a faint, his mouth sagging wide open as if paralyzed by terrible, unbearable agony. Ching Ling Hi standing motionless, his lips thin and tight and cruel. The two Kansu roughnecks looking on, nudging each other, grinning like apes.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. N. SIMPKIN

And she—what should she—could she—do?

Should she weep, yell, curse, tear out her hair, give way to hysterics?

Wouldn't do a bit of good.

Nor a bit of good to try and plead with Ching. She knew him. Might as well plead with some deaf, stony immensity without nerves, without soul.

Reminded her of Donald M'Leod—Ching did. Only worse. Ching was so—so dreadfully impersonal, so passionless, so coldly deliberate in his brutality; didn't even get a kick out of it. That's because he was a Chink, a Mongol—with ice in his veins instead of blood. . . .

She shuddered. With an effort she overcame her nausea. It was up to her to do—something.

She was wearing a linen kimono. She tore off one loose sleeve, ripped it into strips, bandaged the poor red blistered foot.

Ching did not interfere—except for his slurring sardonic comment:

"Good Samaritan. I know. Did I not go to the British mission school? *Hayah!* Joseph—that's the name I got when they baptized me. . . ."

Now, like a bolt from the blue, sudden, bleak despair crashes

KATE

by ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

Kate paid no attention to him. She finished her work; got up.

Silence but for Yat's labored breathing.

Silence shivered by a laugh, as Wu Tsung picked up the candle and relit it; as in utter, paralyzing despair Kate watched him nearing the cot. And then, all at once, an idea came to her.

Oh, yes—this was the Orient. China it was; the native part of Shanghai; its callous, frigid core where the white man's law did not run.

So—sure enough—Ching was thinking. And she'd put him wise. . . .

"Tell your gorilla to lay off, Ching!" she exclaimed.

He was surprised as well as amused. He motioned to Wu Tsung, who stopped in his tracks.

"Are you giving orders?" he inquired ironically.

"You've said it. And here are other orders. You'll send for a ricksha. I'll take Yat home right now. Or else . . ."

"Or else?"

"Me for the police."

"Police?" he echoed, with a laugh.

"Right. And"—in rising accents—"I don't mean your local Chink cops either—the cheap grafting punks that feed out of your hand. But—get a load of this!—the white police over at the International Settlement. That's where I'll spill the beans. For"—triumphantly—"Yat's American-born. A citizen—don't forget—same as me. It's all right," she added with bitter humor, "to kidnap and torture an American back home, in Los Angeles or Chicago. But not in China. Got to protect Americans—in China. Got to make you yellow heathens toe the mark—see?"

She ran to the door. Wu Wong jumped forward to bar her way. She kicked his shin. He let out a howl of pain. She was across the threshold—and: "Wait!" cried Ching.

She turned. She knew that she was swifter of foot than her partner and the lumbering Kansu men; that she could be down the stairs before they had piled out of the room.

"Thought better of it, Ching?" she demanded.

"It is *you*," was his slow rejoinder, "who'll think better of it."

"Oh, yeah?"

He inclined his head; spoke a single word:

"M'Leod."

She gave a start.

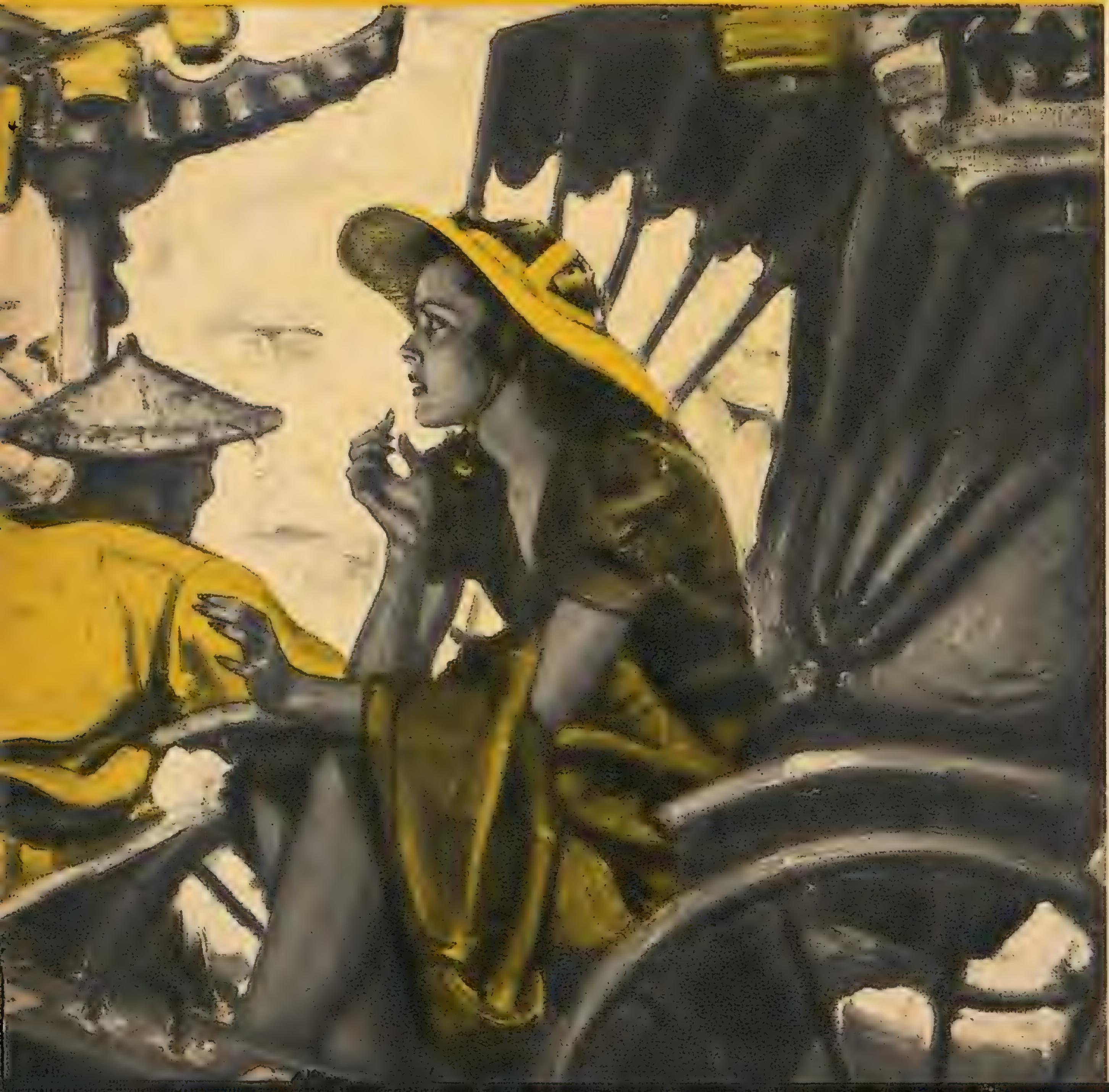
"You—you mean . . ."

"You know what I mean. M'Leod thinks you dead. But suppose I . . ."

He did not have to finish the sentence, the sinister threat.

Helplessly her despair traced itself across her brain. There was no relief of tears. She looked at Yat. Blood dripped from the bandaged foot.

into the flaming adventure that was this woman's life . . .



She walked up to Ching.

"I don't want you to hurt Yat any more," she said. "I can't stand it."

"The question is—"

"Shut up!" she screamed in sudden rage, clenching her fists. "Shut up, you miserable . . ." She pulled herself together. "Never mind. What I started to say—let me talk to Yat. I'll persuade him. Get out of here—will you?"

"Very well."

Ching left, accompanied by the two Kansu men. She went to the cot; saw that Yat's eyes were open.

He said, "I've been listening to you and Ching."

"And" — imploringly — "you don't believe that I . . ."

"No—never!"

A pause.

"You've got to do it, Grover. Got to come through with the money. You will—won't you?"

"Yes."

"Thank God! And yet—seems a shame to hand out fifty thousand bucks to that skunk."

"Not fifty thousand, Kate."

"I know him. He won't take a cent less."

And it was a curious coincidence the next afternoon she saw McLeod in a ricksha.

"But—he'll take more," was Grover Yat's unexpected answer.

"More?"

"Two hundred thousand. Perhaps three . . ."

"But—why?"

"Because I've decided that I need him—and you."

"What?"

"I need Ching as the good earth needs rich, pungent dung—to mulch it and make it fertile. His ruthlessness I need. His strength. His hard cruelty. And so"—smiling at Kate—"do I need your loyalty and fearlessness and innate decency and shrewdness. With you two as my partners, whatever sum of money I invest will increase a hundredfold. We'll keep the name—Paradise—it's a good name. But we'll build a new place. Something big and sensational—cabaret—restaurant—you'll see. . . ."

She was disappointed, shocked. Her eyes, bright and indignant, prodded at him.

"I had no idea," she remarked contemptuously, "you were like that—money-mad."

"Nor am I."

"Oh. . . ."

"I mean, for myself. But"—his voice rose—"for China—the mother. Money spells power. And power spells freedom. Freedom for China—the mother," he said again, and it sounded like a chanted litany before the altar.

His face—as he stared straight ahead, stared into the future—was noble, exalted. The sort of face which leads great rebellions, great crusades. . . .

GAS
Chon Day

"Three quarts of water—and wipe off his nose, please."

SO, in this hour, began the partnership between these three. A strange partnership—with Ching working, brutally selfish, for the sake of the dollars; and Kate, selfish too in a way, for the sake of her love and her hate; and Grover Yat, entirely unselfish, for the sake of an ideal which swept through his soul like a white flame.

A dreamer?

Doubtless.

But one of those rare dreamers—call them heroes or call them fanatics—triumphantly eager to change their shimmering visions into hard, imperishable realities. And enough of a prosy, practical Chinese—enough, also, of a hard-headed American—to comprehend that one of the world's principal realities is money; that it is necessary for the materialization of dreams—at all events political, nationalistic dreams; and that, with Ching and Kate as partners, he would be able to make enormous profits in Shanghai, now, during the boom years.

Boom years indeed. Roaring, reckless boom years—with ever more capital pouring in, ever more Europeans arriving. And everybody on the make. Everybody striving desperately to squeeze something from everybody else. Everybody mistrusting everybody else. Then all joining hands to exploit John Chinaman; and, after the day's work, joining in a hectic bacchanalia, a blotched, bloated, synthetic surfeit of the senses.

And it was typical that in Shanghai's native city, as well as in the International Settlement and the French Concession, a make-believe Paris charged quadruple Paris prices for inferior German champagne, for Oregon salmon roe masquerading as genuine Astrakhan caviar, for bourbon whisky manufactured in Japan, for French sauces martyrized by Greek chefs still odorous with the classic though goatish smells of their ancestral hills. Typical that the Hungarian gypsy fiddlers came from the Liverpool slums, the Cuban tango and rumba experts from Harlem, the cocottes from half the world.

But nobody cared.

And so in the evening crowds would pile in and out of bar and hotel restaurant, with a confused reek of alcohol and overspiced food, a cloud of rice powder, a stumble and hiccup of tinny insolent laughter, a froth of jests and small talk and wisecracks in every language except, of course, Chinese. And later at night there would be, let us say, a table of baccarat at the Golden Dragon Club, where the latest, rawest millionaire—a Rumanian who had made his fortune shipping merchandise from Marseilles and Barcelona—would be fleeced to the tune of a cool hundred thousand.

A Hindu temple dancer—though malicious rumor had it that her father was a minister of the African Methodist persuasion somewhere in deepest Georgia—giving a performance in a room of the Concordia Cabaret, within sound of the Lung Wha pagoda's gongs, softly tolling, green with the patina of the swinging centuries. A peacock fight, admission fifty dollars, organized by a Russian prince with a historical name reaching back to the days of Ivan the Terrible. All this, and—soon to open its doors—the Paradise, the *new* Paradise, on Thibet Road.

A good deal of its eventual success was due to Kate, who—influenced less by scruples than by shrewd common sense—declared that at their cabaret people would get, at least within reason, what they paid for. Again, as before the opening of the old Paradise on North Szechuan Road, Ching objected to the expense. Again she stuck to her point.

"Lots of competition here," she explained. "Got to give the suckers something new, haven't we? And it's brand-new—don't you see, you fathead?—*not* to do the customer in the eye. If we sell caviar," she went on, "it's going to be the real thing and not salted shoe blacking. If we sell bourbon whisky, it'll be from Kentucky and not something the cat dragged in out of a Jap distillery. And—don't jump like a tickled antelope!—we'll not charge for looking after gents' coats and hats."

"But . . ."

"Stop beefing! I thought you were a Chink, not a penny-squeezing Armenian. And—take it from me—in the long run we'll be tops."

Ching was unconvinced. An earth-bound peasant, he was unable to see beyond his immediate profit. Profit, to him, was a thing of the present, not of the future.

Kate appealed to Yat, who was present. The latter sided with her. And finally it was agreed that Ching should have complete charge of the gaming establishment, which would be housed in an annex, while Kate would manage restaurant, bar, and cabaret.

Yat preferred to be the silent partner. He was—as they knew—deeply involved in Chinese politics; was rapidly becoming an important figure in the councils of the nation. He was a trusted lieutenant of Chiang Kai-shek, the coming man, the great man. There was a chance that he might be sent north to confer with the leaders of the Kuomintang; perhaps even to Russia.

"So," he remarked, "it wouldn't do my reputation any good should it become known . . ."

"That you're in business with Ching and me?" interrupted Kate rather bitterly.

"Right—to be frank. Not that the Paradise is the only enterprise in which I'm interested, nor "—with a queer high laugh—"the most unsavory."

"Oh? . . ."

She frowned; wondered what he was driving at.

"When," he inquired, "will the Paradise be open for business?"

"In about seven weeks. They've started decorating the inside."

"Which reminds me, Kate. My sister has some ideas on the subject. A description of the latest Chicago hot spot she read in an American magazine. I wish you'd talk to her."

"O. K.," replied Kate, without enthusiasm.

She got up to go. Might as well get it over with. Like taking a dose of bitter medicine. For she didn't care for Grover's sister. Not much. . . .

OUT on the street, she hailed a ricksha.

"Hey there—Li Ming!"

The wizened old man smiled at her.

"Where to?"

"The Yat house. In the Rue François Garnier, French Concession."

"Half price—to *you.*"

He ran as fast as his rheumy legs would let him. He liked her. So did all the coolies of the neighborhood. Because she was outspoken, straightforward, fearless, kindly. And because she was nice to the children, giving them many a small present.

The ricksha trundled along through the packed streets and alleys. Kate thought of Grover's sister, Yat Mayling.

Hadn't cottoned to her right from the beginning. Cute little trick. Like a dainty ivory doll. And, like her brother, a square shooter; and, though American-born, a fervent Chinese patriot. Otherwise—Kate was convinced—the other would have raised hell about Grover being connected with the Paradise.

For—and it was that which rubbed Kate the wrong way—there was something terribly hard about Yat Mayling. Something unbending. Maybe because she was so religious. Reminded Kate of the matron in the Indiana orphan asylum where she'd been brought up. . . .

Always quoting the Bible.

Quoting it *at* people.

Made Kate sick.

Why did Mayling imagine she had the inside track where God was concerned?

Kate, too, believed in God. You bet your life she did. Only fools didn't. But her God was the God of love and hope, not a God of wrath.

Every night, on her knees, she prayed to Him. Even when—sure it happened, couldn't be helped, given her sort of life—she had had a drop too much.

Yeah! Right on her knees. Hands folded. Eyes half closed. The proper way. . . .

"Aw, dear Lord, please watch over Junior! And when I get back to Los Angeles—I know You don't approve of people lying—but when I get back, rich as mud maybe, dear Lord Jesus, You won't mind if I tell one whopper of a lie. For I can't tell Junior the truth. Can't tell him where I've been, what I've done. He'd be so ashamed—see . . . ?"

Junior—mighty sweet little kid. Six on his last birthday. . . .

She gave a start.

No. Not six. Years had passed.

How many?

Almost four. This was 1926. And Junior was ten now. And she was willing to bet he had forgotten her. Had forgotten his real name: Bill Slater.

Bill Morrison. That's what he was called, after the well-to-do middle-aged couple who had adopted him. She had found it out in a roundabout way, having Tubby Townsend—maybe he had guessed something, maybe he hadn't—write to Los Angeles. She had found out, too, that Junior was going to a swell private school in Pasadena.

Not that she had ever tried to communicate directly with him or with the Morrisons.

"NOW I CAN THROW A PARTY—AND NOT HAVE THE PARTY THROW ME"
HOW ABOUT A GAME OF PENNY ANTE AT YOUR PLACE TONIGHT, JIM?
WHY,—ER— THAT'S O.K. WITH ME. BRING THE FELLOWS OVER
THOSE BOYS KNOW WHISKEY. I'VE GOT TO FIND A GOOD BOURBON AT A PRICE THAT WON'T STRAIN MY BUDGET.
HAVE YOU SOME GOOD BOURBON—AND I MEAN GOOD—THAT SELLS FOR AROUND A DOLLAR?
I SURE HAVE. THIS CRAB ORCHARD HERE. IT'S KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON—AND TOP-RUN WHISKEY.
THAT NIGHT
SOME HIGHBALL, JIM!
YOU SAID IT!
TASTES LIKE GRAND LIQUOR TO ME.
PLEASE YOUR PALATE AND YOUR PURSE—AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR OR PACKAGE STORE, ASK FOR
Crab Orchard
BRAND
WHISKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
90 PROOF
Crab Orchard Brand Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
ONE PINT
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Couldn't be done. She was Paradise Kate. . . .

"Here we are, lady," the ricksha coolie interrupted her reflections.

He dropped the shafts. She got out, walked up the steps, rang the bell, entered.

Sure, she told herself again, she had no use for Yat Mayling. Prim, stuck-up little pill.

And it was nearly two years before she changed her opinion; felt sorry for every unkind thought she had harbored against her. . . .

TWO years of success, since from the beginning the Paradise, whose garish bulk covered almost an entire block, made money. Plenty money rolling in—in the annex, where Ching presided over baccarat and roulette and chemin de fer and mah-jongg and fan-tan and every other gambling device ever invented east or west of Suez; and in the main building where Kate ruled supreme.

"It's a boy—I'll say!"

Crowded night after night. All three floors. Because of her slogan:

"Give 'em what they pay for!"

Thus, on the ground floor which housed bar and restaurant, the best of food and drink. Everything real.

That's what they said all over town.

"Dining at the Paradise tonight, Jack?"

"Stiff prices. . . ."

"You get what you pay for. . . ."

And in hotel or aboard ship, old-timers advising greenhorns:

"Don't miss the Paradise! You get what you pay for. . . ."

The music? Nothing special. The usual Negro orchestra belching the usual Tin-Pan Alley jazz.

Men and women inclined to be homesick after the third drink.

So give 'em things that remind them of home. Sentimental things. The more blatant, the better.

A girl from Louisville singing:

"Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away. . . ."

A girl from London singing: "Knocked 'em in the old Kent Road. . . ."

A girl from Hamburg singing: "Du, Du bist mir im Herzen. . . ."

A girl from Odessa singing: "Ivushka, Ivushka, zelonaia moya. . . ."

And people weeping into their champagne glasses. Home, sweet home. . . .

Every four weeks Kate changed the program. Not only singers. All sorts of vaudeville turns. From half the world, though never from China. People did not want Chinese things. Why, they lived in China; were sick of it. The things they saw back home—that's what they wanted.

Thus, when La Carmencita, with her savagely graceful fandango, brought down the house in Madrid and London and New York, she was just about good enough for Kate's clientele. And when Pola Negri, the famous motion-picture star, thrilled people in Boston and Philadelphia with her personal appearances—well—Kate demanded of Tubby Townsend, who was now her secretary—what was wrong with little old Shanghai?

"Find out who her agent is. Send him a cable."

"Righto!"

Tubby left; and, almost, she called him back.

For more than once, in Los Angeles, Pola Negri had sent for her to manicure her nails. And perhaps the actress would remember her and, back home, would spread the news. . . .

No, she decided a moment later, looking into the mirror, not a chance. She had changed, lots. Her hair was still the same—a carved helmet of ruddy gold. And her eyes were as storm-blue as ever. But her features—not coarsened exactly but different. Sort of hard and set. Because of what life had done to her.

Life, and the passing years.

Two years since the opening of the Paradise. Six since that night when Donald M'Leod . . .

The hound! She'd pay him back sooner or later. . . .

Never mind. Time to go downstairs. Swap greetings with some of the folks. Most of them turned up their noses at her, a white woman, and in the China racket, with a Chink as side-kick. And yet—funny about people—they felt flattered when she spoke to them, called them by name. . . .

She entered the restaurant.

Jim Doherty, the steamship agent, was throwing a party for a stranger. Big shot, thought Kate. With a "How be you, Mr. Doherty?" she passed on; then suddenly stopped as she heard the stranger's words, evidently continuing what he had been saying:

". . . sure had guts—Gregor Morrison—rushed right in, trying to save the kid. . . ."

Gregor Morrison. The name of the man who had adopted Junior. And . . . "to save the kid. . . ."

The blood pounded in her temples. She turned.

"Excuse me for butting in." She endeavored to keep her voice steady. "You mentioned Gregor Morrison. Living in Pasadena?"

"That's it," replied the stranger. "Know him?"

"Oh—slightly. You—you said something about . . ."

"Got a letter from Pasadena this morning. I live there. Fire in the Morrison house."

"And . . ."

"Old man Morrison was killed. So was the kid—kid he and his wife adopted, I believe. . . ."

"Tough!" commented Jim Doherty.

"Yeah—tough!" echoed Kate. And she moved on to the next table.

"How're they coming, Dr. Garth?"

"Fine and dandy. And you, Kate?"

"Never better."

The French headwaiter stopped her.

"We'll have to order more of those boneless sardines, madame."

"O. K., Henri. I'll attend to it. . . ."

Strange, she thought, that she had no ache, no pain. Just something wrong with her soul. Her soul felt—oh, small, tight, bitter. . . .

She finished making the rounds. Restaurant. Bar. Cabaret. Dance hall.

She went to her office. And there, ten minutes later, Tubby Townsend found her. Found her sitting on the floor in a corner of the room, sunk into herself, huddled, swaying to and fro—her face hardly recognizable, gray, distorted; her mouth loose and flabby; her eyes tortured with a frantic struggle to keep her sanity.

He touched her shoulder.

"What is it, old thing?"

No answer.

"I say, old thing! Tell your Uncle Tubby!"

Still no answer. What the double-dooce was he going to do? What she needed was a woman friend . . .

He shook his head. Poor Paradise Kate. Had no woman friend. Not in Shanghai . . .

Although, maybe, Yat Mayling . . .?

Kate, he knew, didn't care much for the other. Even so, better than nothing.

He telephoned to her. And it was not quite midnight when the Chinese girl came. Kate was still sitting on the floor, swaying to and fro, the scarlet line of her mouth twitching uncontrollably, her eyes, dreadful in their frozen intensity.

Mayling wondered what had happened. She sent Tubby from the room.

"Tell me, Kate . . ."

"Aw," weeping brokenly, "what's the use?"

"You've got to tell somebody."

"I guess so," dully. "Got to tell—somebody." And she sobbed out her tale—the whole of it, the tragedy, the gaunt, bleak despair; then suddenly jumped up. "And now," she cried savagely, staring at Yat Mayling, "you're going to pray over me—eh?"

"Yes," was the calm reply. "That's what I'm going to do."

She dropped on her knees—a sweet little figure she was, this small golden-skinned girl in her loose black-silk trousers and purple tunic embroidered with tiny butterflies—and so, curiously, a few seconds later, as if a great force were pulling her down, Kate found herself on her knees beside the other, whose voice, strong and clear, chanted words of the Psalmist.

Then there was silence. A slightly awkward silence. And after a while, Kate said:

"I want to tell you something."

"Yes?"

"I—well—I didn't used to like you. But—I like you now."

"I'm glad you do. For, you see, I like you, too."

That's all there was to it: "I like you," and "I like you, too."

Yet, at that moment was born love between woman and woman; the kind of love which so often is as deep and compelling and more unselfish than love between woman and man.

Another silence, and Mayling asked:

"You've always thought me—oh—hard?"

"Sort of."

"I'm going to be hard tonight. Listen, Kate! You must bury the past and turn to the future. What is done is done. Despair and bitterness cannot resurrect the dead."

Kate did not reply.

Sure, she thought, despair and bitterness could not resurrect the dead. Love could not resurrect them. But there was another thing—which was *not* dead. Alive it was—and tearing at her soul: her hate against M'Leod, the man who . . .

She'd kill him sooner or later.

Sooner or later?

No use sticking round Shanghai. No use saving a lot of dough for her son—who was dead.

She'd take the next boat back to California. She'd have no trouble locating him. No longer a skulking gangster. But a prominent business executive. President of the Sino-American Trading Corporation. She knew. She saw Los Angeles newspapers occasionally and had read:

"Donald M'Leod at the polo matches. . . ."

"Donald M'Leod at the Santa Anita race track. . . ."

"Donald M'Leod spends week-end at Santa Barbara. . . ."

"Donald M'Leod buys Sunset Boulevard block. . . ."

Well, in another seven weeks, at the latest, there would be a headline:

DONALD M'LEOD KILLED BY WOMAN

She thought of the scene. Dramatized it in her mind.

She'd shoot him in the heart. Watch him writhe on the floor. Tell the dying man:

"It's me—Kate Slater. Remember?"

And it was a curious coincidence that early on the next afternoon, on her way down Thibet Road to get her passage, and her ricksha caught in a traffic jam, she saw Donald M'Leod, his massive bulk sprawled in another ricksha which was trundling in the opposite direction. . . .

Now that Fate has brought M'Leod to Shanghai, what will Kate do with the opportunity she so passionately craved? Can she get the master gangster in her power? In next week's Liberty you will learn the outcome of the chance given Kate for revenge and what she did with it.

NEW KIND OF SPARK PLUG *LASTS LONGER TOO!*

New Auto-Lite Spark Plugs

① PEP UP PICKUP ② STEP UP TOP SPEED ③ MAKE STARTING EASIER ④ SAVE GASOLINE ⑤ OUTWEAR OTHER PLUGS!

Car Owners Everywhere Endorse Significant Improvement In Spark Plug Performance

We have been telling you that the new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs improve car performance 4 important ways—gasoline saving—easier starting—better top speed—peppier pickup. But Auto-Lite users tell us we haven't told all the story about this sensational new type spark plug.

Auto-Lite engineers designed what they thought would be America's *most durable* as well as *most efficient* spark plug. They worked out a new formula for insulation that stood up in laboratory tests better than any spark plug they could find.

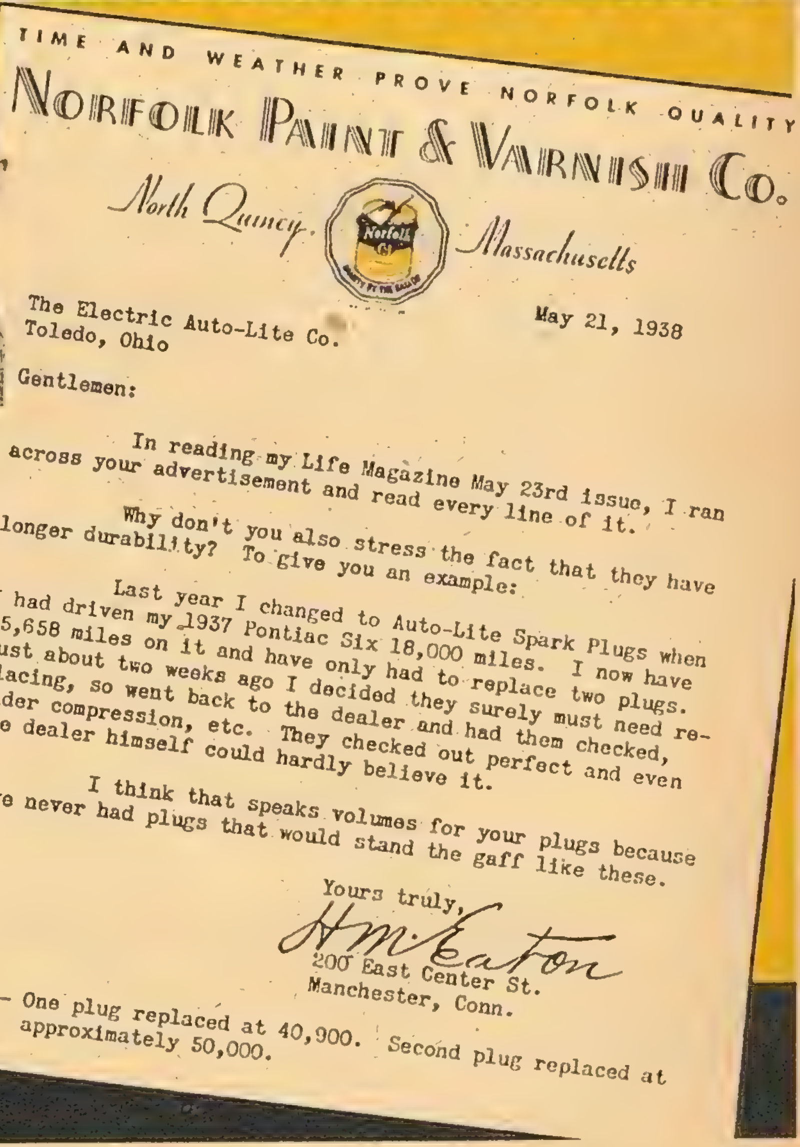
And now the bouquets are coming in from car owners who put them in their cars last year.

At the right we reproduce one of these letters. Read this unsolicited evidence of Auto-Lite superiority. It will help you decide *which spark plugs to put in your car!*

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs, engineered by *ignition* engineers *last longer, put new life in your motor!*

NEW ZIRAMIC INSULATOR avoids spark plug replacements due to insulator failures!

NEW KONIUM ELECTRODE with "geometric" gap design reduces stress on ignition system. *Saves gas!*



TIME AND WEATHER PROVE NORFOLK QUALITY

NORFOLK PAINT & VARNISH CO.

North Quincy, Massachusetts

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Toledo, Ohio

May 21, 1938

Gentlemen:

In reading my Life Magazine May 23rd issue, I ran across your advertisement and read every line of it.

Why don't you also stress the fact that they have longer durability? To give you an example:

Last year I changed to Auto-Lite Spark Plugs when I had driven my 1937 Pontiac Six 18,000 miles. I now have 55,658 miles on it and have only had to replace two plugs. Just about two weeks ago I decided they surely must need replacing, so went back to the dealer and had them checked, under compression, etc. They checked out perfect and even the dealer himself could hardly believe it.

I think that speaks volumes for your plugs because I've never had plugs that would stand the gaff like these.

Yours truly,
H M Eaton
200 East Center St.
Manchester, Conn.

P.S. - One plug replaced at 40,900. Second plug replaced at approximately 50,000.

Ask for AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

"KISS ME QUICK!"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

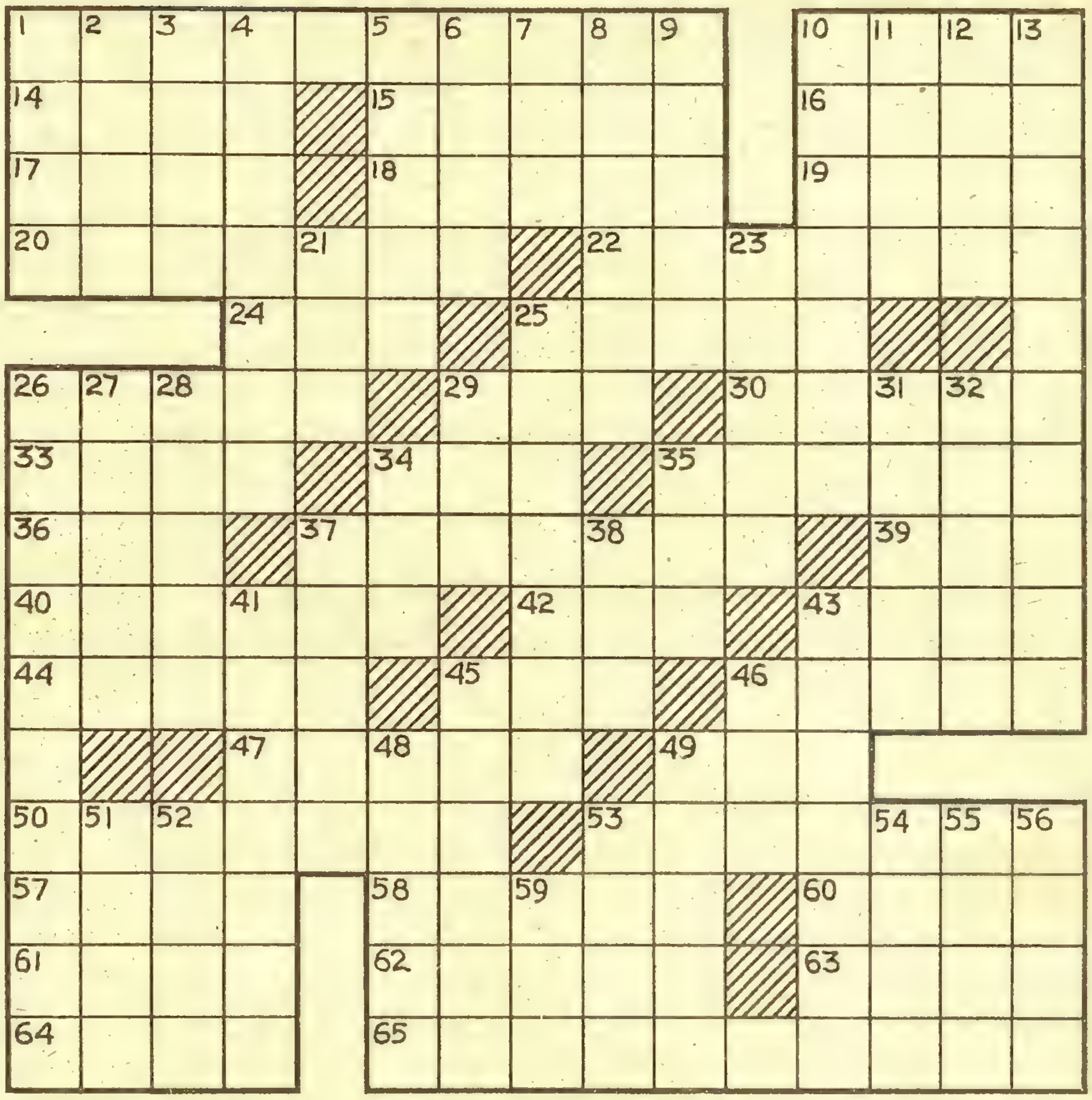
"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor—a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all *I* know is, it's *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

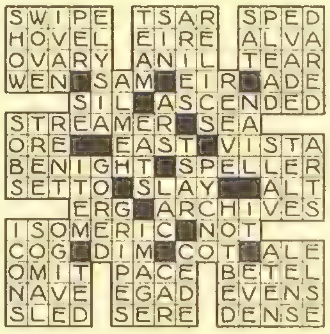
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 One of Gershwin's hottest numbers
10 Butch's beauty mark
14 Faithful to the old nag
15 Popular European camp
16 Nixed by the pixies
17 They're better laid than never
18 Foot oil
19 A 1936 car
20 Garcia Special
22 Egg plant
24 It gets shaved at bars, always has a cold in its chest, runs out at all parties
25 Best-known pole in aviation circles
26 Juice some folks are full of
29 It's not safe to leave one around with your gal
30 Mohammedan resort
33 This band united two soloists; they've been squawking at each other ever since
34 This is terribly unsafe on a horse
35 Stop-and-go reading
36 A wee bit cockeyed
37 Brown bombs
39 Eyeless maiden
40 Nets to you
42 It's hot in the Ozarks
43 Scotland's motto
44 Slap on the glamour (fem.)
45 An airy prefix
46 Midnight to dawn without a yawn,
And plenty of wine and laughter.
Then to bed without a head—
But oh, the morning after!
47 They both give and remove spots from before the eyes
49 Two-eyed bee
50 Parking place used a lot by lazy people (two words)
53 Headlight, shined with alcohol (two words)
57 Where they have a Wight Xmas
58 Mermaid's boy friend
60 Liquor did it overnight during prohibition
61 What Bill Robinson does in his old shoes
62 Usual cause for cake-eating
63 Eagle House
64 This is just for the Swedish servant girl
65 Source of the Senate's gas



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SWIPE TSAR SPED
HOVEL EIRE ALVA
OVARY ANIL TEAR
WEN■SAM■EIR■ADE
   SIL■ASCENDED
STREAMER■SEA
ORE■■EAST■VISTA
BENIGHT■SPELLER
SETTO■SLAY■■ALT
   ERG■ARCHIVES
ISOMERIC■NOT
COG■DIM■COT■ALE
OMIT PACE BETEL
NAVE EGAD EVENS
SLED SERE DENSE
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Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Rosie's leg
2 Act as a press agent
3 Makes faces at the cameraman
4 Fussing around Hahlem
5 Home filled with wailing cowboys, dogies, empty saddles
6 Shoes grow on this (aren't sandals made of sandalwood?)
7 Mr. E. Z. Mark's wife
8 Ethyl's alcoholic girl friend
9 His pop makes a good car
10 Feminine breath remover
11 Old-fashioned wooden crate, very safe for transportation
12 German but
13 Bird with rustproof, noneroding tonsils, sex appeal, blue eyes (two words)
21 Highest honor a general can draw
23 A burg in Alaska (pl.)
25 Curtains for a worn-out sitting room
26 This is momentarily expected back with sure relief from relief
27 A man with a habit
28 Next to themselves women like this best
29 Oldest thing in the postal service
31 Kind of salesman who knows the ropes
32 Surgeons dress in white, administer the ether, then do this for Sunday dinner
34 Mastodon with motor
35 Love came to Don Budge during one
37 London coppers
38 It ain't right to use it with I
41 The piece it's politest to take
43 Soggy green blotting paper dipped in sand and very poisonous to children
45 A slave
46 Tom Sawyer's nemesis
48 Rubber man
49 Eskimo iceboxes
51 He figured in an early trade, failed to make a prophet
52 European skyscrapers
53 Where to go to have a rib removed
54 You beast, you!
55 Get burned up at a hot spot
56 Things have been dropping off here recently
59 Unnnh

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

What's Ahead for These FIVE?

A captivating preview of five private lives . . . as mirrored by those who will live them!

BY MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT is going to happen to the Dionne quintuplets when they grow up? The future of every little child tempts crystal gazing, but the fate of Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie probably has aroused more curiosity than that of all other youngsters put together.

Speculators in quin futures fall into two groups. There are those who believe that the fortune rolling up will solve all problems; but does not this assumption overestimate the admitted value of economic security? Common observation shows that all rich people by no means live happy ever after.

The other and more thoughtful attitude on the subject is tinged with pity. As one motherly woman expressed it:

"Poor little things, I'm sorry for them! They can't ever lead the existence of ordinary girls or women. They'll always be in one another's laps—the Siamese twins all over again, only five times as much so. What chance on earth has a quintuplet of enjoying any future except that of a joint stock company?"

Whenever such a question is addressed to me, I answer: "Don't let the camera fool you! Though the quins continue to look like five carbon copies of the same four-year-old, identity is only skin-deep. Five little girls are entitled to five futures. Even now they are beginning to roll their own."

The physical resemblance between Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie was and is so extraordinary that the world has heard little of their psychological unlikeness, although this was recognized from the first by Dr. Dafoe and other close observers. Today science confirms the fact that five separate and distinct individualities are evolving in the Dionne nursery. After a series of observations on the spot, eminent biologists, psychologists, and child-study specialists associated with the University of Toronto reported:

That each of the little Dionne girls is a unique and independent entity.

That the variations in gifts and character are becoming progressively accentuated.

That these variations indicate a future group healthily diversified and even combative in its interests and aims.

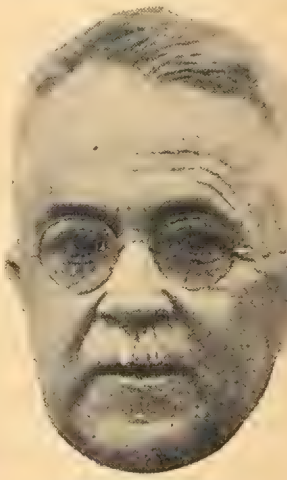
That if the quintuplets are to lead a normal life they must be looked upon as no mystic merger but simply as five female children.

Borrow this point of view—it is the one adopted by those in charge of the children's welfare—and the whole problem becomes simplified. Once personality is defined in terms of the individual factor rather than the lump sum, then to forecast the quins' future from their present is not at all impossible. At the age and the stage of development now reached, talent and temperament have begun to write their own ticket of destiny.

Suppose we cast Yvonne's horoscope first, since for so many months she led all her sisters in weight and height.

The child-study experts dub Yvonne "the matriarch," and even at four she shows herself unmistakably the little mother. Statistical records made by Dr. William E. Blatz, of St. George's Nursery School in Toronto, and his assistant, Miss Dorothy A. Millichamp, prove this quin most sought after by the rest of the children and invariably responsive to their approaches.

Whenever one of the five takes a tumble in playground or playroom, Yvonne is first to help her up and kiss the



DR. DAFOE

Science confirms the fact that five separate and distinct individualities are evolving in the Dionne nursery.

World Copyright, 1938, NEA

cheek on which a teardrop hangs. As the call comes for dinner or for naps, Yvonne has a way of "shooing" the laggards into line—and she herself almost never sets them a bad example. They look up to her for help, advice, guidance, and she basks in their slight but instinctive dependence.

More than any of her sisters she has the sunny, equable disposition of the born wife and mother. Even in appearance she wears a curious matronly air and, of the five children, most closely resembles Mrs. Elzire Dionne. It requires no effort of the imagination to visualize grown-up Yvonne as the sturdy watchful wife, Hausfrau, and parent of her own young brood.

Annette is not that kind of girl. Nearly every family of sisters has its flirt and heartbreaker. Unless all signs fail, Annette is destined to fill this role to perfection.

Annette has a glamour all her own. She is still the leader in initiating social contacts, quickest to notice all strangers and to make pleasant gestures toward them. She captivated the experts from the University of Toronto. To a man—even to a woman—they report that she tops her sisters in aggressive social behavior, or attention-seeking from an audience. She also is winning high praise from Herbert I. Leeds, who is directing the quins in their third feature picture for Twentieth-Century-Fox. In this little child seem to be concentrated the vivacity, the sparkle, the allure of her Gallic heritage, making her the natural-born siren of the sisterhood, just as Yvonne is the cheerful if slightly dictatorial chaperon. If Annette keeps on as she has begun, she'll lead the men a dance.

Now we come to Cécile, whom the child psychologists set down a year ago as "the unknown quantity." Nevertheless, Cécile, like her sisters, has given more than one hint of what lies behind the veil of her future. Cécile's touching baby precocity in religious matters indicates that she may find her vocation in the convent.

All five children are receiving careful instruction in the faith of their fathers and its practices. "Jesus" was among the first words that they learned to lisp, and devout nurses had taught them earlier the gesture of grace before meals. Now they say grace, just as they say their prayers every night, and each week receive a visit from the dark-eyed young father at the Church of the Sacred Heart which their parents attend.

On the walls of the nursery hang various representations of the pictured Christ. Cécile often stands still to study these with the sweet child gravity I saw on her face as she listened to a nurse singing simple French hymns. The spirit, if not the exact meaning of the words, seemed to touch the sensitive soul of the little girl, just as she is moved today by love and pity for the sufferings of the Jesus to Whom she prays.

"*Pauvre Jésus!*" she exclaims, looking up at the Crucifixion and pointing to the nail wounds in hands and side. Her spiritual precocity goes farther. To Cécile He is in that nursery; He is hurt by quarreling little girls.

ONE day Annette, instead of getting a pail for herself, grabbed Emilie's. The nurse, at the end of the room, had her back half turned and just caught a glimpse of the transaction. Thinking her quite unaware of it, Cécile reminded Annette gravely:

"The good God will see you!"

No wonder the priest who repeats these tales thinks that they evince "an understanding of spiritual things remarkable in a child of that age." Yet Cécile is not the morbid, sickly type of pious prodigy. Vigorous and sunny-natured, with that plus value of early spiritual awareness, she might easily find her mission in life as a member of some nursing sisterhood whose faith nobly expresses itself in good works.

Emilie falls into a still different category. She may be described as the nursery's rugged individualist—of all the quins she is least dependent upon the society of the others—or as a career woman in the making. She is pluck and independence personified.

She has proved herself the most utterly fearless of the children. Unacquainted with the emotion of panic, her adventurous spirit has caused guardians more than one anxious moment. The nursery still remembers the day when Emilie, taking a bath in the big tub, decided to see what it would be like to stick her head under water. The hand of a vigilant attendant rescued a spluttering but still unterrified Undine!

Perched on the top of the playground platform, to which the children love to climb, Emilie likes to play king of the castle and has been seen calmly planting a small bare foot on the hands of a sister clambering up to share her eminence. Hers clearly is the executive temperament.

Although all the children are musical, Emilie's voice is considered the sweetest and strongest. If its early promise holds out, a career as a public singer is quite on the cards for her. With her spirit and temperament, a career of some sort appears inevitable.

Of the transformations wrought in these children during the first four years of their lives, the metamorphosis of Marie is the most amazing. Marie got off to a bad start, for she was last born and physically weakest.

FOR a considerable period her physical retardation aroused anxiety as to whether it might be accompanied by a permanent mental lag. But today Marie can take care of herself as well as the next one. Still a bit smaller in body, her mind and spirit have reached full stature—a development over which Dr. Dafoe chuckles triumphantly. If he has ever had a favorite among the five—he denies it—Marie is closest to his tender heart, just because she is the "least one."

Marie displays more and more signs of a unique and fascinating personality. According to the unanimous testimony of the Pathé Frères photographers who make the babies' newsreels, Marie is the prima donna of the group, the born actress with comedy tendencies.

Considering all the evidences of originality and diversity among the Dionne quintuplets—surely as marked as among any ordinary group of sisters—the hitherto current assumption that they will remain forever in group formation seems to need revision. One will have as much right as another to her share in the million-dollar trust fund expected to have accumulated by the time the Canadian government's guardianship terminates, on the girls' eighteenth birthday.

Each of the five will receive not only the best of cultural backgrounds but the special training necessary to develop any talent or gift, under the supervision of the bilingual (English-French) section of the Canadian Department of Education. That all have the mental equipment to profit is confirmed by Dr. Blatz, who says:

"The children are mentally normal, and within the next four or five years we expect them to have an I. Q. from 95 to 105—seventy-five per cent of all of us fall in this group."

With economic and cultural independence assured by the time they become young women, they can see as much or as little of one another as they wish, while maintaining toward the other members of their family the affectionate and harmonious relations now enjoyed.

One curiosity-provoking puzzle of their future remains—the question of their marriage. French-Canadian demoiselles tend to be young brides. Mrs. Dionne married at sixteen. How, when, and where will her five fairy-tale daughters find their princes?

Prophecy here breaks down into several factors—the reminder, for example, that these young heiresses of self-made wealth undoubtedly will have it tied up in a fashion so that fortunehunters cannot get at it; the second sobering thought that most worth-while young men object to the role of prima donna's husband.

Personally, I would wager that Yvonne is the first to find a husband, while Annette will be able to pick among plenty—and will not be in a hurry to make up her mind.

Even across the romantic future of these two, however, there looms a shadow—perhaps it should be described as substance rather than shadow. Mrs. Dionne is a woman of ample proportions, and her small daughters seem to "take after" her. Just now their childish chubbiness is one of their charms, but if it increases—well, does any young man love a fat girl, even a fat quintuplet?

Time will have to tell about that.

THE END

FREE AIR FROM A TAXI PILOT

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

Shorty and his gal heed a call to fame and fortune

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

HYHA, Mazie? How's my booful cutie?

"Say, slip me a double-header of that fried eggplant and don't get any shells in it!

"Hey, listen, Mazie, I just got a letter from a pal of mine who runs a taxi business in Hollywood. He says if I want to beat it out there, he'll fix me up with a swell job driving for his company. Here, here's the letter, get a load of it."

ZIPPER TAXI COMPANY
Cherokee Avenue
Hollywood, Cal.

Mr. Shorty McCoy,
Kelly Street,
The Bronx, New York.

Dear Shorty:

How would you like to bust out here with that old cab of yours and drive for my company? I've got four taxicabs now and am doing perf. If you can come, I'll make you a swell proposhon. I'll give you your *gas* and *oil* FREE and *re-paint* your hack for *nothing*, then we'll split the take 60-40. You keep 40 and I get the 60. Get it?

No fooling, Shorty, this Follywood is a soft touch for easy dough. All you have to do is drive hams and acrobats back and forth to the celluloid factories and if they get lushed, they always kick in with a fin. What's more, the town is a set-up for all kinds of "extra" work. Take *me*, f'rinstance. I grabbed *thirty bucks* last week out on the Metro lot. All I did was lay under a locomotive for three days and make believe I was kilt. Pretty soft, huh?

Kidding on the level, Shorty, take my tip and whizz out here. Listen, why be pushed around in them New York blizzards when you can be frolicking in the *sunshine* with *bathing beauties?*

By the way, are you still keeping company with that cute little job Mazie Quinn who slings hash in the lunch wagon? Say, why not promote her in pitchers? With her looks and gams she could make Romeo tear down the balcony. Holy smoke, if a dame like Maxine Chandelier can get in the movies, Mazie'd be a winner walking. The yell is, that Chandelier dame pronounces her name Chan-del-yay. That's a laf,— and we knew her when! She must have shot helium in her arm the way she got up. I saw her at a premier the other night at Grauman's Chinee Theater and gave her the hello. She Ritzed me!

Listen, I know a casting director by the name of Izzy Wild who's into me for forty bucks. I'll get him to give Mazie a tonsil test and we'll see what happens. Sell her the idea of pictures and get her to drive out here with you.

Put the fountain pen in your mit and leave me know if you are coming.

Your old side kick,
SLATS DONAHUE.

"Well, Mazie, what do you think of Slats' letter? Do we *shove off?*

"What d'ye mean, shove off?"

"Why, go to the *coast*, of course— to *Hollywood*."

"Say, have you gone slap-happy or something? How about *my* rep? I'd look swell trecking across the U. S. and A. with a single guy, now wouldn't I?"

"Why not? My hack may be dirty but my record is clean."

"But we're *not married*, you crackpot!"

"Well, whose fault is that? For six months I've been beefing for us to go against the wedlock and all I get is a pushing around."

"Say, what have *we* got to get spliced on? Nothing but a driver's license and a pair of bucks. I can't see spending my honeymoon in a trolley."

"Lay off the comedy and let's get down to business. After all, what's to keep us in this man's town?"

"Eats, lay-me-down, and a *steady job!*"

"You call *this* a job? Dealing hash to a flock of ham-an'-eggers who hang around the docks?"

"Listen, pipe down! You've got all the customers in the trap gunning you."

"So what? If I choose to rave about you, that's *my* business."

"Okah, kid. But if it's an *act* you're staging, why not grab a *sponsor?*"

"All kidding aside, Mazie, they's nothing to stop us from doing a Horace Greeley."

"Shorty, let's be sensible! Suppose this guy Slats doesn't come through with the job when we reach Hollywood, what then?"

"Don't worry! If worst came to worst, I'd dig ditches, lay brick, carry a sign, or even varnish pretzels."

"How about me? Do I die on the vine while you hunt a job?"

"Say, do you think Shorty McCoy would run out on you? Don't be a sill! Anyway, *you're* going to make your *dayboo* in *pitchers* and become a *movie star*."

"You wouldn't fool me, would you, Mr. Houdini?"

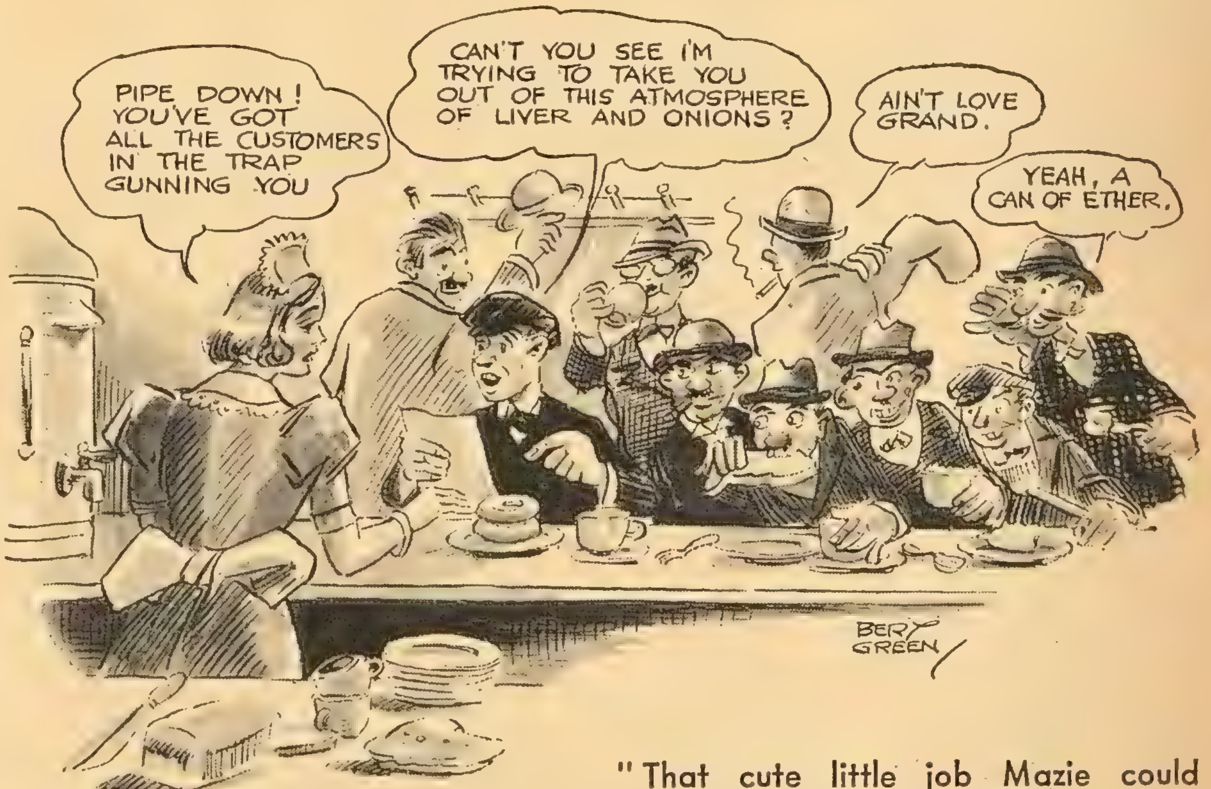
"Now listen to me, kid. If them sage hens from the corn belt can *click* in the screamies, you'll cop the show! All you have to do is to put on a bathing suit and you'll dynamite 'em."

"But I can't *act*, Shorty."

"Apple sauce! What did 'em dames ever have before they left the sticks? Between me and you, they never even seen the inside of a show house. All they did was wash dishes, pitch hay and milk cows. Yes, and look at 'em now! They're out in front."

"Yep, they *all* seem to get the *breaks* but me."

"Well, whose fault is it? The trouble with *you* is, *you're afraid* to take


PIPE DOWN! YOU'VE GOT ALL THE CUSTOMERS IN THE TRAP GUNNING YOU
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO TAKE YOU OUT OF THIS ATMOSPHERE OF LIVER AND ONIONS?
AIN'T LOVE GRAND.
YEAH, A CAN OF ETHER.
BERT GREEN

"That cute little job Mazie could make Romeo tear down the balcony."

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YEARS ago "before and after" photos used to be shown. Often the hair was faked on a bald head to illustrate some miraculous hair-grower. Now we reverse this idea. The two photos are identical except the artist has painted out the hair to illustrate how baldness robs even a young man of his youthful looks. Science has never found a way to grow hair on a bald head. Why not try and keep your youth?

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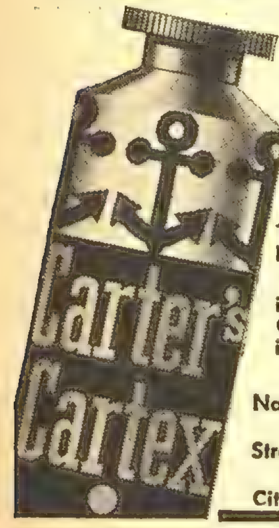
GUARANTEED: Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty.



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CLASSES BEGIN SEPT. 12, 1938

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Write for Fall Catalog

Rm. 1603, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

a *chanst.* Why should a girl like you wrinkle and age in this roach trap, when you could be dining in the Brown Derby on pressed duck or Patrick de frog grass with a lap full of linen? I don't want to commit assault and battery on your pride or nothing, Mazie, but if a dame like *Sadie McNitney* can bounce from a hat-check closet to a screamie queen without getting her feet wet, *you'd* be a *sensation.*"

"Mc—? McNitney? What McNitney is that?"

"Why, you know her. The little redheaded twist who used to work in the Dog House in Greenwich Village. —Sadie McNitney."

"Why, I used to go to school with her. She was the *dumbest* thing ever wired for sound. You don't mean to tell me *she's* in *pictures?*"

"And *how!* You should get an earful of her in Tortured Souls and Worn Heels. She cops the show!"

"But what *name* does she frolic under?"

"Why, Maxine Chandelier. She's the dame Slats wrote about."

"What? Do you mean to tell me that little *freckled-faced McNitney twist* is *Maxine Chandelier* in PICTURES?"

"That's her."

"Well, I'm floored! Maxine *Chandelier*, bah! I know where she *got* that phony moniker."

"Let's have it, kid!"

"Well, her old man used to be the secretary for the old Ninth Ward Club. One week—when he was away sick—the members redecorated the joint and bought a new *chandelier.* When McNitney heard about it, he roared. 'What, pay seventy-five dollars for a *chandelier!* Why, they's not a man here who can *play* it!'

"Com'on, Shorty, fill the hack with gas! I'll douse the glim in that *chandelier!*"

"Attagirl, Maze, let's blow!"

Hollywood ho! A big surprise awaits our mitey hero and his cutie. Read about it in an early issue.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—Major Abner Doubleday.
2—The whale shark.
3—Peeping Tom.
4—Edith Cavell.
5—To me, you are beautiful.
6—Francis.
7—A wagon-lit.
8—Beggars, if wishes were horses.
9—Robert E. Lee.
10—Protestants from Ireland.
11—A pedestrian carrying a white cane—which indicates the bearer is partially or wholly blind.
12—Franklin D. Roosevelt when nominated the first time. (He hasn't flown since.)
13—A tinker's.
14—The Underground.
15—Baby Snooks (Fannie Brice).
16—Alive.
17—Their names are spelled backward—Rabbit, O'Toole, Elmer.
18—That of the Communist Party, U. S. A. (Earl Browder).
19—The rebuilt airship which Douglas Corrigan flew from New York to Dublin. The figure $69.90 was the cost of gasoline and oil for the flight in the $900 monoplane.
20—

Jean Hersholt

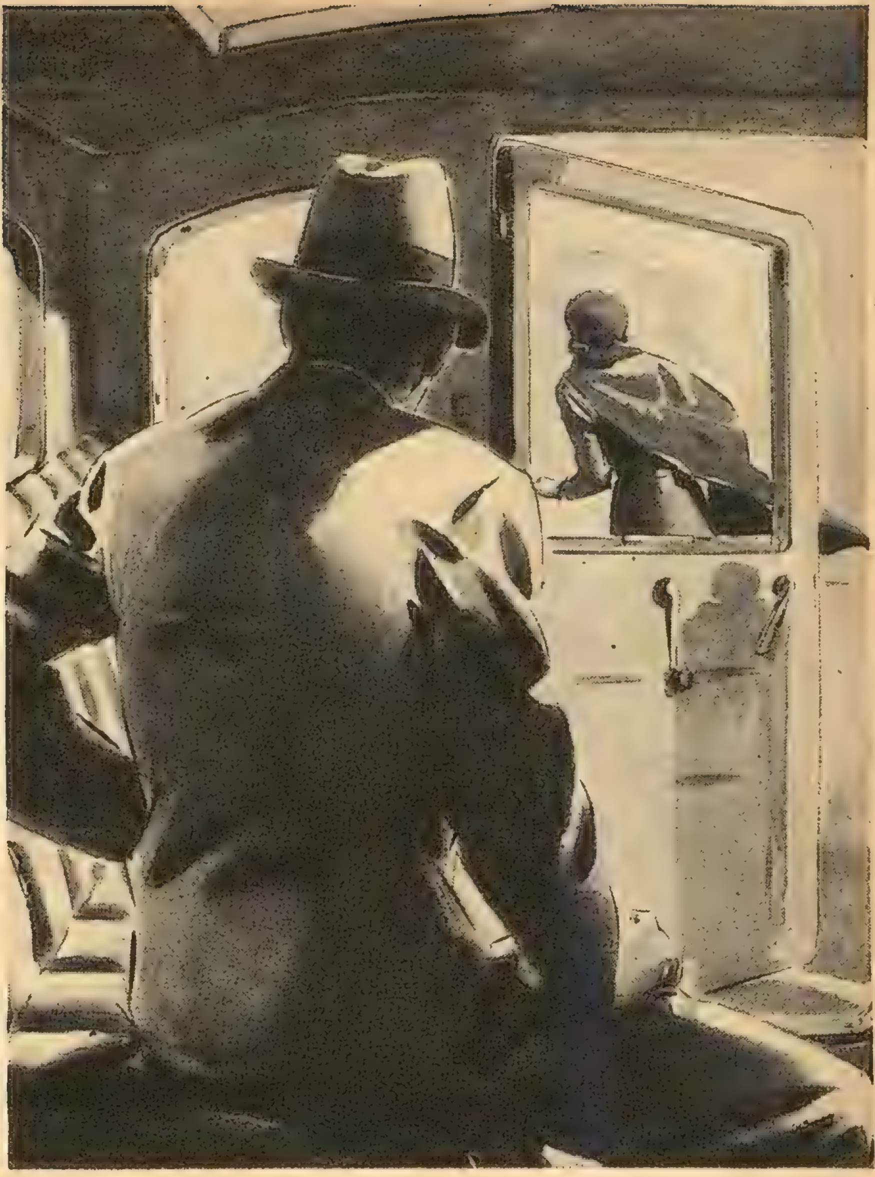
WHY I AM *Still Investigating* THE LINDBERGH CASE

A colossal hoax collapses, a new ordeal brings heartbreak in an astonishing adventure

BY EVALYN WALSH McLEAN

with Alan Hynd

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 12 SECONDS



"She jumped from the cab and ran for dear life."

In El Paso, on April 7, Means told Mrs. McLean that the kidnap gang across the river were quarreling among themselves, and that the man who had received the "Jafsie money" was in Chicago, having trouble in unloading it. The baby, Means said, was ill. Why didn't he take Miss Nelson to it, since she was a trained nurse? His reply was: "If I can't get near it, certainly she can't."

Next day Mrs. McLean asked him whether, if he could dope the drinks of all but one of the gang, it would be possible for him to reach their hide-out and perhaps rescue the baby. He thought it would be. Then here was dope for him to use—and she handed him the cyanide she had brought from Aiken in a fountain pen.

On April 9 he appeared at her hotel with "the Fox." She demanded action, threatening if necessary to telephone to General Pershing. Was the baby dead? The Fox said it was recovering from its illness. Thereupon, her patience at an end, she caught a train, leaving Miss Nelson in El Paso.

The night of her arrival in Washington, the Fox called her up. Where was Means? The Fox was going to blow his head off! Next day Means phoned her that he had flown to Chicago and had met the gang member who was stuck with $49,000 in "marked" (listed) Jafsie money—having managed to dispose of $1,000. The gang now wanted not only her $100,000 but "clean" money in exchange for this Jafsie money. Means had had a row with the Fox, but it was straightened out. Mrs. McLean's money was still at his home.

She told him she wanted it back or the baby delivered. He could bring her money to Father Hurney, who would keep it until delivery was made. Means agreed, and said the gang were willing to sell the Jafsie $49,000 for $35,000 in clean money; that accomplished, the baby would be exchanged for her $100,000. It was the Jafsie money that was holding the whole thing up.

She said she hadn't $35,000 in ready cash. Means said he would try to borrow it of a bookmaker. He was now going to bring her $100,000 to Father Hurney. He would then make a deal for the Jafsie money, and turn that over to Father Hurney also.

PART VII—MEANS SHOWS HIS HAND, AND IS CAUGHT

THERE was still a glimmer of hope that the Lindbergh baby was alive.

You must bear in mind that I was far from the only individual who was sold on the possibility that Gaston Means, regardless of his past and his character, would turn up with the baby. Captain Land, Father Hurney, Miss Nelson, Miss Bessie Poe, the brilliant newspaperwoman, who had known in a general way about the negotiations, and to whom I now told the entire story of my journey to Texas, Garfoni the butler, Kohler the chauffeur—not one of these people came to me during all this time and said this might be a cruel and gigantic hoax. Why? My only answer is that all of them must have believed Means to some extent.

Means came to my home Friday, April 15. He said he had learned that his friend the bookmaker, from whom he had hoped to borrow thirty-five thousand dollars temporarily, was out of town.

"And now," I said, "I suppose you expect me to raise the money, Means."

Means pointed out, however, that this thirty-five thousand dollars wouldn't be a loss to whoever raised it, such as my hundred thousand was apparently going to be. For this thirty-five thousand would be paid over only after Father Hurney had been handed the forty-nine thousand dollars of the Jafsie money. Lindbergh's money would therefore be returned to him, and he could give for it in return thirty-five thousand dollars of unmarked cash, to be paid to whoever raised the thirty-five thousand to buy the Jafsie money from the kidnapers.

I talked the matter over with Miss Poe, one of the few people I could trust. As a result I decided to put three bracelets of mine in pawn at a place across the Potomac in Alexandria, Virginia. The pawnbroker said he would arrange to have the cash the first thing the following Monday morning.

I had another conference with Means, at which Father Hurney was present. The conference took place on Saturday night. Means said he had to remain in the vicinity of Washington over the week-end in order to keep in touch with the Fox, who had the Jafsie money, and to perfect details for the deal. He said he would leave sometime on Monday morning for Concord to get the hundred thousand, and return late that night. He asked Father Hurney to arrange to have an armed guard at the church in order that the money would be safe when Means turned it over. After that Means was to get the Jafsie money, and I would meanwhile have raised the thirty-five thousand, and so the obstacle to the return of the baby would then be removed. The Jafsie money, it was agreed, was also to be turned over to Father Hurney in the presence of the armed guard, and Father Hurney was to have the thirty-five thousand ready.

I gave Miss Poe the bracelets on Saturday night, and every one left, with every detail planned for Monday morning. Father Hurney was to call for Miss Poe at her home promptly at eight forty-five, so as to be in Alexandria when the pawnbroker was open for business at nine o'clock.

Monday morning, at eight thirty, the phone rang. It was Father Hurney.

" I have very bad news," he said, and he seemed greatly excited. " Something has gone very wrong and the deal is off. I'll be right over."

" Is Miss Poe with you? " I asked.

" No, I haven't seen her. I'm not going for her. I'll tell you why when I see you."

Before I had a chance to ask the priest just what was wrong, he had hung up. Then I phoned to Miss Poe's home and asked for her.

Her sister, who answered the phone, said that Miss Poe wasn't there. " She left here with a priest fifteen minutes ago."

I put through a call for Means' home.

" Means! " I shouted into the phone, " Miss Poe's missing—and I think you know where she is! "

I could hear the scoundrel gulp over the wire. " My heaven! " he said, " isn't that a pity! I assure you, Number Eleven, I know nothing about this."

Means hung up the phone apparently a little unsteadily, and it was my guess that he was drunk again.

Let me tell you that the room was going around when Father Hurney appeared.

" Mrs. McLean," he said—the number business was dropped in the hysteria of the moment—" I have been through a terrible experience with one of your lawyers. He has somehow found out about all this, particularly your plan to pawn your bracelets, and he threatened to turn all his information over to the Department of Justice if I didn't promise him that I wouldn't go through with the pawning business."

" But, father," I said, " what about Miss Poe? "

" What about her? " asked the priest innocently.

" I called her home and her sister told me that she had left with a priest. Did you send any one for her to tell her the deal was off? "

Father Hurney looked at me with unbelieving eyes. " I did no such thing," he said. " I have not even been in communication with Miss Poe."

The room was spinning around more than ever just then, when who walked in but Bessie Poe, the object of all my horrible suspense!

And this was the story she told: Half an hour before Father Hurney was due to call for her and accompany her to the pawnbroker's in Alexandria, a man dressed as a priest rang the doorbell and asked for her. When Miss Poe came to the door, the visitor said:

" You are Miss Bessie Poe, I believe? You were to go on an errand with Number Twelve for Number Eleven? "

" Yes," said Miss Poe, immediately thinking that this caller was somehow in the know because of his familiarity with the code numbers.

" Number Twelve has been delayed," said the caller, " and has asked me to accompany you across the river."

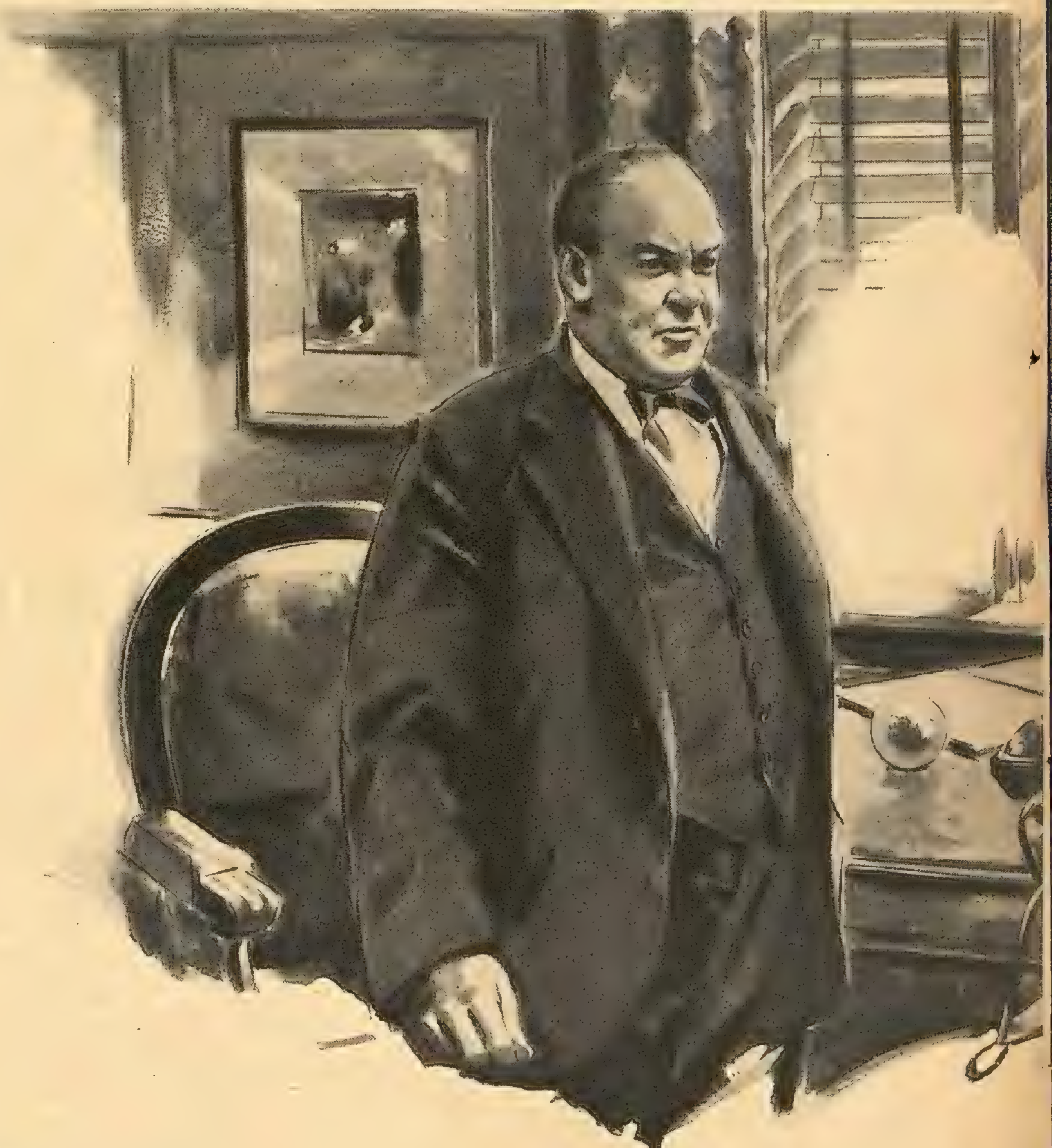
The newspaperwoman and the man dressed as a priest got into a taxi and set out for Alexandria. When they had traveled a few blocks, Miss Poe's companion reached over to tie his shoelace. As he did so his coat hiked up, revealing a pistol sticking out of his hip pocket.

Miss Poe stared at the weapon, not knowing what to think. Just then her companion noticed that she had seen the gun, and as he stared at her without saying a word, Miss Poe became convinced that the man was a criminal masquerading as a priest. Just then, too, the taxi happened to stop for a red light. Miss Poe opened the door, jumped from the cab and ran away for dear life. She looked back over her shoulder, and saw that the " priest " was still in the cab, but no doubt afraid to give chase in broad daylight and in a populous district.

Miss Poe, finding she was safe, hailed another cab, went to a bank, where she deposited the bracelets in a safe-deposit box, then came to my home.

When Miss Poe had completed the recital of her experience to Father Hurney and me, she left.

I thought I saw through the whole thing. My lawyers, with my best interests at heart, upon learning about my



" Do you mean to tell me," said the rogue, " that Mrs. McLean has not received her hundred thousand dollars? "

dealings with the notorious Gaston Means, had stepped in with the idea of saving me. You see, upon my return from El Paso and Aiken, my lawyers had confronted me with the disclosure that I had raised a hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage on a certain property. They had learned that in the natural routine of handling my affairs. They had demanded to know why I had raised the money, and I had refused to tell them. And now they had found out that the money had been for Gaston Means.

Talking the situation over with Father Hurney, I decided that Bessie Poe had been told by the lawyers to tell the story about the fake priest. "My lawyers probably think I'm completely crazy, not knowing all the details of this deal," I said to Father Hurney; "and having Miss Poe tell me that story is, to their way of thinking, the best way to handle the matter for the time being."

Despite this sudden and discouraging turn of events, Father Hurney clung to his belief that Gaston Means was going to get that baby back. "I pray to God," he said to me, "that we can find some way of raising this money and going through with our plans. How would it do if I sat down and wrote Gaston Means a letter, telling him that we have been temporarily thwarted in our plans, but that we shall do all in our power to raise that money? Meanwhile he can be going ahead, getting the hundred thousand dollars from Concord to my church."

I thought such a letter to Means would be fine, and Father Hurney went to a desk and began it immediately. It was to be sent by Garfoni, the butler.

All this was quite a load to bear, especially after what I had been through. But the worst was yet to come.

ALAN HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALAN HUGHES

Just as I had finished reading the letter that Father Hurney had written to Means, who burst into the room, unannounced and unsummoned, but Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, long prominently associated with Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and one of my dearest friends.

Now, Dr. Barker was a very strong-willed man, and when he stalked in, I was scared. Who had told him to come, and why? And what was he going to do with me?

"Evalyn, what have you been up to now?" he asked.

"Why are you here, doctor?" I asked, trying to ignore his question.

"Never mind about that!" he said, and I grew more frightened than ever. For I knew that Dr. Barker was a true friend and that he would insist upon doing whatever he thought was best for me. I was certain now that powerful unseen forces were at work against me, friendly as those forces were, and that if I didn't watch my step I'd probably wind up in a rest-cure place somewhere.

"You're in bad shape!" the doctor thundered. "I'm going to put you to bed and get two nurses in to see that you stay there. What have you been doing, anyway?"

And so I told the whole story over again.

"You've been hoaxed!" said the doctor.

I realized that he was just waiting for me to disagree with him, so that he would have an excuse to remove me from the picture, and my lawyers and whoever else might be acting in my interests could go on with their plans without interference from me. And so I answered:

"Yes, doctor, I guess I've been hoaxed."

"Now," said the physician, "I'm going to give you a hypodermic to put you to sleep for a little while."

I protested, but the doctor just looked at me sternly, and I said, "Very well, doctor. You know best."

So I crawled into bed, got the injection, and pretty soon I was getting the first real sleep I had had since all this hideous business began.

MEANWHILE, Garfoni had delivered Father Hurney's letter to Means, and Means had sent word back that he understood the unfortunate situation perfectly and that perhaps something could be worked out. He was proceeding to Concord for my money, he told Garfoni, and would probably arrive at Father Hurney's church late that night.

At two o'clock on Tuesday morning Means phoned. He said he was in Concord; had gotten the "package," but had been delayed and would arrive at the church in Washington before noon with the money.

Father Hurney stopped over on Tuesday afternoon, and said he had had no word from Means, and that the guard had been waiting at the church.

Then on Wednesday Father Hurney appeared again, greatly disturbed. No word from Means yet!

"Father," I said, "do something for me. Go right out to Means' home. Ask him where that money is."

When Father Hurney came back I could see by his expression that the news was bad. "Mrs. McLean," he said, "I'm afraid we've lost the money and the baby too."

"Is the baby dead?" I asked frantically.

"I heard nothing about the baby, but I'm afraid that the money we hoped would bring the baby back is gone."

Whereupon Father Hurney told the following story:

When the priest arrived at the Means home, he found the smooth one a very surprised individual.

"Mr. Means," said the priest, "I've been wondering about the money. The guard and I have been waiting at the church since Monday night, expecting you."

"The money?" Means said. "What money?"

"Why, Mrs. McLean's hundred thousand dollars!"

"Do you mean to tell me, father," said the rogue, "that Mrs. McLean has not received her hundred thousand dollars? Why, I turned that package over to Eleven's representative on my way back from Concord last night."

Father Hurney wanted more details, and Means somewhat impatiently supplied them.

"I was near Alexandria," he said, "and I saw this man up the road a way, waving a red lantern. When I got nearer, he got into the middle of the road and waved his lantern a little faster. I drew up to a stop. He put his foot on the running board and said, 'Hello, Hogan. Eleven told me to take the package here.' Well, Twelve, I figured that during my absence you and Eleven had for some reason changed your plans for picking up the money, so I turned the money over to this man."

"I cannot conceive of a man of your intelligence doing such a thing," said the priest.

Means shrugged his shoulders. "After all, this man, whoever he was, knew all about the code number of the person to whom this package belonged, so it was but natural for me to turn it over. As a matter of fact, I knew that Number Eleven was somewhat suspicious as to what had become of her package, and I was anxious to get it out of my hands—absolutely intact, with not a single piece missing—at the quickest possible moment."

Well, I certainly would have been crazy had I believed a word of that story. It was then that I knew positively and for the first time that I had been hoaxed. I can't say that I was precisely surprised, for I had figured all along that the chances of being "taken" were far greater than the chances of getting the baby back. But now I was certain that, whether Means had been in touch with the kidnapers or not, he had stolen my money.

Things happened thick and fast after that. My lawyers—who now told me that Miss Poe had told them everything, and who had stepped in with my interests at heart—had me sign a letter to Means demanding the return of the money, and giving him a certain number of days in which to return it. He enlisted the aid of Father Hurney and Father Francis Lloyd, head of Georgetown Preparatory School, where his son Billy was attending, in pleading with my lawyers to give him more time to make good. He said, even then, that he wouldn't see me lose the money, and that *he* would somehow make it up.

When the scoundrel didn't make any effort to make up any part of the money, my lawyers went direct to J. Edgar Hoover in the Department of Justice, and Mr. Hoover cleared his desk for action. John Keith, one of the crack agents of the F. B. I., was placed in charge of the case, and he came over to see me and had me repeat the story that I have told in previous chapters of this chronicle. When I had finished, Keith said:

"Mrs. McLean, that man Means has been getting away with murder for a number of years. At last we've got him where we want him."

A warrant was sworn out for Means' arrest, and the task of arresting Means was placed in the hands of Agent Keith and other men of the F. B. I.

But Means had a technicality on his side. He had obtained the money from me in the District of Columbia, whereas his home was in Chevy Chase, across the Maryland line. To have arrested him in the State of Maryland would have entailed legal difficulties that the authorities preferred to avoid. And so the plan was to nab Means the moment he appeared in the District.

The scoundrel's home was shadowed by Mr. Keith and the other agents for several days. Means was going about his own way, apparently unperturbed by the house of cards that was about to crash on him.

THIS game of cat-and-mouse continued until the day of May 5, when Means, apparently unaware that he was being shadowed, got into his car and headed for Washington. Agent Keith and the other men were right on the scoundrel's trail, and when Means had traveled only a few blocks over the District line, the car Keith was traveling in drew abreast of Means' vehicle.

The notorious Gaston glanced sideways, and it was apparent that he recognized that the men in the next car were officials—after him. He attempted to step on the gas, but the F. B. I. car forced him to the curbing.

"You're under arrest, Means," said Keith.

The Means eyebrows raised. "Under arrest? Me? Impossible! What for?"

"Mr. Hoover will explain," said Keith.

Means smiled that oily smile of his, and shook his head from side to side. "It beats all," he said, "the way they question me every time anything goes wrong."

When questioned by Mr. Hoover, Means "stood pat," to use his own words. He refused to talk about the hoax he had perpetrated on me. When he was released in heavy bond pending his trial the following month, he told reporters that he never betrayed a confidence, and that to say anything about the Lindbergh case would be betraying the Lindberghs and myself.

There remained, however, the task of identifying Number Nineteen, the man known as the Fox. Every morning, like clockwork, Mr. Keith or some other man from the F. B. I. would come over to my home with a stack of rogues'-gallery pictures. I kept looking at those pictures until I saw double, but saw no one who even remotely resembled the man who had posed as one of the kidnapers in Aiken and El Paso. I grew discouraged.

Naturally, I wasn't looking forward to appearances in court, or to undergoing the ordeal of appearing at some police line-up and identifying the man known as the Fox. I had lost on my million-to-one shot, and I wanted to get everything over with as quickly as possible.

But I was not to be let off so easily. My real troubles in the Lindbergh case were, it seems, only beginning.

The moment the news leaked out that I had been taken by Means for one hundred thousand dollars, the threatening letters began pouring in again. Many of them were from cranks, others obviously from more levelheaded and 'therefore' dangerous criminals. My children were threatened. Little Evalyn, of course, was at home with me, being educated privately; but Jack and Ned were at St. Paul's prep school in Concord, New Hampshire. The first thing I did when the letters started coming in was to double the guards on the boys. Then I went about tightening the system of protection that I had already thrown about Evalyn.

FOR a reason that I shall explain later, I didn't turn the letters over to the F. B. I. Some of the authors were repeaters, enraged because I had ignored them. They told me about the guards my sons had at St. Paul's, clear indication that they had looked into things pretty thoroughly. So now they concentrated on little Evalyn and me. I was to have acid thrown in my face the first time I set foot outside. Little Evalyn was to be kidnaped.

Evalyn, of course, never went out without a heavily armed guard. She always traveled by car, too, and the chauffeur, Kohler, was always armed and, as I have told you, a crack shot.

Now, it wasn't possible to keep that child a prisoner at 2020 Massachusetts Avenue. Nor did I want to. So she traveled around Washington by car whenever she pleased, and Kohler and her guard had orders to shoot to kill if any one made a suspicious move in her direction.

One day Evalyn was out visiting a chum in another part of town. Inga, my maid, came to me, white as the proverbial sheet, and said:

"Madam, I thought you ought to know there has been a car outside for some time. There are four bad-looking men in it. They've been there for half an hour. I thought they would go away, but they haven't."

I peered through one of the front windows, and there, sure enough, was a car parked right in front of the house. In the car were four forbidding-looking characters, just sitting there. I watched them for perhaps a minute, and during that time I noticed two of them glancing quickly at the house, then peering along the street, apparently waiting for something.

I was afraid that I knew what that something was. It was the car with Evalyn. My first act was to rush to the phone and call the house where Evalyn was visiting. I was told she had left about ten minutes previously.

I made some rapid calculations. The trip home would take just about ten minutes. Which meant that the car would be pulling up in front any second.

Calling the police was useless. They couldn't possibly get there before Evalyn arrived.

I went to the window again. The men were still there. And so "the busybody with a lot of money and nothing on her mind," as I have been called, stood at the window, frozen in panic.

Were these four ugly customers to kidnap the youthful Evalyn? What could Mrs. McLean, momentarily unnerved and frantic, do against such sinister odds? The answer—as dramatic as anything you have ever seen on the screen—will be revealed in Liberty next week.

Charlie McCarthy Is Foiled

He almost steals a new film of stageland in Manhattan, but a fine performance by Mr. Menjou prevents a complete capture

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR O STAR—VERY POOR

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

★ ★ ★½

THE PLAYERS: Adolphe Menjou, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, George Murphy, Andrea Leeds, Rita Johnson, Eve Arden, Ann Sheridan, Ernest Cossart, Donald Barry, Philip Trent, May Boley, Natalie Moorhead. Screen play by Sheridan Gibney and Leonard Spiegelgass from an original by Bernice Boone. Directed by John Stahl. Produced by Universal. Running time, 103 minutes.

THE central figure is one of shabby grandeur—a once great actor, spoiled by Hollywood and female adoration, who is stopped in the midst of a new love affair by the appearance of the now grown daughter of an old marriage. He doesn't want the world to know this attractive young woman is his daughter, yet he wants to do something real for her. So he drops Hollywood, comes back to Broadway, and selects the girl to be his leading woman.

We won't spoil your interest by telling what happens on the opening night. It wasn't what we expected anyway.

Back of the story is a picturesque theatrical roominghouse in Manhattan's Roaring Forties, where dwell the stage hopeful, including the famous one's daughter, a hoofer who loves the girl—and Edgar Bergen and the eminent Mr. McCarthy. Also another Bergen creation of wood and strings, a shy bucolic.

True, Charlie and Edgar almost steal the film, but Adolphe Menjou gives the best performance of his career as the celebrated star rusted away by the corrosion of ego and Hollywood. Here is acting, ladies and gentlemen.

Andrea Leeds is both tender and lovely as the daughter.

Yes, folks, these are the same people who wandered aimlessly through the expensive dull extravagances of Mr. Goldwyn's Follies.

The script is skillfully contrived, the direction sure and expert.

VITAL STATISTICS: About 50 persons a day brought Megger Stahl letters of introduction asking various jobs around studio, mostly acting. Naturally Stahl had to stahl them off, there not being enough jobs to go round. Thousands try to crash Hollywood this way, few succeed, and it's the hardest kind of plea to duck, ignore, or satisfy —letters usually coming from a friend, the friend of a friend, or a distant relative, engender embarrassment and bitterness. . . . Charlie McCarthy, I understand, was born in a carpenter shop in Chicago of a b'ockhead and a man named Bergen. Since Bergen was influenced before Charlie's birth by an Irish newsboy, Charlie has a rather Hibernian puss, a sassy tongue, and a love of colleens. Charlie cost $35 to deliver, succeeded a little colored boy Bergen had had. Charlie was raised in a suitcase, where he still sleeps and travels, made a big hit with Bergen in a vodvil act they instituted, went into partnership with him. Bergen, born Bergren, now gets about $5,000 a week, gives Charlie 75¢ a week spending money, not considering him able to care for his share now, McCarthy not being too sound a business man. Bergen is keeping McCarthy's money in a trust fund, which McCarthy doesn't exactly trust. Since Bergen earned his way through Northwestern U. with McCarthy's aid, latter is awfly smart. After graduation both had an opportunity to forget college and learn about life in 11 years of vodvil and Chautauqua touring all the world over. Death of vodvil almost cost Charlie his life from starvation. He was rescued from a home for old wooden legs when Bergen spent last money they had to outfit Chollie with tails, top hat, monocle, and English accent. Changed act got them into nite clubs and thus they made their first genuine big-time hit together. Radio boosted them into the budding millionaire class. McCarthy is terribly vain and though he eats nothing, requires quite a large upkeep for make-up, hairdressing, and clothes. Latter is biggest expense, Charlie wearing out six suits a year because he sleeps and travels in a suitcase. Suits are hand-tailored, cost $75 apiece, ties are a dollar, hats $25, wear out as fast as pants. Only Charlie's shoes are cheap, coming from the children's department. For this role Bergen had a rubber life mask made of Charlie, used it mounted on a doll's body as a stand-in. Idea is to save wear and tear of hot lights on Charlie's painted features. Charlie's insured for $5,000 against auto, plane, train accidents, fire, flood, earthquake, tornadoes, kidnaping, or being lost. Is not insured against termites, Charlie's only real fear. During this, technicians spent hours trying to get Charlie to slide down a bannister, no easy feat. When cameras finally ground on scene, Charlie surprised with the line: "Don't look now, Bergen, but I think I picked up a splinter!" Line, thoroughly ad lib, stayed in. . . . Bergen's unmarried, Swedish-American, not jealous of Charlie. Bergen is a self-taught ventriloquist, discovered his gift at school one day when something he said seemed to come from far away. His style of ventriloquism is called "near," since he works with a dummy. Before radio audiences he never bothers concealing his voice. When ventriloquizing, the voice is never actually thrown, just kept tucked back in the glottis. This "near" tone's known as the grunt; far-away tone's called the drone. Bergen's pa ran a dairy in Chicago, family was fairly well fixed till Edgar turned 14. Bergen had a spell of farm life around Decatur, Ill., hated it. Is something of a mechanic and inventor. . . . Menjou, Murphy, and others are in the picture.

George Murphy and Andrea Leeds in a scene from Letter of Introduction.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS

★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, Ruby Keeler, James Ellison, Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan, Donnie Dunagan, Frank Albertson, Alma Kruger, Jackie Moran, Margaret Hamilton, Virginia Weidler, Ralph Morgan, Phyllis Kennedy, Harvey Clark, Lucille Ward, George Irving. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Gertrude Purcell, based on the novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin and the play by Miss Wiggin and Rachel Crothers. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 82 minutes.*

IN this unsophisticated Kate Douglas Wiggin yarn we have the pleasant, unhurried flavor of the days when America was first opening its eyes to the great world outside its borders. In brief, the period of the Spanish-American War.

A navy captain is killed in action, and his wife, Margaret Carey, is left with four children and a tiny pension. She takes over an old residence near Newport and becomes a genteel boardinghouse keeper. That is, until an unscrupulous couple buy the place from under the brood of Careys.

The story is told both romantically and intelligently (if that is possible) and it is very well acted. Fay Bainter is Mama Carey, Anne Shirley and Ruby Keeler are both delightful as the misses of the family, there is a little too much of a precocious child, Donnie Dunagan, as the baby of the brood.

Note a neat bit of an old storekeeper by Walter Brennan.

The makers of this film call it an epic of American girlhood. But don't be scared off. It is a pleasant, gently moving story of a provincial era—a departed era of leisure, open carriages, bad architecture, and prim morals.

VITAL STATISTICS: Kate Douglas Wiggin's literary chickens always laid golden eggs for her, have laid even heavier ones for moviefiers. Most of the wholesome, homey, high-brow-hated sentimental classics of the past two generashes have now been filmed. Since they're so cheap to mount and clean up so handsomely, Hollywood will give anything—well, $3,500—if you can discover an old tub of literary mush hiding unrecognized in your attic. Of these mushy classics, Little Women cost most to make, made most thereafter; Mrs.

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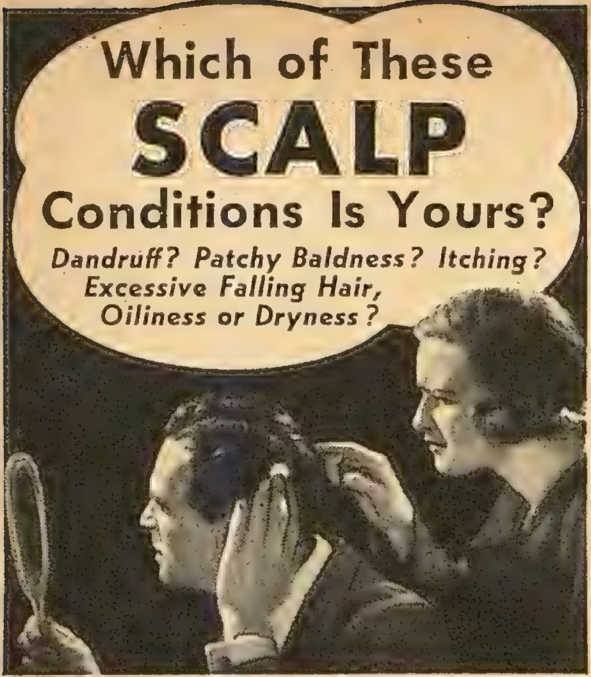
*Recommended for children.


Which of These
SCALP
Conditions Is Yours?
Dandruff? Patchy Baldness? Itching? Excessive Falling Hair, Oiliness or Dryness?

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Make no mistake about it—one of the most important aids to scalp and hair health is bringing *abundant nourishing blood supply to the hair roots!*

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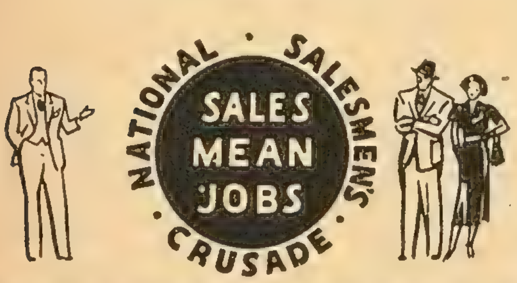


Ingram's is the heart's desire
Of guys with whiskers made of wire.
—J. B. PERRYMAN, MISSOURI.

WIN $5. Write an Ingram "quickie". We pay $5 for each one published. Send to Ingram's, Dept. G, Hillside, N. J. No entries accepted after Sept. 10th, 1938.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Wiggs alone flopped. . . . Mother Carey's Chickens were hatched in 1910, reproduced 750,000 times, got on the stage in 1917 but were eaten for dinner by the hard-boiled critics, no whimsey fanciers. They've never been to Hollywood before. . . . Mrs. Wiggin was born a Smith, twice married, saved the writing name Wiggin from her first hitching, died in England in 1923, satisfied with Mary Pickford's Rebecca of Sunnybrook. . . . Studio paid Wiggin estate about $5,000 for use of the Carey chickens, put another $325,000 into hatching and breeding them. . . . Ruby Keeler's spent the last year and a half digging turf on a golf course and being Al Jolson's happy wife. They've been married 10 years solid, have not separated for more than overnight in entire period, still hold hands in public while Jolson advertises his happiness. They are childless. Ruby's golf game is now in the low 80s, she has checked her clogs for the first time in her life for this, her first dramatic part. She's a Halifax, Nova Scotian, 29, was bred in New York and started chorusing at 13. She danced her way through other movies, via Texas Guinan's night club, to Hollywood. She starred for Warner's for some years, quit when her pix started tapering off at the b. o. Thought she needed a fresh start with a new studio, has had her heart's desire come true. . . . If you think it a cinch to fill an 1898 general store with everyday items then in use, sit down and try to make a descriptive list of 100 things you'd see therein. . . . Three-and-a-half-year-old Donnie Dunagan debuts as a Carey chick, learned to walk at 7 months, sprouted a fast-growing vocabulary at 11 months, radio-debutted at 18 months, kute kiddy nasalizing the Merry-Go-Round Broke Down in Memphis, giving parents Hollywood ideas. To get Donnie to act, Rowland Lee let Donnie direct him through a scene; later, before camera time, Lee cunningly switched the game and got Donnie to imitate him. . . . A New England house was built and aged so realistically on the back lot for this, a swarm of bees started housekeeping under the high rafters, had to be smoked out and felt awful about it, having flown all the way from New England to try to crash Hollywood. . . . Jimmy Ellison cowpunched his way out of westerns into Robert Taylor-made parts. Was Taylor's roomie during their college days together at M-G-M movie school. Both graduated with high honors, but Taylor has the better profile and more feminine ummph. . . . Frankie Albertson's an ex-propboy and photograph-lab devil, is married, bekidded, left Hollywood for B'way, made a hit in Of Mice and Men. . . . Gentlest of the Morgan males, Ralph ducked the law and business to act, has never regretted it. He's somewhat dimmed by Brother Frank's brilliance, but makes out all right, earning about half Frank's hugish moneys.

GIVE ME A SAILOR

★

THE PLAYERS: Martha Raye, Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Jack Whiting, J. C. Nugent, Clarence Kolb, Nana Bryant, Emerson Treacy, Bonnie Churchill, Kathleen Lockhart, Ralph Sanford. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Frank Butler, based on a play by Anne Nichols. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 78 minutes.

ANOTHER movie story that strains and heaves, stops two or three times but stumbles on its feature length.

Martha Raye, whose expansive mouth is now tempered to refined moods of sentiment, plays the Cinderella of a navy household. She is the ugly duckling pushed aside by a pretty, selfish sister. Two navy officers think they love the spoiled darling, but before the story moves its tedious length, one of them realizes the sterling fine qualities behind the eccentric face of La Raye.

There are songs, Betty Grable is artificial and beauty-shop frosted as the spoiled sister, Jack Whiting and Bob Hope, both from the New York stage, play the rival officers. Much depends upon your admiration of Miss Raye, here held to milder activities.

Your Beverly Hills can take Miss Raye or let her alone. And, Elder Hays, where were your inspectors when some of this humor was officially approved?

VITAL STATISTICS: Story was inspired by astounding discovery that Martha (Who) Raye's from Butte, Montana, vodvil's dotter, born there because her parents, Pete Reed and Peggy Hooper, were playing there. She got Gam Glamor from chorus dancing, night-clubbed her way into movies two years ago, started by featuring her mouth, has now switched to her other extremities. She was quick married and quicker divorced to and from one of the make-up Westmores, is nearing the $2,000-a-week moviemoney class, gets about $1,000 for those radio broadcasts, is starstruck, awed by Hollywood. She's an ardent nitespotlite, likes to do impromptu numbers on request. Claims she was so scared when she debutted in her first Hollywood nite club, she could only keep up courage by shouting, and since everybody seemed to like the style, she's been swing-shouting her songs ever since. . . . Volatile, handsome-jowled, comedian Bob Hope's a Londoner, transplanted to Cleveland before it could affect his sense of humor, which is considerable. Bob took a little highschooling along with tapdancing in his teens, then clarked for a motorcar company, amateurboxing on the side till he hit Johnny Risko's glove too hard with his chin. Thereafter he took his fight out in funny talking. Kept his clerk job not because he made a good clerk but because he made such a good M. C. at salesmen's meetings. Fatty Arbuckle got him into vodvil, he made his big hit telling Scotch jokes, roughed it for a few years thereafter in nities, lunchclubs, nabe houses, stag parties. Perfected an Our Gangy act and a joke about Iced Ink, wound up as a ladykilling singing comedian in the staged Roberta. Sang and clowned through a Zig Follies, then Red Hot and Blue, then Hollywood, where he nestles more or less securely in the $2,500-a-week class, hasn't done much yet but may. Can remember day when he was so successful in vodvil he was $4,000 in debt, had holes in his shoes, had forgotten whether you cut a steak with a knife or drank it out of a spoon. He's married. . . . Jack Whiting's actually another handsome comedian, redheaded, son of a Philadelphia medico, was Episcopal Academied, and survived the hazards of a U. of Penna education. Pop Whiting wanted Jack to saw bones, Jack preferred sawing jokes, Ziggie caught one of his homemade Whiting-writ, -acted, -sung, and -produced Philadelphia shows one night, shoved Jack in the Follies of 1922 and Jack has since hoofed up into the $2,000-a-week class. Jack's married to Ann Sully, Doug Fairbank's first ex-wife. . . . Betty Grable is wife of Jackie Coogan, the penniless millionaire. She's from St. Louis, a stockbroker's dotter, late of the chorus, a food fan who is never hungry but once started hard to stop eating. She exercises by the clock and the hour, and it all goes to that figure. . . . Clarence Kolb almost gave up part in this because the trout season opened day shooting began. . . . Nugent directs his father J. C. in this. Papa Nugent is a Niles, Ohio, boy, was reared in east Texas, educated himself by reading a box of old books, at 13 rode the rods east, worked in an iron foundry, drifted into acting, became a traveling stock prodigy, knowing every one's lines in a 10-play repertory. He married an Indiana girl, educated his children by writing 75 vodvil skits and plays with them. Elliott had a college education, immediately went into his pop's trade, did well as a naïve Caspar Milquetoast in his teens, took up Hollywood directing to snap out of being typed, has been typed since as a comic megger.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Marie Antoinette, Mad About Music.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

★★★—Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady.

FOR THE FOURTH AND FINAL WEEK

Liberty Presents

The ANAGRAM GAME

WITH THIRTY-TWO CASH PRIZES

$800

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

Get Your Entry in on Time!

THIS is the final week of the $800 cash prize Anagram Game. When you have filled out Coupon 4 on this page, your set of four anagrams will be complete and should be mailed to the address in Rule 5 in ample time to be received before the closing date. Entries arriving later will not be considered.

You still have time to enter and produce an entry that will be worthy of one of the thirty-two $25 cash prizes. Why not make the most of this opportunity? As explained in previous issues, anagrams should be made from your own name, names in your family, or names of friends. It is not necessary to use every letter in a name, but no letter that does not appear in the name can be used. Nor can any letter be used more times in the anagram than it appears in the name with which you are working.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

To help you get started, Liberty reprints for your guidance these simple anagrams. For instance, JEWELL HOOPER will make WHOOPEE; BABS MOONEY is SOME BABY, NO? and VICTOR LEONARD FOX juggles into I DO NOT LOAF! Get the idea? Now fill out Entry Coupon No. 4.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you need the first three coupons to bring your entry even with the field, Liberty has prepared reprints which will be supplied upon receipt of five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Mail your request to the address in Rule 5. Your order will be filled without delay. However, no late-entry requests can be honored after September 6, the final date of this offer.

THE RULES

1. Each week for four weeks, ending with the issue dated September 3, 1938, Liberty will publish an Anagram Game entry coupon.

2. To compete, write your own name, a name in your family, or the name of a friend on the line indicated on the coupon, then juggle the letters until you find clever and ingenious words they will form.

3. Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. Don't use any letter more times than it appears in the name. Don't use a letter that does not appear in the name.

4. It is not necessary to find a lot of words in the name. It's the cleverness and ingenuity of your words or word combinations that will count. One word may prove the best anagram.

5. Save each coupon until your set of four is complete. Then mail them as a unit, at the same time, to Anagram Contest Editor, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 16, the closing date of this contest.

6. Entries will be judged on the basis of cleverness and ingenuity of the anagrams, and neatness will count. Cash prizes of $25 each will be paid for the thirty-two entries which rate highest on this basis. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

USE THIS ENTRY FORM

LIBERTY'S ANAGRAM GAME

ENTRY COUPON NO. 4

....

(Write the full name here)

....

(Print your anagram here)

THIS IS THE FINAL ENTRY COUPON. WITH THE THREE YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE, IT WILL COMPLETE YOUR ENTRY. REMEMBER THAT SIMPLE PRESENTATIONS ARE BEST

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

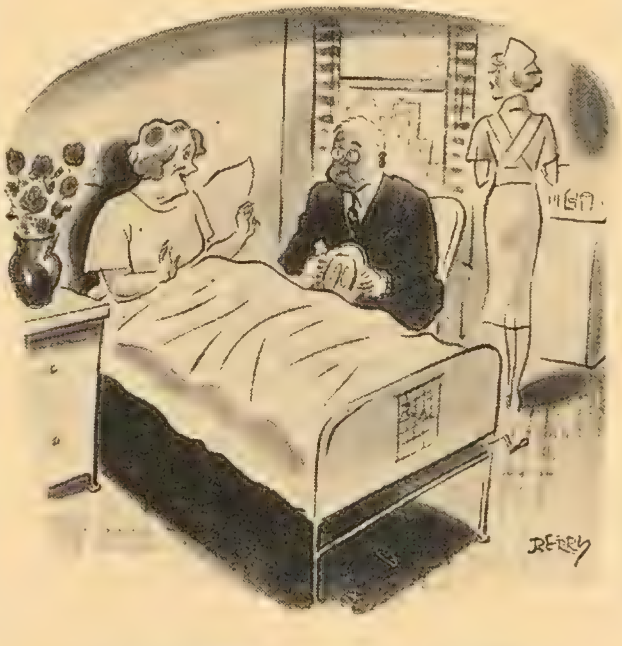
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

VERY quietly the search goes on for any information that may help clear up the mysterious fate of one of the most romantic women in American history—Aaron Burr's charming and brilliant daughter, Theodosia Burr Allston. A leader of society as a young girl, married and widowed in her twenties, she sailed northward from the Carolinas to stand by her father after his duel with Alexander Hamilton and his later arrest on treason charges. Her ship, the Patriot, was lost at sea, or, as some said, taken by pirates. Rumors and whispers have been circulating for more than one hundred years—but no one ever saw or heard of Theodosia again. . . . Dorothy Valentine Smith, of Staten Island, New York, who for three years has been getting in touch with descendants of Theodosia's relatives in this country, England, the West Indies, and Peru, tells me they are still infuriated by the pirate legend, which has Theodosia ending her days as the involuntary bride of some gentleman of fortune along the Spanish Main. . . . In her letter to me, Dorothy Smith quotes this contemporary description of Theodosia at seventeen: "She was elegant without ostentation, learned without pedantry, and she danced with more grace than any young lady in New York." . . . Fascinating as poor Theodosia must have been, there was more to her than mere romance. Miss Smith says: "She was the first American girl whose education had been influenced by Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Women—that bold eighteenth-century demand for intellectual and economic equality between the sexes."

Don't you wish we could find out what really happened to Theodosia?

☆ Broke a date with a busy man at the last minute. Said I was sorry but had to meet Vera Zorina, and that was the only time she and I could arrange. . . . "Zorina!" exclaimed the busy man. "Don't apologize! Gee, isn't she beautiful!" . . . At the bank I hurried through some business with a lady executive, saying I regretted the rush, and again mentioning Zorina as the cause. . . . "Zorina!" echoed the bank lady. "Oh, that's *all* right! Heavens, isn't she lovely!" . . . Worth celebrating is the advent of a new beauty whose looks are thus acclaimed by men and women alike. You may have seen Zorina on the screen in the Goldwyn Follies, or on the stage in the current play, I Married an Angel. Born in Norway, above the Arctic Circle, she was trained as a dancer in the Russian Ballet, and her real name is Brigita Hartwig. Every one's raving about her.

☆ Now is the time for all good girls to come to the aid of the party hostess. Are you home from your vacation and available again as a guest? At this time of year it is thoughtful to pick up the threads of friendship by sending out little notes to help folks get in touch with you after the social derangements of summer. Smart and suitable for the purpose are the one-piece letter-and-envelope sheets used so fashionably by busy business women. Though my own taste in writing paper is quite conservative, I like the new gay shade of Nile green. Another attractive color novelty is the pale-gray letter-envelope with address printed in dark brown or olive.



"The operation is a success, dear. It shows up beautifully."

☆ Murder Next Door might be attractive as a book title, but it is *not* a pleasant experience in real life. Some friends of mine went through it recently. Their next-door neighbors committed a most repulsive mayhem. The neighborhood has been crawling ever since with imagination and horror. My friends are moving out. How would you feel if you lived next door to a murder?

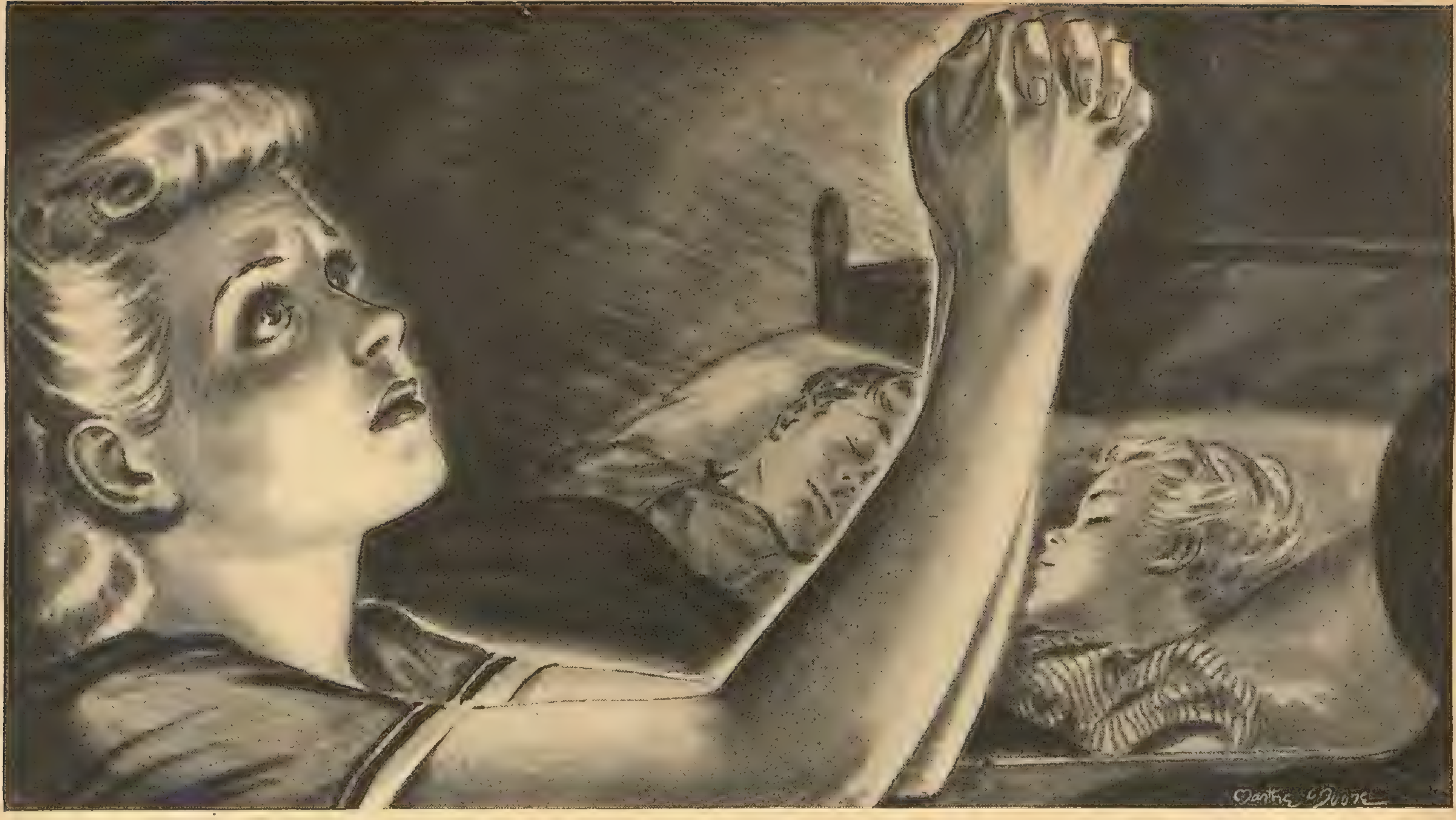
☆ Had an appetizing talk with Rose Brown of the three Browns—Cora, Rose, and Bob—an extraordinary team. Cora is Bob's mother and Rose is Bob's wife. The three of them travel all over the world, try the native dishes of every region, then come home and write cookbooks together. They've written books on American country cooking, on wine cooking, European cooking, on snacks and on most-for-your-money cooking. Their latest book, Salads and Herbs (published by the J. B. Lippincott Company), deals thoroughly with the green side of culinary art. . . .

The Browns collaborate in their own kitchens as well as in their books. Cora specializes in breads, cakes, desserts, old American dishes. Rose expertizes the vegetables, salads, sauces, meats, fish, etc. Bob is the wine and cheese authority. Rose said, "He's also very handy at telling us women what to do." . . . Sometimes it takes courage to sample foreign fare. Rose Brown ate armadillo in South America, and says it tasted like roast pork. In Mexico City she ate three fried green maguey worms —they're considered a treat—but *not* so popular with Rose. The Browns went on a slimming diet in Shanghai. Their Chinese cook, fat as butter himself, firmly believed that they were doing penance for some unconfessed crime.

Here is a very unusual *Sweet Potato Salad* recipe from the Browns' new book: . . . Mix 2 cups diced sweet potatoes with ½ cup diced ham, ½ cup minced celery, 1 tablespoon preserved ginger, ½ cup French dressing, and a dash of cayenne. Arrange on lettuce leaves. Top with mayonnaise.

☆ A city kitten of my acquaintance, now growing into cathood, demonstrates the durability of innate instinct. His name is Mr. Brady, and never has he set paw outside his apartment-house home. There have been no mice in his life. He never has seen one.

Yet Mr. Brady crouches long hours in the bathtub, watching the drain hole for a mouse!



I PLANNED TO DIE—AND I PRAYED

BY WINIFRED PRICE

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WADING knee-deep in snow with almost soleless shoes, scanty clothing, and scarcely any food in their stomachs, two little boys were on their way to school, while I, their mother, stood at the window watching. I, who had vowed to give them the best in life—the things I had always wanted and had been denied—the things they had a right to expect.

Their father's death had left us poverty-stricken. With courage, determination, and borrowed money I started a small business which enabled me to provide properly for my two sons.

A year later, with the borrowed money paid back and a little bank account, I was proud of my success.

Then came the 1929 crash. Almost overnight my little business was gone—my dreams shattered.

The shock was too much. I had a complete nervous breakdown. My savings went for doctor bills. We had to give up our cozy apartment and move to cheaper quarters. Six times we moved, until now we were living in this shabby place we are compelled to call home.

While standing at that window I was suddenly drained of all courage and a bitter hatred enveloped me. I hated everybody—everybody but my two little boys. How could I fail them so?

Why didn't somebody help us? There were many that could. Nobody seemed to care.

I knew now what I would do, and to me it seemed merciful. Tonight, after the children were sound asleep, I would open a gas jet and lie down with them. I was not going to watch them grow up and be denied every decent advantage and live with thwarted ambitions.

That night, after the children were bathed and in bed, I listened to their prayers. Then in solitude, as was my custom, I began to pray. At the end of my prayer I always ask, "Lead me not into temptation and deliver me from evil."

Until now, praying was merely a matter of form but tonight my body was vibrant with the significance of those words. They came from my very soul.

But I was still determined to carry out my plan.

While I waited for the children to fall fast asleep, I, who had not slept soundly for months, fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

The next morning I was awakened early by a loud knock on the door. It was a messenger boy with a special-delivery letter from my brother in the East.

More comforting words I never hope to read. He was less in position to render aid than others, but he told me to keep my chin up and he would help me all he could until I found work. The letter was long and every word comforting. I knew what my brother did for me would be self-sacrifice, and that is indeed heavenly aid.

My faith was restored and my courage too.

This month my eldest son is graduating—an honor student and star athlete. His scholastic accomplishments have won him a college scholarship. My other son is trailing not far behind.

But for God's gracious mercy in answering my prayer I would not only have taken my own life but the lives of those two little boys I loved so dearly.

A few years have passed since then, but regardless of time and the rough sledding that still continues, my faith in God and prayer excels all other things.

THE END

Because of the unexpectedly heavy response to our requests for examples of answered prayers, Liberty is forced to ask its readers to refrain from submitting any further experiences. We already have enough on hand to keep us supplied for more than a year.

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Bring Back Our Winged Exile

An Open Letter to President Roosevelt on the Kitty Hawk Plane

New York City—

The Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

American taxpayers support the National Museum of Science, administered by the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington. There they may see the NC-4, which was the first airplane to cross the Atlantic with a navy crew headed by Lieutenant Commander A. C. Read. They still look with wonder at the Spirit of St. Louis in which Charles A. Lindbergh was first to fly solo across the same ocean. Other American planes which have made aeronautical history are there.

But the most important airplane in the history of aviation is missing from this Valhalla of American aircraft—the Kitty Hawk plane of the Wright brothers, invented and first flown by them. The American taxpayer who wants to view this great American invention has to go to England, where it has been on exhibition for more than a decade at the Science Museum in London.

Congress again adjourned without taking action, repeatedly demanded, which would result in bringing the Wright plane back to its birthplace. But as Chief Executive, with administrative authority over the National Museum, you could compose the controversy between Orville Wright and the Smithsonian which caused the inventor to send the machine, which he was first to fly, to a foreign but more hospitable museum. A word from you would retrieve the winged exile.

The first flights of the Wright brothers—the first one was by Orville and the second by Wilbur (now dead)—began on December 17, 1903, from Kill Devil Hill at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. Nine days earlier the culminating flying-machine experiment of the late Samuel P. Langley had resulted in complete disaster. His "aerodrome," on an attempted take-off from a launching apparatus on a houseboat, crashed into the Potomac River near Widewater, Virginia.

Langley was secretary of the Smithsonian and was a scientist of high standing. He believed that his machine would have flown but for a defect in the launching apparatus. His associates, notably his successor as secretary, Dr. Charles D. Walcott, agreed.

After the Wrights had demonstrated their ability to fly, the Smithsonian awarded to them the Langley memorial medal as having been first to fly a heavier-than-air machine, but exhibited the Langley failure as the prior invention. In a less conspicuous place in the museum was shown the first Wright plane bought by the United States Army and flown in 1909-10. The Smithsonian officials showed no interest in the Kitty Hawk machine for exhibition purposes—not until many years later, after British and other scientific bodies abroad had acknowledged the Wright priority.

So also did the United States Supreme Court, which confirmed the Wrights as pioneer inventors in their infringement suit against the late Glenn H. Curtiss.

After Dr. Charles G. Abbot had succeeded the late Dr. Walcott as secretary of the Smithsonian, he made a series of concessions to the position of Mr. Wright, and has gone so far as to remove the claim of priority from the label on the Langley machine. He invited Mr. Wright to bring the Kitty Hawk machine back to the United States for exhibition in the museum, and also expressed "regret that any loose or inaccurate statements should have been promulgated by it [the Smithsonian] to Mr. Wright's disadvantage."

Mr. Wright replied that Dr. Abbot had found it impossible to make complete reparation "without exposing the past discreditable conduct of his institution." He has insisted on complete retraction in the official reports of the museum.

To my inquiry (before publishing A Narrative History of Aviation) as to reports that he had made a permanent gift of the Kitty Hawk machine to the Science Museum at South Kensington, London, Mr. Wright wrote: "The statement that the plane has been made a permanent gift to the Kensington museum was entirely unwarranted."

Orville Wright was sixty-seven years old on August 19 of this year. He is not in robust health, never having quite recovered from crash injuries which almost cost his life thirty years ago. It has been said that he might end the controversy with the Smithsonian by bringing the first airplane back to this country for deposit in the army's aircraft museum at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, his home. But it belongs in the National Museum, and it is believed that he prefers to have it there.

It is known that you have been interested in this historic matter and would welcome a solution. If the President of the United States were to suggest to the secretary of the Smithsonian that its admitted "loose or inaccurate statements" be expunged from its records and complete reparation made, it is likely that the last obstacle to the return of the Kitty Hawk machine would be removed.—*John Goldstrom.*

SEAMAN NOW AGREES WITH MR. MACFADDEN ON MERCHANT MARINE

Port Arthur, Tex.—When Mr. Macfadden wrote his editorial, Our Merchant Marine Smells to High Heaven (March 5 Liberty), I, a seaman, did not agree with him, but since then I have changed my mind. Our merchant marine does not only *smell* to high heaven, but it *stinks* to all heavens. But Mr. Macfadden was wrong to blame this on the men who ride our merchant ships. It is the wrecks that we call ships that make our merchant marine "smell."

I was in New Orleans, Louisiana, the other day, when I saw the sharp contrast between some foreign ships and a couple of old jaloppies representing "our American merchant marine," and which we are not ashamed to send across the seas. And Mr. Macfadden expects these old wrecks to compete with fast modern efficient European and Japanese ships! But he did not mention this. Does he dare tell the nation that the merchant marine of the greatest country in the world is only a fleet of old dilapidated wrecks, instead of discrediting the men who are compelled to ride these antiques?—*Fred Mehl, No. 3722, Nat. Mar. Union.*

LITERAL MEANING OF THE NAME AMERICA

Shreveport, La.—Vox Pop has recently been publishing letters on how America derived its name. America was named for Americus Vespucci.

The name Americus is a variation of the name Amerigo. The name Amerigo is a corruption of the name Amalrico. The name Amalrico is a combined form of the two names Amal and Rico. Definition of Amal is "conquering" and the definition of Rico is "nation."

The literal meaning of the name America is "all-conquering nation."—*Maury Simmons.*

DID ONE OF HER OFFICE ASSOCIATES WRITE IT?

Dyersburg, Tenn.—Since the name of the writer of How Much Do You Know About the Man You Love? (June 11 Liberty) was not given, I'm just wondering if one of my office associates wrote it, as it could very well apply to anybody around you a lot, as well as to your husband.

It certainly set me thinking. People in my office who whistle, tap with a pencil on the desk, or file their nails get me worked up into a nervous fit. It stands to reason I do just as many things that might get on *their* nerves.

The article was a very beneficial one. —*Erline Coughlan Green.*

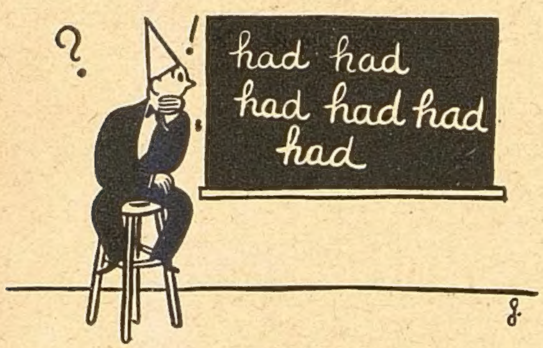
A HEADACHE OF HADS

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—Referring to that letter from Albert E. Hayes (July 9 Vox Pop) in which he deplores the multiplicity of "hads" in Lyon Mearson's Short Short (May 21 Liberty), let's submit this one to him:

Smith where Jones had had had had had had had had had had had the professor's approval.

There are eleven consecutive "hads," but when punctuated properly it is absolutely correct and makes good sense. Here's the way it is done:

Smith, where Jones had had "had had," had had "had." "Had had" had had the professor's approval.—*Donald McDonald.*



SALT WATER DOES FREEZE!

BRANFORD, CONN.—Ichabod Crane asks, "Who's wrong?" (July 23 Vox Pop.) He is referring to Faith Baldwin's story, Hotel Hostess, in which tears (containing salt) were supposed to have frozen.

I don't doubt the salty tears did freeze. However, it must have been very, very, very cold.

I live on Long Island Sound, about ten miles east of New Haven, and salt water *does* freeze there! We have a measured half mile at Branford Point, and on my birthday, February 11, 1934, mother, dad, and I walked on the salt ice to measure this half mile.—*E. Jeannette Bradley.*

"JUST RETURNED FROM HELL"

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—Here is something for you and Ripley both. Just returned from Hell (Norway), where I met the mayor, Lorentz Stenvig. Called at the newsstand here and got a copy of July 2 Liberty. Hard to beat. Keep up the good work. I greatly admire your paper since its first issue—even in Hell!—*Eric H. Kjellgren.*

Why Not Take a Vote on Concerted Prayer?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—See what I got! No one could pay a higher tribute to Liberty, and Mrs. Sondley's suggestions are so wrought with possibilities that I am sending them on.

I had no idea my letter would be published. I wrote to thank you for the help and inspiration the prayer articles brought to me.

What would happen to America if people could be made intelligently as God-conscious as they are gag-conscious? —*Mrs. Zoe Johnson.*

[Mrs. C. T. Sondley of Spartanburg, S. C., wrote Mrs. Johnson: "Referring to yours in July 9 Vox Pop under heading, What Would a Month of Prayer Do? allow me to congratulate you on your courage. The thought is wonderful beyond words. A week would be marvelous, and a day would be the most wonderful thing that ever occurred in America. An hour once a week by United America (once a day would be better) would bring results our finite minds cannot conceive of. 'More things are wrought by prayer,' etc. But thought without action is like 'faith without works.' It is my thought that many would respond gladly, but we lack the mental or spiritual 'elbow touch.' I believe that Liberty could give us that touch through its columns, and with that beginning we could make the United States prayer-conscious. Why not ask Liberty to take a vote on it, each voter to suggest whether an hour a day, a week, a month, or an hour at a stated time once each day or once each week, etc., and see how many replies it will get? I believe Liberty would have to put on extra office help to handle the mail.

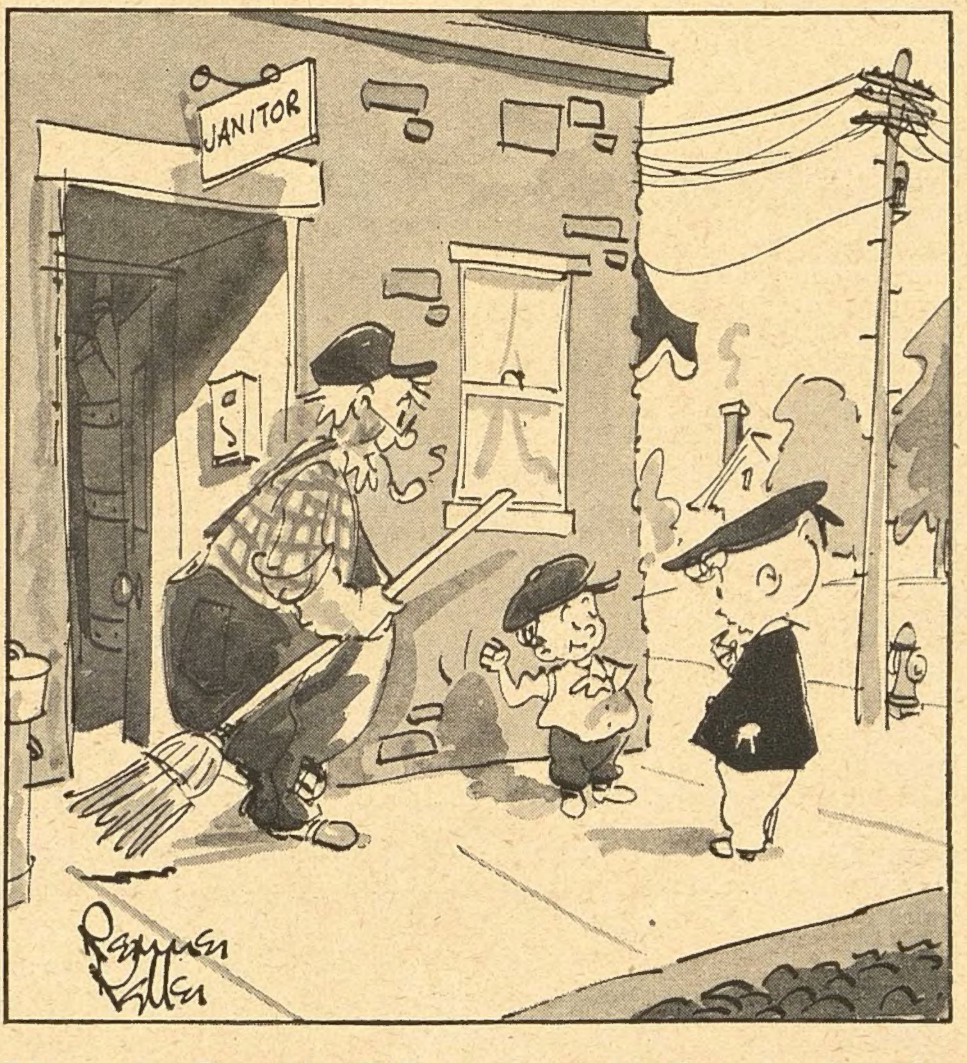
"My thought also would be that it would be well to have selected subjects for prayer, that all minds might be running in the same or similar channels.

"I feel that it was an inspired thought, and again commend you for having the courage to advance it."]

NO MISTAKE, HIS MEDICINE IS HARD TO TAKE

CASPER, WYO.—I've read some articles of late about a young pill-rolling skate who, ere he'd practiced for a year, had filled all other docs with fear. This Dr. Raymond (not his name) has made a bid for lasting fame by placing brothers on the shelf in order to exalt himself. I've read his articles to date on subjects deep and delicate, and he admits—*sans* help or pull—he's never made a single bull. So Dr. Raymond, you will see, is just one ne-plus-ultra whee; and, just because there's no mistake, his medicine is hard to take. If once he'd let his scalpel slip and split his patient chin to hip, we all would shout with loud acclaim and vote him worthy of the name. If he but gave some doctors hell for too high fees, that would be swell. He knows there's nothing that he lacks, so calls all other doctors quacks. If Dr. Raymond would be smart he'd take some gentleman apart, then sew him up (like old Doc Yak) and fail to put his gizzard back. Or if his youthful face he'd save, he'd stop his cheating of the grave.—*J. Christy.*

"HARDTACK"



"I owe it all to Mr. O'Grady here—it's from knocking for heat all winter."

CONUNDRUMS

PORT CLINTON, OHIO—Conundrum for all ye Vox Poppers:

If Hitler marries the Jewess, Leni Riefenstahl (July 16 Liberty), will he be able to Aryanize her?

And, oh, yes, dear children, the New Deal has now proven to be an I-deal, but what is that yelling you hear up in the nursery? Why, that is little Miss Deal, just waking up.

Never mind, she will quiet down as soon as papa goes up and tells her another Fireside Story.—*Ann Other Kelly.*

TYPICAL OF AMERICAN GIRL

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The serial by Dorothy Speare, Her Gentleman Secretary, is so typical of the American girl of today whose motto seems to be: "Let everything be equal as long as I have my way."—*Kenneth Hirschman.*

DATE LINE ON EVERY PAGE!

CORTLAND, N. Y.—Hurrah for Liberty! Given time, it always gets there! At last there is a date line on every page. Or do my eyes deceive me?

Maybe after this the last page shall be first. No?—*Carrie Timmerman.*

Did Mr. Wells Know What He Was Talking About?

WE TAKE PRIDE in publishing articles in Liberty that deal with the greatest problems of our times, and satisfaction in the national and international interest they arouse. . . . We present these discussions from the viewpoint of authorities and we try to have them written in terms not of academic dullness but of clarity and simplicity and truth. . . . In that spirit we recently published a notable article by H. G. Wells called After Spain—What? . . . It was a pessimistic piece. . . . In the almost certain Nationalist victory in Spain, Mr. Wells foresaw the end of the freedom of mankind. . . . His article was read with mixed feelings throughout America and Europe. . . . Many of those who believed in the Nationalist cause felt that Mr. Wells had completely misunderstood the situation. . . . They felt he was honest but mistaken. . . . Now we are to present the other side of this great question. . . . Gregorio Marañon, one of the foremost intellectuals of Spain, and the man who played host to Mr. Wells when he visited that unhappy country before the present trouble broke out, comes to Liberty with a flashing reply. . . . There was a time when Señor Marañon believed as Mr. Wells believes; but no longer. . . . His change of mind and of heart is a story in itself. . . . To you readers of Liberty who are liberals with common sense and who find in this magazine both sides of important problems presented with fairness to all, with malice to none, we commend this article unreservedly. . . . AND WE RECOMMEND another with equal enthusiasm: Dictators — Let's Have More of Them, by George Bernard Shaw. . . . That is the title under which the Irish playwright comes to Liberty next week in one of his most provocative and provoking pieces. . . . Paradoxical, too, as usual, the invincible phrasemaker does more than merely play with words in this really exciting argument. . . . The old gentleman has lost none of his capacity for the unexpected and the startling, none of his common sense, and none of his clear-sightedness. . . . Does he believe that England and the United States should have dictators? . . . You will have to explain Mr. Shaw for yourself, but we promise you a good time with him next week. . . . WE GO so far as to say that every article in the issue will interest you and the fiction delight you. . . . Babe Ruth, for example, will tell you why he refused offers to manage big-league teams and preferred to coach the Dodgers. . . . "Do I have to be crazy to want to do that?" he asks. . . . And then gives a forthright and revealing answer. . . . OUR OLD FRIEND, Channing Pollock, comes back with a stalwart challenge: What Makes An American? . . . Every laboring man, every capitalist, every Republican, and every Democrat, as well as the deluded followers of foreign isms, will want to read this utterance based on liberalism with common sense. . . . A WAG ONCE SAID, "God told us to forgive our enemies. Nowhere do I find that He commanded us to forgive our friends." . . . Mae Murray, once a bright star in Hollywood and now interested in other matters, has written How to Forgive Your Friends, and the purpose of it is to help every human being in one of life's most difficult problems. . . . SOMETHING SEEMS to be wrong with Hollywood. . . . Walter Wanger asks if it is on the spot, and proceeds to answer the question. . . . Jack Warner proceeds to answer Mr. Wanger. . . . This is a controversy in which all of us who like to go to the movies will have a personal interest. . . . And Geraldine York has written a thoughtful piece with a modern appeal called Girl Takes Drink. . . . There will be another prayer story; two short stories: The Girl Beyond the Sunset, by Wilbur Daniel Steele; and Late Summer Song, by Max Brand; and exciting installments of our three serials: The Man in My Life, by Oscar Schisgall; Paradise Kate, by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot; and Why I Am Still Investigating the Lindbergh Case, by Evalyn Walsh McLean. . . . TIMELY NOTE: Mr. Revello Petee of Oroville, California, who for thirty years has made and sold ventriloquists' dummies, has sent us the following notice: "While I list quite a number of characters, most of them are out of stock now, due to the big rush on figures. My shop has been going day and night to supply the demand. However, any of the characters listed can be supplied you on a thirty-day notice." . . .

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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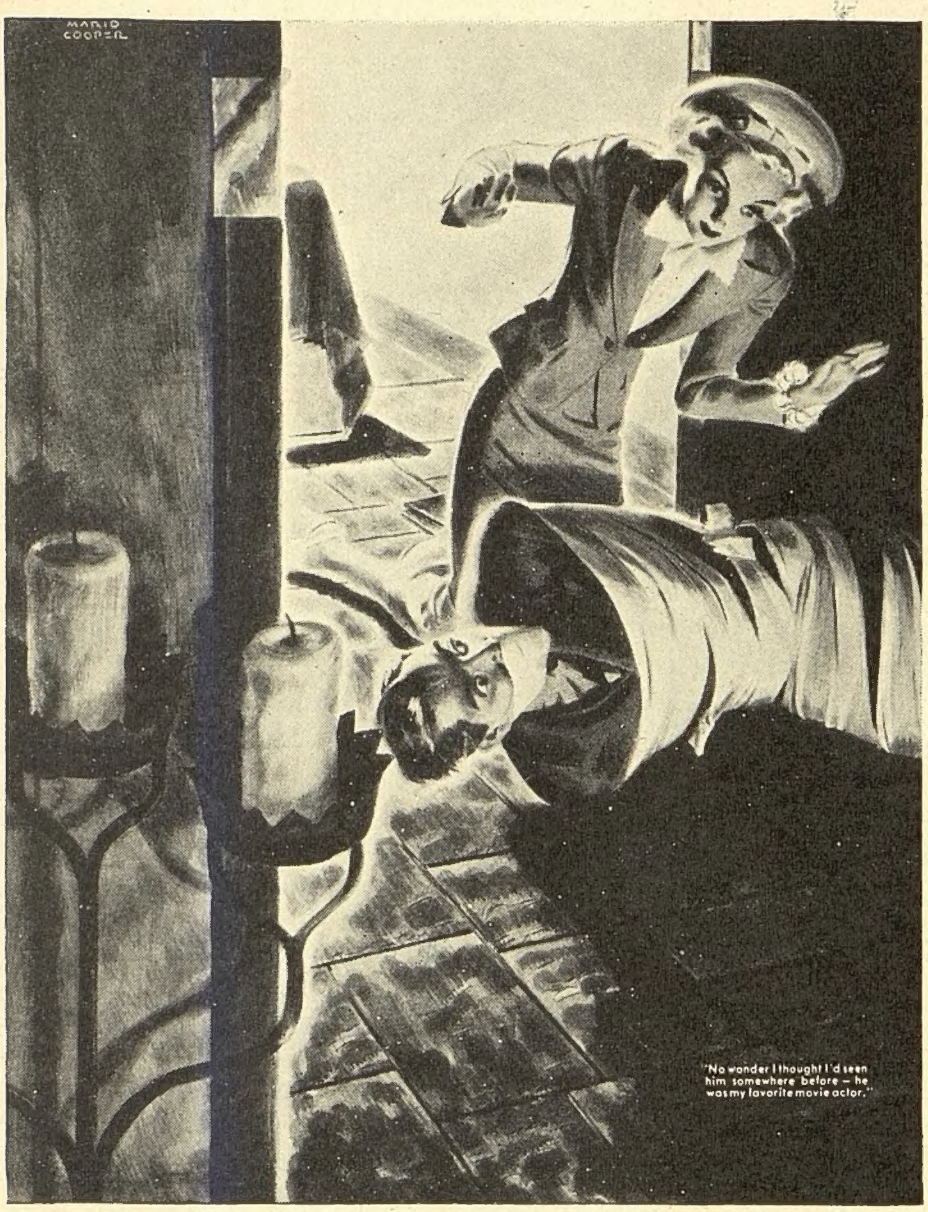
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY CLARK AGNEW

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER'S

LATEST MYSTERY THRILLER

THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL



"No wonder I thought I'd seen him somewhere before — he was my favorite movie actor."

WILL you ever forget the thrills, the suspense, the excitement you experienced when you read Erle Stanley Gardner's incomparable mystery novels, "The Case of the Howling Dog," "The Case of the Curious Bride," "The Case of the Caretaker's Daughter"?

And now comes what we consider the most gripping mystery thriller he has yet written. It is titled "The Case of the Hollywood Scandal." It has everything—a flying start, tension, suspense, infinite mystery, thrills without number. It begins in the September issue of Photoplay now on sale.

If you are an Erle Stanley Gardner fan (and who is not) do not risk missing a single word of his latest masterpiece of mystery. Get your copy of the September Photoplay today —now at the nearest newsstand.

PHOTOPLAY
SEPTEMBER
25¢
THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL
By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
HOW I SAVED MY MARRIAGE By Dorothy Lamour
WHO IS HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST HOSTESS? By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

IN addition to the opening instalment of Erle Stanley Gardner's amazingly intriguing "Case of the Hollywood Scandal" in Photoplay for September you will find a treasure trove of Hollywood material that will interest, enlighten, amuse and charm you.

Dorothy Lamour reveals "How I Saved My Marriage."

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., takes his life in his hands and tells you "Who Is Hollywood's Smartest Hostess?"

Charming Danielle Darrieux is introduced by Joseph Henry Steele.

Roundup of Children reveals many things of interest about Hollywood kiddies.

Photoplay Fashions with Dolores Del Rio in chic stripes introduce Fall styles.

In Victorian—with Variations, Olivia de Havilland brings a 20th century model of a 19th century heroine.

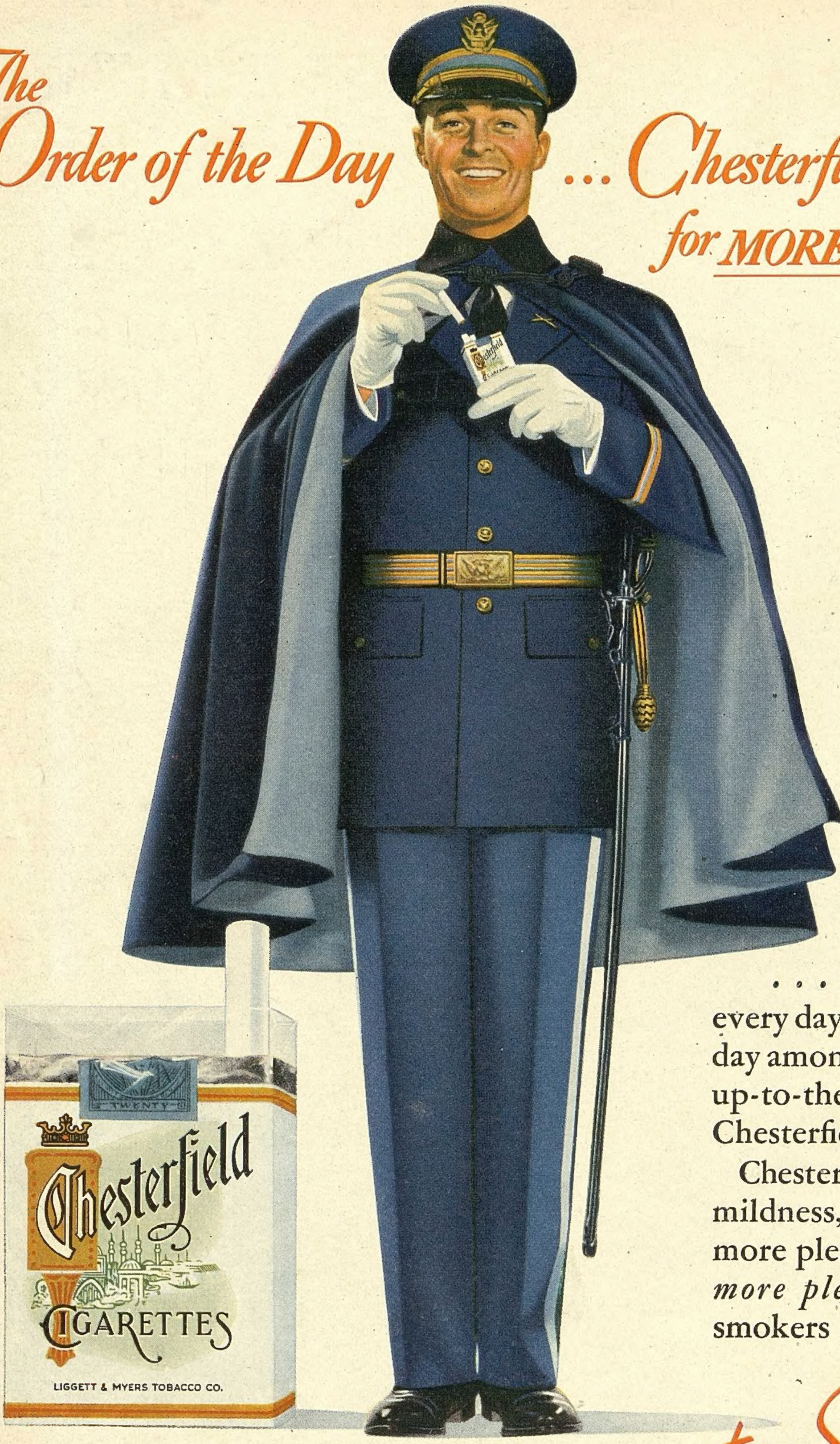
You will want to play "Idiot's Delight," Hollywood's most popular parlor game fully explained and illustrated.

Jimmie Fidler, famous radio commentator, tells you that acting is the world's champion easy racket.

All of the above together with its many other features and departments make Photoplay for September one of the most beguiling issues of any motion picture magazine you ever read, regardless of price. Your copy is waiting at the nearest newsstand.

SEPT. ISSUE OUT NOW! **PHOTOPLAY**

The Order of the Day ... Chesterfields for MORE PLEASURE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TWENTY
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This new uniform is now the order of the day for dress in the U. S. Army.

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